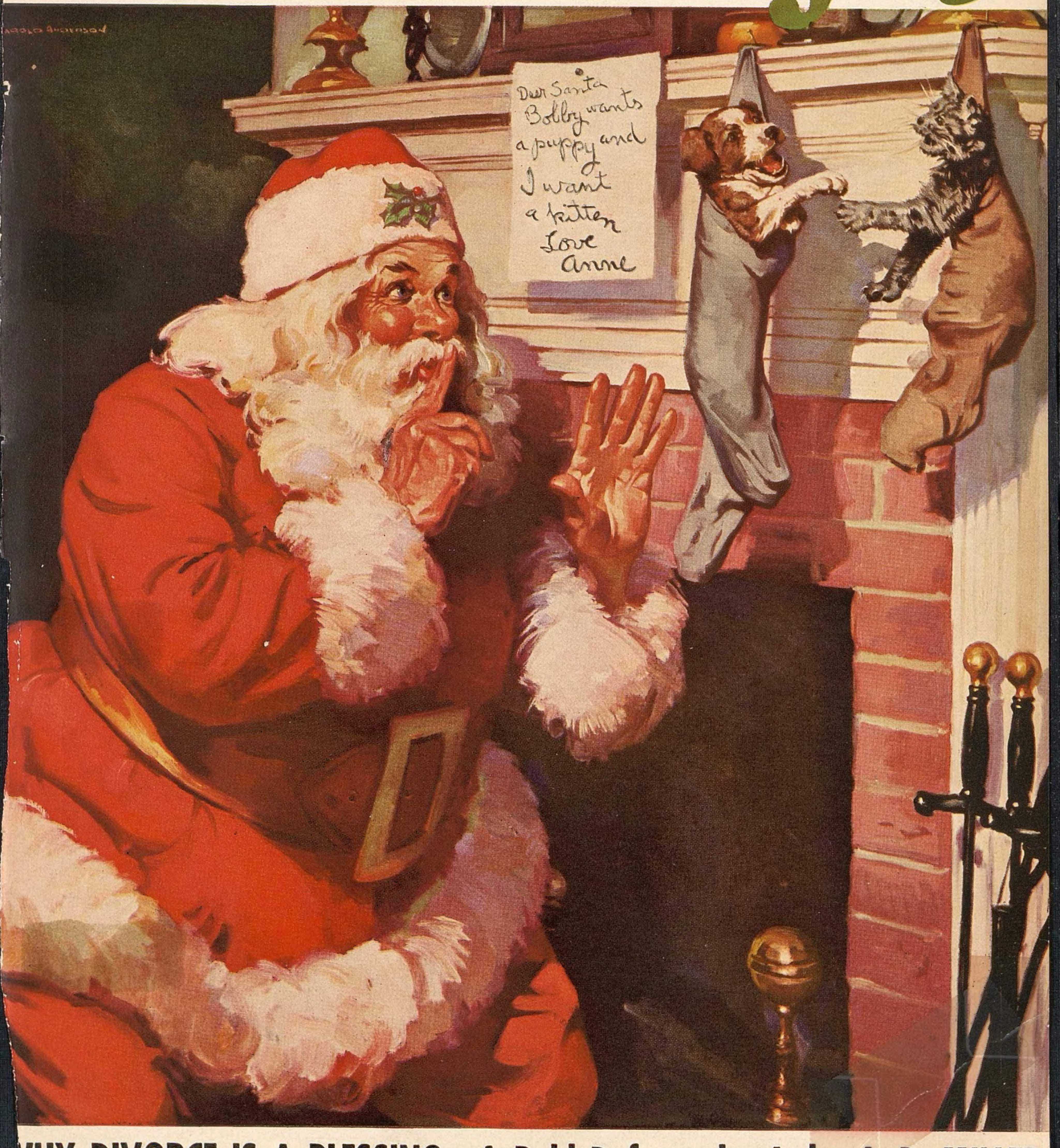
SOUL SECRETS OF ROOSEVELT'S YOUTH told by EMIL LUDWIG

DEC. 25,
1937

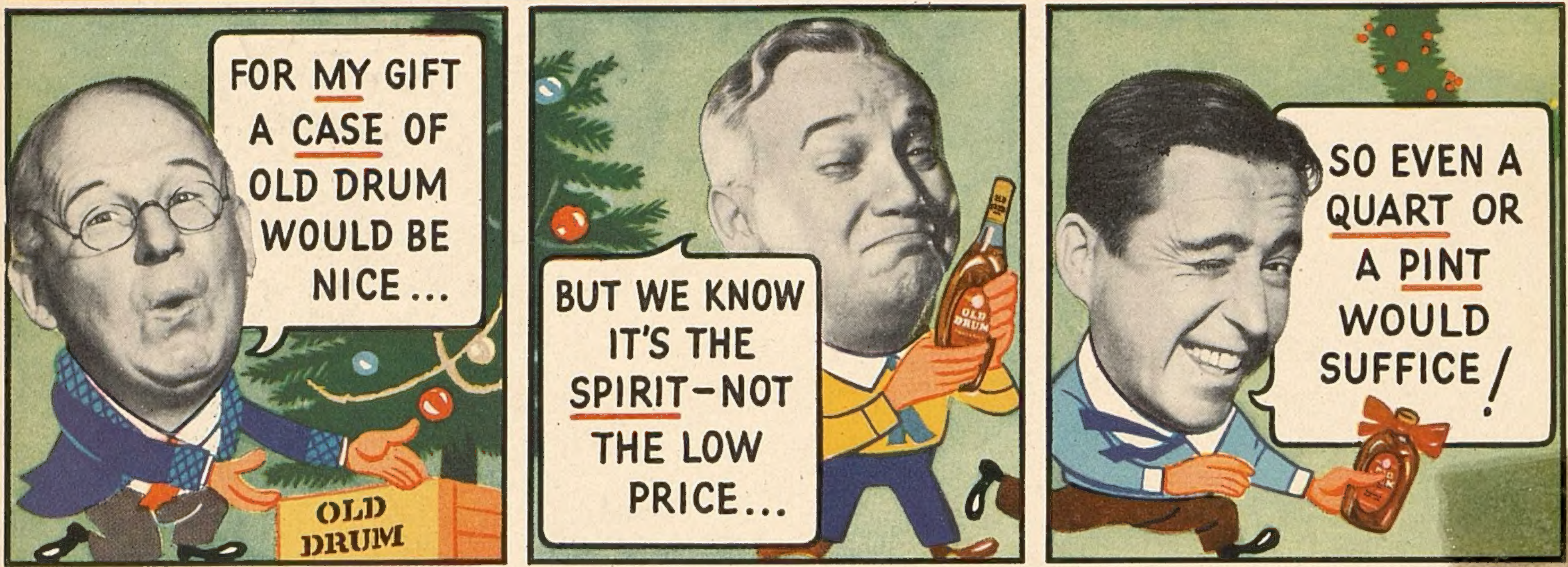
Liberty

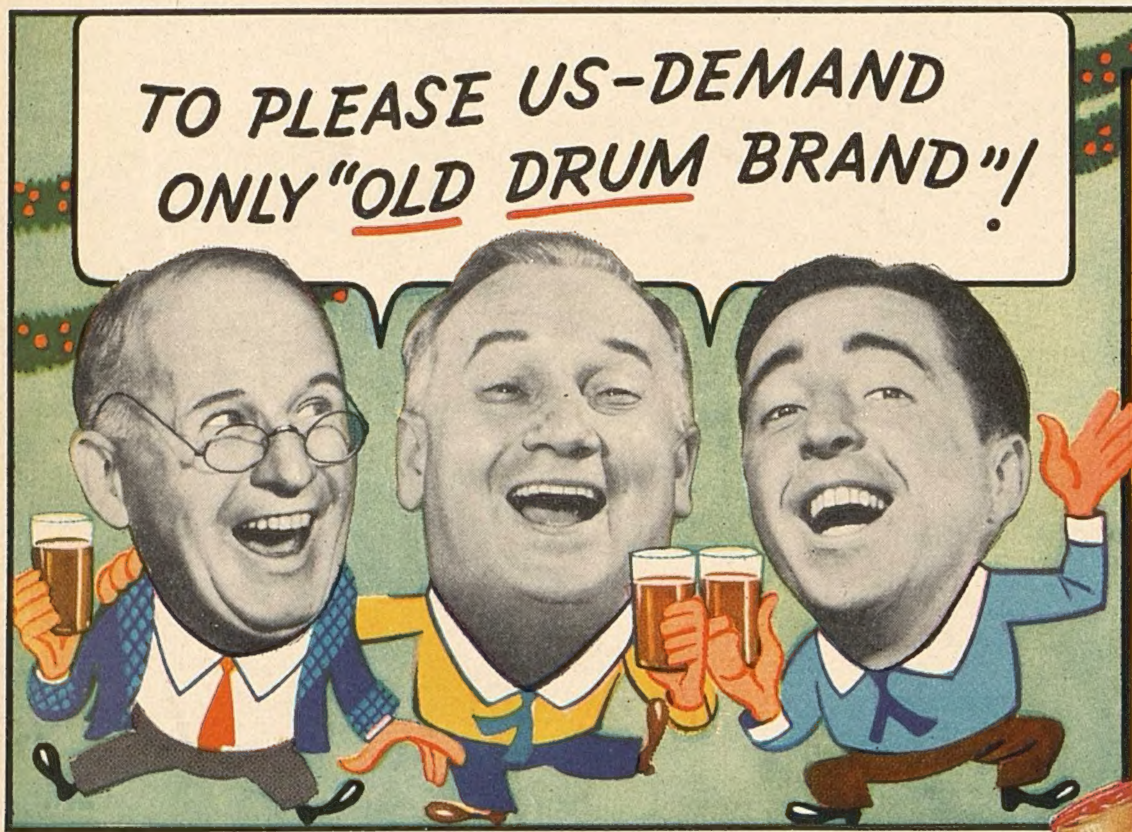
5¢


Harold Anderson
Dear Santa
Bobby wants
a puppy and
I want
a kitten
Love
Anne

WHY DIVORCE IS A BLESSING—A Bold Defense by Judge L. D. MILLER

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT - IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES!


FOR MY GIFT A CASE OF OLD DRUM WOULD BE NICE...
OLD DRUM
BUT WE KNOW IT'S THE SPIRIT—NOT THE LOW PRICE...
SO EVEN A QUART OR A PINT WOULD SUFFICE!


TO PLEASE US-DEMAND ONLY "OLD DRUM BRAND"!

TRY THIS "OLD DRUM EGG-NOG"!

Beat a fresh egg, lightly. Add 1 drink Old Drum, 1 tablespoon powdered sugar, ¾ glass milk. Shake well with cracked ice; strain into glass; sprinkle nutmeg on top.

...OR A COZY "HOT TODDY" FOR A COLD NIGHT

Dissolve teaspoon of sugar in a little hot water. Add 1 piece cinnamon, 1 piece lemon peel. Cloves. 1 drink Old Drum. Serve hot water separate, to add according to taste.

PARDON US FOR POINTING...

but if you want to give your favorite man-friend something really *useful* . . . there's still time to get him Old Drum! Blended by Calvert, it's rich, smooth, and mellow . . . yet *light!* (Blending does *that.*) If he already *knows* Old Drum, he'll be grateful. If he doesn't, he'll be *doubly* grateful—for your introduction!

OLD DRUM Brand
OLD DRUM BRAND Blended Whiskey
90 PROOF
A CALVERT PRODUCT

"In tune with the times"

Calvert's

OLD DRUM BRAND

BLENDED WHISKEY—90 PROOF—75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

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The cleaning power of *POWDER*

IN MODERN CREAM FORM

—that's Listerine Tooth Paste!

When your dentist cleans your teeth, there is no spilling or mess because he makes his powder into paste. Otherwise the fine particles would fly off his rapidly revolving brush.

We, too, "cream" the finest dental powders into a paste, Listerine Tooth Paste. Thus it gives you the cleansing efficiency of powder *in modern form* . . . easy to put on the brush . . . no waste, no mess.

The formula itself is super-safe and extra-active. It quickly brings to teeth the sparkle and glistening high-lights so much admired in the photographs of New York models.

Try Listerine Tooth Paste tomorrow. You are sure to like its full-bodied, refreshing flavor. For added economy, buy the double-size tube. At all drug counters.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

CARNIVOROUS, or flesh-eating, animals all have highly developed cuspids. The single sharp point is perfectly adapted for tearing fibrous foods. The tiger's long cuspids illustrate how the shape of particular teeth indicates the use intended by Nature. Human cuspids are at the corners of the mouth.

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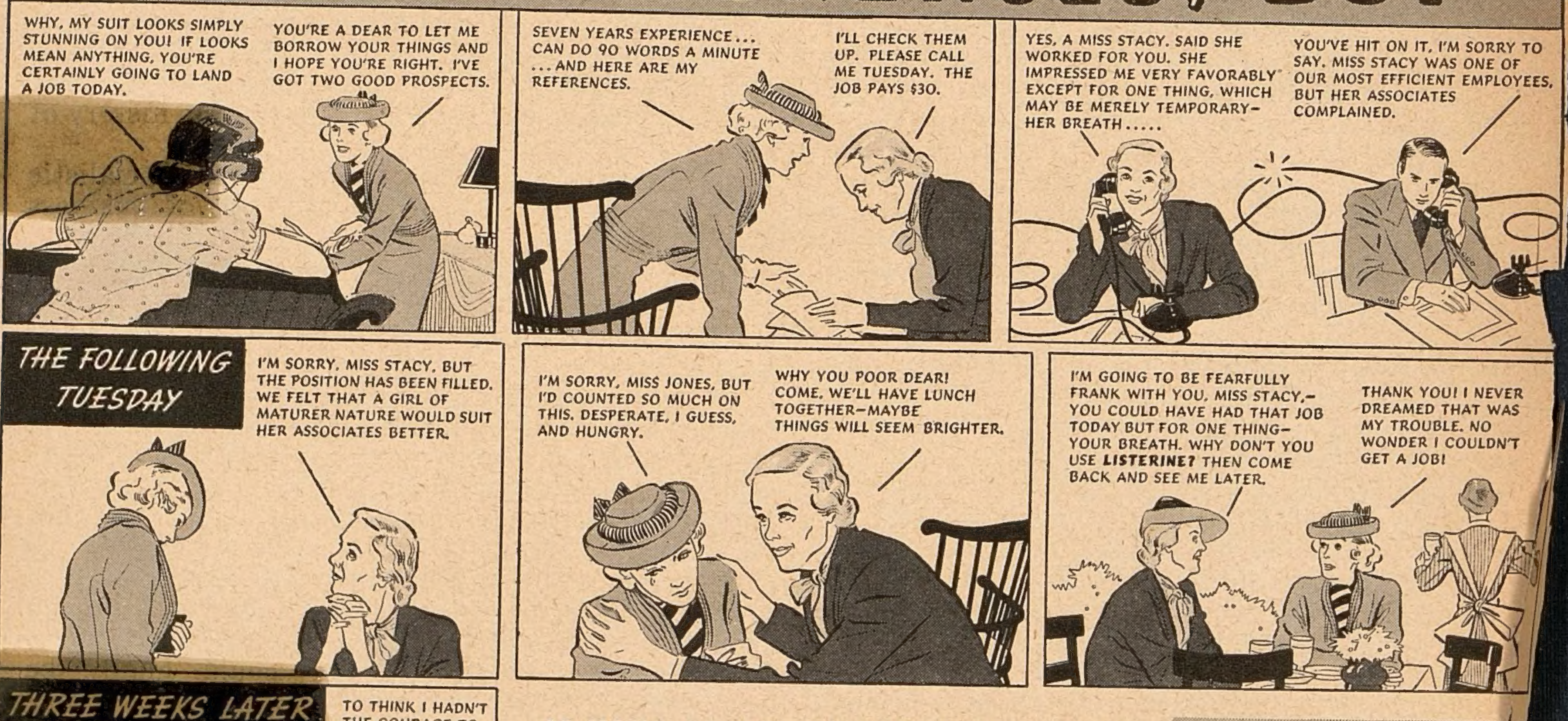
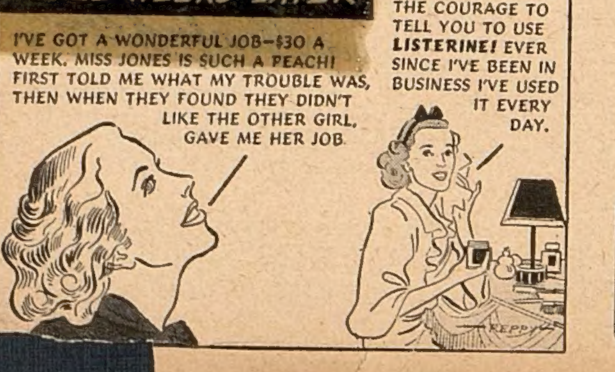
Double size
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMP
Tested and Approved 4602 Good Housekeeping Bureau Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

It's a change for the better

BEST OF REFERENCES, BUT—

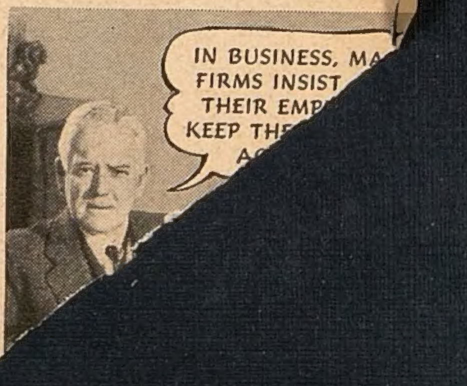

WHY, MY SUIT LOOKS SIMPLY STUNNING ON YOU! IF LOOKS MEAN ANYTHING, YOU'RE CERTAINLY GOING TO LAND A JOB TODAY.
YOU'RE A DEAR TO LET ME BORROW YOUR THINGS AND I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT. I'VE GOT TWO GOOD PROSPECTS.
SEVEN YEARS EXPERIENCE... CAN DO 90 WORDS A MINUTE ... AND HERE ARE MY REFERENCES.
I'LL CHECK THEM UP. PLEASE CALL ME TUESDAY. THE JOB PAYS $30.
YES, A MISS STACY. SAID SHE WORKED FOR YOU. SHE IMPRESSED ME VERY FAVORABLY EXCEPT FOR ONE THING, WHICH MAY BE MERELY TEMPORARY—HER BREATH.....
YOU'VE HIT ON IT. I'M SORRY TO SAY, MISS STACY WAS ONE OF OUR MOST EFFICIENT EMPLOYEES, BUT HER ASSOCIATES COMPLAINED.
THE FOLLOWING TUESDAY
I'M SORRY, MISS STACY, BUT THE POSITION HAS BEEN FILLED. WE FELT THAT A GIRL OF MATURER NATURE WOULD SUIT HER ASSOCIATES BETTER.
I'M SORRY, MISS JONES, BUT I'D COUNTED SO MUCH ON THIS. DESPERATE, I GUESS, AND HUNGRY.
WHY YOU POOR DEAR! COME, WE'LL HAVE LUNCH TOGETHER—MAYBE THINGS WILL SEEM BRIGHTER.
I'M GOING TO BE FEARFULLY FRANK WITH YOU, MISS STACY,—YOU COULD HAVE HAD THAT JOB TODAY BUT FOR ONE THING—YOUR BREATH. WHY DON'T YOU USE LISTERINE? THEN COME BACK AND SEE ME LATER.
THANK YOU! I NEVER DREAMED THAT WAS MY TROUBLE. NO WONDER I COULDN'T GET A JOB!


THREE WEEKS LATER
I'VE GOT A WONDERFUL JOB—$30 A WEEK. MISS JONES IS SUCH A PEACH! FIRST TOLD ME WHAT MY TROUBLE WAS, THEN WHEN THEY FOUND THEY DIDN'T LIKE THE OTHER GIRL, GAVE ME HER JOB.
TO THINK I HADN'T THE COURAGE TO TELL YOU TO USE LISTERINE! EVER SINCE I'VE BEEN IN BUSINESS I'VE USED IT EVERY DAY.

IS YOUR BREATH BEYOND SUSPICION?

Come, tell the truth; you don't know! That's the insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath). You don't know, but others do and are offended. Why run this foolish risk when you can make your breath sweet, more wholesome, and agreeable, by simply rinsing the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic? Use it morning and evening and between times before social and business engagements. Listerine Antiseptic first cleanses the entire oral cavity then overcomes breath odors. You *know* you won't offend.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Lo*[illegible] Mo.


IN BUSINESS, MA
FIRMS INSIST
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DECEMBER 25, 1937

Liberty

VOL. 14, NO. 52

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

AT LAST BUSINESS CRITICS ARE WORRYING WASHINGTON

BERNARR
MACFADDEN

Until recently the Washington officials appeared to be thinking mostly in terms of votes. What can be done to popularize the administration with the voting public? was the leading question.

And the one popular means of catering to the voters, especially to the "have nots," was to hammer business from every possible angle.

There seemed to be little realization of the very definite fact that business is the source of all jobs, and that if business is attacked and discouraged, ultimately the reaction will lessen the number of jobs and add to the unemployment lists.

But at last our Socialistic planners seem to have realized that there is a possibility their schemes might not work . . . that artificial means of producing prosperity might not be permanently effective.

The priming-the-pump procedure first adopted by the government undoubtedly was helpful in relieving suffering, but the accompanying attacks on business scared investors and business men generally to such an extent that many times the amount used by the government to prime the pump was doubtless scared into hiding . . . was placed in government bonds or some other frozen securities instead being invested in business promotion that would ave given jobs to thousands, perhaps millions, of orkers.

Business is the only source of permanent jobs. Even government handouts in the form of a dole or so-called work are wasteful except as a temporary relief to the unemployed.

From the record of relief expenditures it is quite evident the administration has made substantial endeavors to balance the budget during this year. The expenditures in 1932 were a little over a billion and a half. In 1936 they were more than four billion. So far this year they are less than a billion. Though this reduction is a great source of satisfacion to our substantial citizens, there have been so ny budget-balancing promises that many busiexecutives do not believe it can be done by this tration.

Previous to the last depression the business affairs of this country were handled with amazing skill. The vast accumulation of wealth, the liberal wages and the high standard of living for workers furnished proof of this.

That employers in some instances were unfair to their workers no one can deny, but bitterly to attack business everywhere because of the faults of a few employers was foolish beyond description.

To give the impression to business executives generally that they could not expect a fair deal from the government was discouraging and costly to employers and employees alike.

The same able management which brought this country out of previous depressions would have been equally effective in the present situation if the government had attended to its official duties and allowed business executives to handle their own affairs.

As previously stated in these columns, during the first six months of the present administration's first term there was a return of confidence everywhere. All kinds of business improved. Prices were rapidly advancing, and there was greater progress made in business than in any similar period in the history of the country.

And then we had the beginning of Socialistic planning! God forbid! The upswing of business was halted!

The NRA and the AAA and the various other wild experiments which the crackpot planners thought would quickly remedy our business troubles were inaugurated.

If the procedure adhered to during those first six months by this administration could have been continued, and if we could have avoided all the costly experimental governmental edicts, our huge governmental indebtedness might not have been necessary. And if business could again be allowed the same liberties it had previous to the depression, the budget would soon be balanced, active workers would soon find jobs, and the dole—the outstanding disgrace of this administration—could finally be abolished.

Bernarr Macfadden

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n Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d
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(Above) A group of Cadet Officers.

(Left) View of the Junior Academy building.

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Col. H. L. Armstrong, President, Dept. L 12-25
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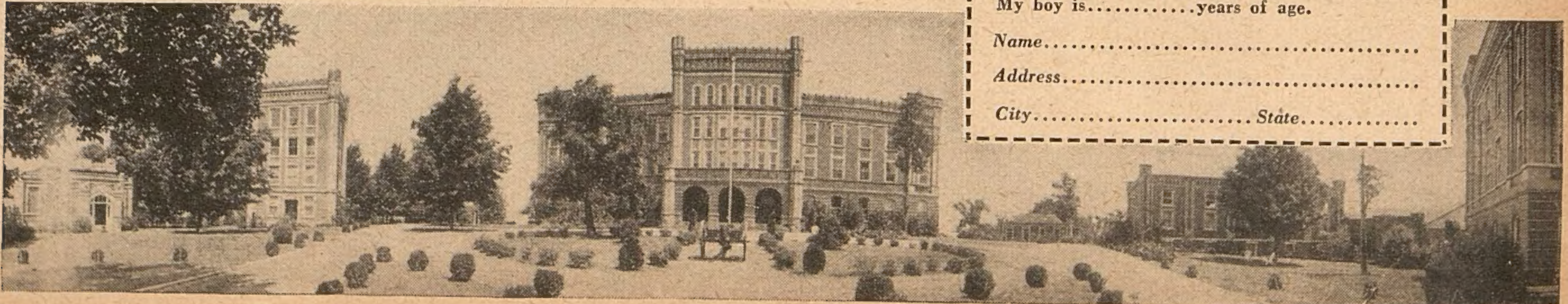


Why Divorce is a

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

BY JUDGE

L. D. MILLER

of the Circuit and Criminal Courts

Chattanooga, Tennessee

"TAKE a decree."

While Wallis Warfield Simpson was in seclusion last fall and spring, burning to hear this judicial pronouncement handed down in her case from the cloistered precincts of a reluctant English court, the civilized world waited with her—and while waiting became divorce-conscious. It is well. It is time that we set aside our moral and religious prejudices and considered this question of divorce not theoretically but from experience; not to defend or condemn but to find the truth.

After more than a quarter of a century as lawyer and judge dealing extensively with marital entanglements, I unhesitatingly state that there is no divorce evil.

I admit that we have a divorce problem, and an important one; but this problem results from maladjusted marriages. Anything we do about it must be done within the circumference of the marital relationship.

We cannot justly condemn the individual who seeks release from an alliance which if continued will mean a life of misery. Such cases make it society's responsibility to prevent, as far as possible, unions which would inevitably fail.

I am aware of the abortive efforts of a few states in the U. S. and Mexico to attract divorce cases from outside by reducing the resident requirements to mere vacation periods. The evil here is in the states offering the use of their judicial machinery in the perpetration of a fraud and the judges blandly accepting perjury as to citizenship and granting divorces which the Supreme Court of the United States and numerous high state courts have held void.

Neither do I join in the familiar castigation of the impulsive and adventurous souls who are said to hear the nuptial benediction with crossed fingers while depending on the divorce court to rectify their mistakes. One might as well condemn the nervous ship passenger who comforts himself by thinking of the harbors along the way.

In this age of economic independence of women, traditional rules of morality and religious inhibitions seldom suffice to hold together a marriage whose supposed foundations of love, mutual trust, and respect have been replaced with scorn, loathing, and disgust.

As long as there are unsuitable marriages nothing is lost by proportionate divorce. Blotting out the shameful home life which they breed has contributed tremendously in late years to the importance of marriage.

Altogether, divorce has been of incalculable benefit to society. Even with the present divorce rate, I do not share the view so often heard that the institution of marriage is in danger. The ratio is six lasting marriages to one divorce. In fact, startling as it may seem, there are more homes at present where peace and happiness prevail and where children are wanted and loved and protected than there have been at any previous time during the last fifty years.

The courts should and generally do refuse a divorce unless it is justified under the law. But to condemn the whole conception of divorce is to indict men and women as far back as we know anything about mankind.

The men of the ancient Hebrews could write their own bills of divorcement. Among the early Greeks divorce was common. Rome generally held marriage inviolable, but toward the end of the republic divorce was made available to either spouse for slight cause.

All modern Protestant countries allow divorce, but where governments are influenced by the Roman Catholic Church annulments are permitted only by the sanction of the Pope.

In the United States divorces are granted by judges under legislative authority in every state except South Carolina.

The English Parliament, in response to popular demand which no doubt was largely inspired by the Simpson case, has recently liberalized the law by adding several grounds for divorce to the sole ground—adultery—which stood so long in England.

The Protestant Episcopal Church in America is divided into two camps on the question of wider church sanction of marriage to its divorced members.

If we propose to reduce the divorce rate, we should quit counting decrees and turn our attention to present-day social conditions. Marriage between boys and girls of high-school age is a source of great evil. The unchaperoned automobile is too frequently passion-driven from the midnight tryst to the waiting Gretna Green. Hundreds of such cases have come before me, some shockingly soon after the marriages. May I emphasize the near-futility of any hope of a lasting marriage between the immature; and this applies also to unions that are entered into with parental sanction.

DECREE
OF
DIVORCE

BLESSING

For liberals with common sense . . . A forthright discussion of the case for a much-debated American institution

I grant that there are exceptions to this rule, but they are few. The reason is fundamental. If the parties are not fully developed mentally, one of them—I think the woman in the majority of such cases—will pass the other in mental growth and come to have an outlook on life and its problems largely inconsistent with their limited views at the time of marriage.

The May-and-December marriage is usually grounded on considerations other than love. Whatever the reason, many fail utterly. The handicaps are disparity in sexual power, wide difference in views on economic and social problems, and the natural aversion of youth to intimate relations with age. December, like an old clock which does not keep time any longer, impassively sits in his accustomed place, disdainful of the outer world and unresponsive to the lingering touches and submissive eyes of his mate; while May, whose flesh is tender and whose blood is warm, finally realizing the incongruity of her position, sits in tight-lipped silence as her mental eyes linger in faraway places. Is it unnatural that such monotony often reaches the breaking point?

THE deadly triangle of a former period is now often seen as a rectangle. The mad search for pleasure and entertainment which the modern young carry on after marriage by returning to their old haunts—the dance, hurly-burly cocktail parties, and the secluded roadhouse and night club with their ever-present suggestions of marital infidelity—more frequently than is generally appreciated cause a mutual drifting apart of the most promising union.

The menopause age is the Cape Hatteras of every marriage which lasts that long. Happily the great majority pass through safely; but many go upon the rocks. The physical change in the woman often affects her mind and she becomes the pathetic victim of her disordered imagination. Every seeming inattention from her husband affects her as a studied slight and causes her to turn on him with unreasonable and persistent fury. In such a case it requires a man of strong moral character and sympathetic understanding to remain at his post and pilot the family ship into smooth waters.

A famous physician recently stated anonymously in Liberty that many men pass through a perilous mental stage about the time women experience the physical change; and that such men will either turn for the better and lead happier lives thereafter or else go to pieces. This is absolutely true. Strong men survive as better husbands, fathers, and citizens; but I have heard many cases where weak men, foolishly hoping to revive elusive youth, have given up home and family for the harlot and the gutter.

A home with children broken by divorce is always a touching thing. No one knows this better than I do. But the worst cases of arrested development and nervous timidity I have ever seen were children whose lives had been spent as helpless witnesses to discord and wrangling between the parents. And no theorist need go into hysterics on account of such innocents being brought before an experienced judge for proper placing in a divorce suit. Such a course is usually the only way they can be given their chance in life.

I have many times witnessed an unnaturalness in divorce cases that was positively shocking:

The father who chose permanently to forgo visiting his four children in a house of refuge so that he might be free to satisfy his appetite for liquor.

The young woman, educated, attractive, and from a good family, who gave up her husband, a man of substance and position, her pretty five-year-old daughter, and a deed to a substantial interest she had with him in real estate, including a well furnished home—all this that she might continue with unrestricted freedom to climb a dirty ladder to the loft of a back-street garage to share the bed of a common mechanic.

The mother of a grown family whose unfounded jealousy led her to dose, surreptitiously, her sixty-five-year-old husband with saltpeter for several weeks before his suspicions were confirmed by surprising her in the act of doctoring his glass of milk.

The mother of seven young children who dressed them with infinite care on the morning of the trial, and when the case was over refused to accept their custody by stating openly that she was through with family life forever. She left the courtroom without a backward look as the bewildered children gathered around their father. I had occasion to learn several years later that she had never returned to them.

WE cannot measure the extent of social marital unrest by the divorce rate. The great majority of persons who obtain divorces marry again. Many of these marriages result in permanent unions. It is well to remember, also, that not more than ten or fifteen divorce suits out of one hundred are contested; and that contests are usually over the custody of children, alimony, or property. Therefore it is plain that when marital obligations are broken both parties are ordinarily ready to have them permanently ended by decree.

The most optimistic reformer could not hope for any perceptible reduction of divorce soon. Prohibiting child marriages by law in every state would be an effective step in that direction.

This article was written to show the truth about divorce, not to solve the problem. The solution will have to be reserved for a future age—probably the millennium.

THE END

SAME TO YOU!

by ELIZABETH TROY

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY PARKHOUSE

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

BY late afternoon of the twenty-fourth of December Ann had accomplished a good deal, considering that her ship had not docked until eleven that morning. She had acquired a suite at her favorite hotel, and now her trunks were unpacked and the dressing table held her familiar miscellany of crystal and silver, and the closets her English and French wardrobe. She had managed, too, to buy an unnecessary evening dress. But she was still dissatisfied with the day's efforts because she had not been able to buy what she had missed most from her wardrobe these past two years—American shoes.

The shopping for shoes was the first definite reminder that this was the Christmas season. Haggard salespeople had appeared to be buried to their eyebrows in an avalanche of gaudy Christmas-gift bedroom slippers. Ann, who hated waiting, had given up in disgust.

She should, she told herself, have known better than to attempt to buy anything as honest and unadorned as shoes during the useless-gadget season. Had she given the business a moment's thought she would have remembered that tomorrow was the day when people brought their worship of the great god Hokum to the annual high. Quarrelsome couples hung their children's stockings and tried to remember they had once been in love and made resolves to repair the lute.

Ann Rollins knew all about that. She'd had parents once herself. She still had. But she hadn't seen much of them in the past eighteen years.

"You are a big girl now," the judge had said. "You are seven—old enough to decide which of your parents you choose to live with."

And Ann, who had cringed through dozens of their bitter quarrels, and knew that a choice either way would surely precipitate another, had answered promptly, "I'd rather be by myself, please."

Her mother's beautiful racked face had immediately crumpled into tears, and her father's sulky handsome one had gone white. But since they both had people waiting to marry them as soon as "the custody of the child" was settled, the judge suggested that perhaps the child had chosen wisely.

Ann thought so, too. She still thought so. She had been by herself ever since, except, of course, for people who didn't count—nurses, governesses, and the like; and now she was twenty-six years old. She was slim and straight and healthy. Her brain was as clear as spring water, and there was no emotional silt to muddy it.

At Christmas time, she thought in her annoyance about the shoes, the human herd stampeded, driven into an insanely confused huddle by blind obedience to custom and habit. She understood perfectly, because once she had herself felt its pressure. She had been only nine then—too young to think rather than feel. That year she went to spend Christmas with a school friend. June Wetherington's parents were the kind that hear their children's prayers, kiss them good night, and tuck them in.

On Christmas Eve their mother gathered them—there were four altogether—about her chair and on her lap and read them The Night Before Christmas. After that, their father came in wearing a Santa Claus suit, and he filled stockings and they sang carols.

Ann Rollins, of course, had no lap to sit in. She sat on a little settee, apart from them. She listened, fascinated, to the poem, and she laughed and clapped her hands over Santa Claus with the others, when all of a sudden she found herself staring at her little alien stocking. And it struck her at once that she did not belong—this father was not her father, this mother was not her mother. . . . She created a pleasant lot of excitement that night by trying to run away.

She had never exposed herself to that brand of emotion since. Now, comfortable in her velvet pajamas, a cigarette burning in her fingers, she could relax in this comfortable hotel and laugh at the silly little girl who ran out in the snow in her nightgown. She could face being alone on Christmas Eve with no nostalgic self-pitying twinges.

I am not, mused Ann Rollins, thankfully, being silly over a yule log. I am not wrapping useless gadgets in red paper and silver ribbon. I am not forced to use that idiotic phrase, "Merry Christmas," nor its insane answer, "Same to you." I am perfectly safe from the delusion of fireside and family. She grinned suddenly. Of course, there's *that.*

The "that" to which she referred was the Christmas tree thoughtfully supplied each suite by the hotel management. It stood on a table, a chromium-and-green affair, adroitly fashioned to the shape of a pine tree from some sort of slashed paper-thin metal. It was decorated with little black balls. It looked impudently sophisticated and no more sentimental than the Chrysler Building, which in fact it faintly resembled.

Ann approved of it in an amused ironic way. Certainly it bore no blood relationship to the huge fragrant spruce for which, that Christmas she had spent with June Wetherington so long ago, she had strung pink popcorn and cranberries.

She got up suddenly, possessed of an inexplicable impulse to do something—anything—to get out of this room with its excessively modernistic furnishings. She had planned to spend the evening reading or even writing a little. Somehow neither of these peaceful amusements appealed to her any more. She crushed out her cigarette, lighted another— She brightened. The theater, of course. It would be easy to get a ticket—a single ticket—on a night when most people would be at home.

She went to her telephone. Her hand had just touched it when there was a knock on her door. She found on the threshold a perspiring bellboy, his arms piled high with parcels.

"Yours is the top one, Miss Rollins," he breathed.

She nodded. Her dress, of course. She took the top box from the tottering heap, slid a coin into the boy's hand, and closed the door.

In her bedroom she untied the box, lifted the lid, and flung back the enfolding tissue. But her hand, moving to lift out her dress, came to a quick frozen stop. This was not the black velvet evening gown which she had seen shrewdly as a perfect background for her shining close-clipped gold hair, her frosty black-lashed blue eyes, and her fair pale skin.

A thick red flannel cap to which was attached a long white beard was the first thing to meet her startled gaze. Under it, neatly folded, lay a black-belted fulsome red flannel tunic. And when, stirred to action at last, she lifted out the tunic, she found at the bottom of the box a pair of baggy red flannel breeches.

Ann Rollins tipped back her sleek shiny gold head and laughed. Somewhere in the hotel a distracted husband and father was gaping at a backless evening gown. In his ears, no doubt, was ringing his wife's final admonitions: " Don't forget to buy a new Santa Claus suit—and Junior wants boxing gloves and sister a French doll and the baby a—"

Her eye lit upon a slip of paper folded into the cap. She drew it out—a sales slip: " Charge to Mr. Dennison Barrett, 1 S. C. Costume."

She went to the telephone and called the office. The office was shocked at the error. Yes, indeed, Mr. Barrett was in his suite. He would be notified at once. A bellboy would call for the parcel. And Ann had barely time to replace the lid on the box when some one again knocked on her door.

He was not, however, the bellboy. He was a tall brown young man with worried-looking eyes and a sheepish grin. He had a long box under one arm.

" Presenting Santa Claus," he announced. He handed over the box. " This," he said, " didn't seem quite the thing for climbing down chimneys."

She smiled at him. " If you'll come in a minute I'll get your box ready for you."

He nodded, came in, leaving the door wide open behind him. Ann grinned on her way into the bedroom. Married man in sitting room of woman's hotel suite. Uneasy is the head that wears the matrimonial crown.

But she was mistaken about his unease. The young man was smoking a cigarette and looking idly at a book on her table. When she entered the room he looked at her curiously, with frank admiring interest.

He said, " Miss Rollins, there's something familiar about your name. Did you ever know a girl named June Wetherington? "

Ann's eyes widened. " Of course. We were in school together when we were little. She married—let me see—why, she married at least eight years ago. A man named—of *course*—a man named Barrett. And there are children—" She put out her hand and he took it gravely.

He nodded. " There are," he said dryly; " two of them. I have them both with me—up in my room this very minute."

Ann ignored the oddity of his tone. " Sit down," she said, " and tell me about June. It's been years since I have seen her."

He sat. He lighted a cigarette for her.

" June," he stated, when they were both settled, " is a jealous sentimental little idiot. She chose two days before Christmas as a swell time to stage a row and run bleating home to her mother. That leaves me with the kids."

Ann shrugged. She was thinking that June Wetherington deserved the tortures that befell all women who chose to marry good-looking men. This man was one of them—not good-looking by the movie-actor standard, but in a lean brown way, attractive, very.

" No doubt," she said, " the Santa Claus suit and a proper spirit of contrition will bring her around. That's one of the reasons for Christmas, isn't it? "

" I detect a touch of sarcasm somewhere, Miss Rollins, as if you didn't exactly believe in Santa Claus."

She smiled at him coolly. " There are lots of generally accepted myths I don't believe in."

" Like love and marriage and the fireside huddle? "

" Like those, yes."

The young man declared with sudden vehemence, " Neither do I! Not after seeing the way June and Bill behaved yesterday."

Ann started. " Bill? "

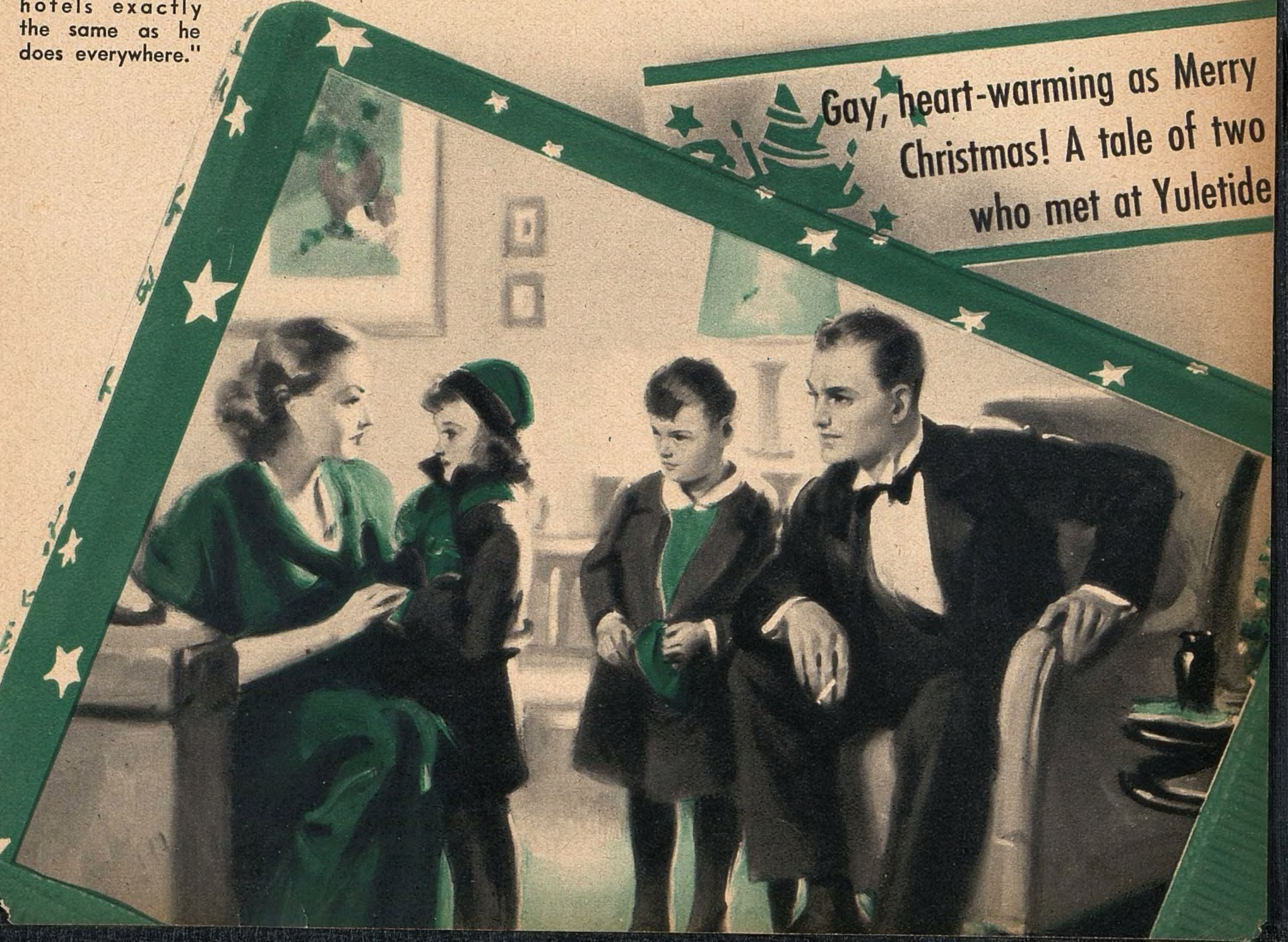
" My brother. June's husband."

" But I thought you—"

She stopped, blushed unaccountably, conscious in a horrified way of a vague sense of relief.

" I see," he said, " what you thought. And I thought

" Santa comes to hotels exactly the same as he does everywhere."



Gay, heart-warming as Merry Christmas! A tale of two who met at Yuletide when I saw that dress that Garbo must be in the hotel. Maybe that's one reason why I brought it down to you myself."

"And was there any other reason?"

"I need advice." He leaned forward in his chair and looked at her earnestly. "Look. I'm in a jam with these kids. I don't know what to do. They think they're going out home—they live in Greenwich—and that this Christmas will be just like all the others. And with June gone off in a huff to her mother and Bill out getting plastered—"

He spread his hands helplessly. "What shall I do with them?"

Ann said, "Tell them the truth, of course."

He gaped in horror. "What? Good Lord, you don't mean that! Why, little Bill's only seven and Cecily five. Why, they'd—they'd—"

"Cry? Of course. But it's better to let them cry now, when they're little and resilient, than later, when the peculiarities of parents"— Ann's lip curled—"can really hurt them. Now is the time to let them in on the realities. They'll be better prepared for the disillusionments ahead."

Mr. Barrett stared. "I have never heard," he said flatly, "such a mess of tripe in all my life. I suppose I'm to tell Cecily there is no Santa Claus."

"Well, there isn't, is there? It's a silly lie, and children know it's a silly lie. It destroys their faith in more important things later on."

"And I'm to tell these infants," pursued Dennison Barrett, "that their mother and father have deserted them for Christmas?"

"Children," said this clearheaded daughter of divorce, "learn sooner or later that the parental ego and vanity are very frequently strong enough to transcend parental love. I see no reason whatever for sparing young Bill and Cecily this particular rod."

"You," said Dennison Barrett with cold calm, "have the heart of an oyster on ice. You sound like—"

"Uncle Denny!"

The young man whirled. Ann started. Two children, surprisingly bundled in reefer coats, leather leggings, and thick caps, were coming in through the open door. They hurled themselves upon him.

"We found you," the girl said. "The nithe elevator man brought uth. We buttoned ourthelveth all ready to go home. We have to hurry, Uncle Denny."

"Dad," said the boy gravely, "isn't very good at fixing the tree in the stand. We got to be there to help. Come on, Uncle Denny."

"Thanta Clauth," put in the girl, "geth very mad if the tree ithent ready." She giggled. She looked straight at Ann. "Thanta Clauth ith daddy for our thockingth. Real Thanta Clauth comth when we go to bed."

ANN got up from her chair and walked across the long room, stood looking out of the window, down into the snowy street. This, after all, was no concern of hers. Let that sentimentalist work this out for himself.

She could hear the boy's graver, rougher voice: "Listen, Uncle Denny. Why don't you get going? We can't stay all *night* in this dumb place. We gotta get *home*. Mummy will be worried about us."

Ann heard Denny Barrett clear his throat raspingly. "But your mother," he said, "isn't there, Bill. N-not yet."

"Huh? Well, she will be. Come on."

"But, Bill, listen. She may not get there—we may have to stay here—you see—"

He paused flounderingly.

"You mean we gotta stay here on *Christmas Eve?* In a *hotel?*" The boy's voice went up in shrill incredulousness.

"But Thanta Clauth don't come to hotelth, Uncle Denny." Tears rattled in Cecily's throat. "We gotta go *home*."

Ann Rollins said to herself, "Damn, *damn*." She put out a hand blindly for a cigarette and her fingers met the sharp edge of the chromium Christmas tree. She glared at it furiously. Her eyes—*damnation*—were wet. Her nostrils were full of the smell of the big spruce at June Wetherington's house. She saw a child with pale gold hair and wise blue eyes forgetting to be wise, loving to string pink popcorn and cranberries, loving the close-knit security that spread its aura over children. . . . And she saw the little shape in the flannel nightgown running, sobbing, out. . . .

"Now, listen, kids." The thick voice of Dennison Barrett cut into her ears. "The truth is this—your daddy and mummy—"

"Were delayed in a traffic jam," said Ann Rollins suddenly. She came across the room swiftly. She evaded the stunned stare of the man, fixed her eyes upon the alert children. They looked at her with the confident optimism of children. Ann sat down and took Cecily into the curve of her arm.

"THE truth is," she told the child deliberately, "Santa Claus"—she almost choked on the silly name—"comes to hotels exactly the same as he does everywhere else."

"There'th no chimdey," Cecily said with a quivering lip.

"There's an elevator shaft. It's much more comfortable as a thing to climb down," argued this great believer in telling children the truth. "And if your father and mother can't get out to Greenwich in the traffic jam, why, they'll come here, you see." She ignored Denny's gasp and plunged on: "All you have to do is to go upstairs, take off your coats and caps, and have your suppers, and get ready for bed, just as you do at home, and when everything is ready for Santa Claus we'll send for you to come down."

Young Bill eyed her gravely. "Will mummy and dad be here?"

"They will be here," Ann Rollins said steadily. She laughed very winningly and contagiously. "It will be *fun* having Santa Claus come to a big hotel, won't it? Because, of course, tomorrow you'll go home and all the big toys will be out there waiting for you."

Bill, grinning a little now, inquired, "Where'll we put our stockings?"

Ann pointed to the mantel. "Right there."

"Yourth, too? And Uncle Denny'th?"

Miss Rollins blushed. "Of course," she said, and felt rather less nauseated than she had expected she might. "And I'll send a nice lady from the hotel—a very special lady they have for helping children when their mothers are out shopping—to help you. Just a minute, until I telephone."

The hotel's nursemaid removed them. Dennison Barrett appeared to be unable to stir from the spot whereon he was rooted.

He said at last, "Of all the *inconsistent*—of all the *unmitigated* liars—"

Ann glared at him. "What are you idling about like this for? Where is their fool of a father?"

"Aha!" he said, wagging his head up and down. "I thought that little detail would occur to you too late. Bill is somewhere in this great city, getting tight. He brought the kids into my office at noon and told me to do his Christmas shopping for him and take the kids off his hands while he set about forgetting that he had ever been married to a woman who has no more sense than to lose her mind over an office party."

Ann said impatiently, " What in heaven's name is an office party? "

Denny explained. It seemed that Bill's office had staged one of those curious social outgrowths of the prosperity era, which involves a Christmasy letting down of barriers—and seemingly a good deal of hair—among the personnel of large business offices. Several young typists, full of Bronx cocktails and hearty good will, had let their lipstick fall where it might, and a good deal of it had landed on Bill.

He went home innocently rouged and cheerfully tight. June emerged from a mountain of exhausting Christmas preparations to hit the ceiling about that lipstick and Bill's condition. Bill counter-accused. June told him to leave the house, and he told her the same. So they both left and swore never to return, children or no children, Christmas or no Christmas.

Denny did all Bill's shopping, and since the list included a Santa Claus suit, he'd got that, too, being hopeful that Bill would break down and use it in the nick of time.

Ann Rollins said, " How completely imbecile marriage makes people."

" Doesn't it? " Denny said politely. " And I still don't see exactly how you're going to make good on all those lies you told the kids."

" You," Ann said, with the excessive haughtiness of one who has bitten off far more than can be masticated, " will find Bill. I will find June. Meanwhile, bring a Christmas tree in here—and a lot of junk for it—"

" Christmas tree? " he cried. " Good Lord, where can I get a Christmas tree at this hour? "

" From the hotel, of course. There are two of them in tubs in front of the lobby. *Buy* one. And g-get some c-cranberries and p-pink popcorn—"

A dangerous light flared up in Denny Barrett's eyes. He took a step nearer. He said shakily, " You're the most amazing—"

" Will you," she snapped, stamping a furious foot, " get out of here and do what I tell you? Shop, and find Bill! "

He departed without another word. Ann picked up the telephone. June's voice came to her at last—a very subdued shaky kind of voice.

" Darling! " cried Ann, who never called people darling, " I'm having the duckiest party tonight . . . Oh, but you *must*, my dear. It's simply ages since I've seen you. I know Christmas Eve is an awful time to ask a wife and mother— . . . Oh, *I* see." You sap, thought Ann fiercely. " Then you *can* come. There'll be champagne and men and— . . . *Good*, darling . . . around nine. . . ."

The telephone went down into the hook. Miss Rollins thumbed her nose at it. She rose then and got into a fur coat and hat and picked up her purse. Some one knocked at her door. That, she thought, would be the Christmas tree.

It wasn't. It gave off a redolence unrelated to the pungent tang of the worthy spruce. It swayed in the doorway, licked its lips and said, "Whooshdenny?"

Ann seized it by the lapels and jerked it into the room, where it capsized, looking surprised, into a chair.

" Bill Barrett? "

" Me." He struggled upward. " Married man. None o' thish compromising—"

" Take off your coat and collar and shoes, you fool. I'm going to sober you up before your children—"

" Heh? Wash— Shee here, what's this about my children? Where *are* my children? I come here to meet Denny. Denny said meet him here five o'clock. Woman in Denny's room says Denny's down here with a Mish Collins—Hollins—"

" Shut up," said Ann, seizing her telephone. " Room Service. . . . Send me a quart or two of strong black coffee, a fizzy thing, and a bucket of cracked ice—hurry! "

While waiting, she attempted to break through Mr. Bill Barrett's fog with a few of the simpler facts of the situation. He wept bitterly. When the fizzy thing came he drank it humbly. He drank also five cups of hot black coffee, then he went obediently into Ann's bed and sank into a whirling slumber.

Ann locked him in, and for the first time in her life she went shopping for Christmas-tree ornaments and toys. . . .

Sweat beaded Denny's brow as he climbed down from a chair after attaching a shining silver star to the top of a tree which he had procured from the agitated hotel management by dint of browbeating, ten-dollar bills, and a species of blackmail. His hair was on end but he looked pleased.

Ann Rollins, tying the last of too many red bows, said wearily, " Now get that lout out of my bed. I want to get dressed before June gets here. . . ."

Denny said, " You are a worker of miracles. I still don't see how you landed June." He grinned maliciously. " I'll bet you lied like a trooper."

She nodded. " I said ' men ' to her, and to a woman whose husband is all smeared with another woman's lipstick, that's all you have to say to rouse her to the vendetta." She eyed him. " And now will you please go and see what you can do about that worm she's married to? "

" Will you wear that black dress? " He blocked her path."

" I'll wear what I—"

" Will you wear that black dress? "

" *No*," furiously. He sighed and went in to rouse his brother. After a while Ann went in too, and she put on the black dress.

THE moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow . . .' " June's voice was a little shaky but it was gaining strength as she went along. The little Barretts sat on her silken lap and listened breathlessly. Their eyes were shining. They watched the door. Santa Claus came in. . . .

Ann Rollins sat well away from all this. She didn't belong. Her lip made a worthy attempt to curl a little when Santa Claus yanked off his beard and kissed June. Ann said, " Damn fools," fiercely, under her breath, and fished blindly for a handkerchief.

" Take mine," Denny Barrett said. He reached down and pulled Ann Rollins up to her feet. " Look what I got for you to give me for Christmas."

He held forth a sprig of mistletoe. And before she could speak he whisked it from under her nose and laid it on her head, and in the next instant he was kissing her.

" S-s-stop it, you idiot! How d-dare—"

" You liked it. I liked it. Besides that, you like me, too."

" I don't. I hate you."

He kissed her again tenderly. " Liar. You've done nothing but lie to people all evening. But you can't fool me, Ann Rollins darling. . . ."

Santa Claus and his wife and his children wound up the party. They gathered themselves together to depart for the suite on the floor above. They halted for a second in the doorway.

" Oh—Merry Christmas, you two."

Ann Rollins, her voice a little muffled by a necktie, replied automatically, " Same to you." Handy phrase, she thought. Saves a lot of unnecessary words. . . .

THE END

HOLLYWOOD AND THE BUIL

CAN MONEY

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

IT happened again this year.

A little Miss Nobody from Nowhere, whose face had never been seen on stage or screen, whose voice had been heard only briefly in a minor spot on a popular radio program, stepped out in a picture of no important production values and no important box-office names, and found her way—without ballyhoo, without build-up—into the eyes and ears and hearts of the world.

This was fourteen-year-old Deanna Durbin. The company that produced Three Smart Girls was too occupied with reorganization to ballyhoo a new star, if it had known it had one. The producer and the director had never produced or directed in this country. The cost was probably as low as any picture's that has come out of a major studio in the last two years.

Yet, thanks to the unknown Durbin, it should earn at least $2,000,000 for the new owners of Universal. Her present vehicle, One Hundred Men and a Girl, should do even better—for Deanna is a God-made, not a man-made star.

Then why does Hollywood spend millions on build-ups, when stars are born, not built?

Look at the ten best box-office bets as tabulated by the Motion Picture Herald from exhibitors' reports. Only one, Joan Crawford, could be called a built-up star—and Joan did the building herself. The others, beginning with Shirley Temple—greatest money player of our time—and ending with Gary Cooper, never got a paragraph of preliminary publicity.

Gable had no ballyhoo. But he had a punch—and when it landed on Babs Stanwyck, in Grace Perkins' Night Nurse, it was the punch felt round the world.

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, whose pictures rank third in box-office results, came to Hollywood ballyhooless. Ginger had had a bit of success on Broadway, but nobody west of the Palisades seemed to have heard of it. As for the originally scorned Astaire, his success is *the* Hollywood epic.

Robert Taylor in 1932 was Spangler Arlington Brugh, a movie walk-on earning thirty-five dollars a week; today, as Robert Taylor, he gets $3,500 a week. A year ago he was eighty-third in the list of box-office stars; this year he is fourth. As for publicity, when he made his hit in a movie short the press department hadn't known he was on the lot.

Joe E. Brown came to Hollywood long before build-up was heard of. He simply opened his mouth, and the public put its dough in it. After more bad pictures than ever fell to the lot of one star, Joe E. still ranks fifth in the All-America ten.

Dick Powell, sixth on this year's list, was not built up but damn near fired. Then, one day, after his tests had been pronounced "disastrous," he found himself thrust into an "unimportant" juvenile role opposite an "unimportant" new soubrette, Ruby Keeler, in "unimportant" 42nd Street—which turned out to be the movies' first great musical success.

I call Joan Crawford a built-up star because Joan, like Norma Shearer, changed her appearance, her personality, her whole approach to the public in order to build herself into prominence. But whatever she did, she did herself. True, she later became the darling of the lot on which she worked, and received as thorough a boosting as any star ever did; but the initial campaign was all her own. And she is still the biggest woman "money" star in pictures.

As for numbers eight and nine, Claudette Colbert and Jeanette MacDonald, they were both experienced, well trained artists before they ever came to Hollywood. And Gary Cooper has worked himself up from a ride-on part in The Winning of Barbara Worth not only to tenth ranking as a box-office attraction but to top critical acclaim

These stars are best box-office bets — but not because of money lavished on ballyhoo!

D-UP BLIGHT

MAKE A STAR?

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

in Desire and Mr. Deeds Goes to Town. And he has done it not by ballyhoo but by consistent self-development.

Not a studio-manufactured star in the bunch—and they are the ten best money bets in filmdom!

Some came slowly, surely, over the long trail. Myrna Loy came that way too; and Bette Davis, Spencer Tracy, Miriam Hopkins, Pat O'Brien, Cary Grant, Carole Lombard, Loretta Young, Frank Morgan, Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall—even Ronald Colman and William Powell.

Others have come as meteors. Some of us remember when Garbo flashed; and Hepburn and Hayes and Harlow and Dietrich—some of these ladies had build-up enough, but not until *after* they had won on their own merits; when Warner Baxter rode to fame in Cisco Kid and Fredric March in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

All of us remember when Eddie Robinson knocked them dead in Little Caesar and Jimmy Cagney knocked them deader in Public Enemy, when Muni and Raft went to town in Scarface, when Mae West stopped the show in Night After Night, when Bing Crosby and Gracie Allen walked off with the first Big Broadcast, when Margaret Sullavan amazed us in Only Yesterday, when Eleanor Powell danced away with Broadway Melody, when Nelson Eddy captured us in Naughty Marietta, when Luise Rainer charmed us in Escapade and electrified us in The Great Ziegfeld.

Nightly we witness the unheralded triumphs of the big-time stars of tomorrow: of Frances Farmer and Errol Flynn and Rosalind Russell and Fred MacMurray and Burgess Meredith and Olivia de Havilland and Jimmie Stewart and Henry Fonda—and the aforesaid Deanna Durbin.

YOU would think, wouldn't you, that the Hollywood hierarchy would have learned its lesson?

Yet, only a few months before the Durbin debut, astute Producer Darryl Zanuck introduced to a waiting world—after a year-long publicity campaign that included a beauty-hints column in the Hearst newspapers—a personable young woman named June Lang. At least, that was the name she had acquired in the course of the vast build-up. As a matter of fact, Miss Lang was an actress of some experience whose real name was Jane Vlasek; but her personality as well as her name had been changed, and the air of mystery about her had been skillfully and painstakingly created.

Rich Twentieth Century-Fox "gave their all" to a production which was said to cost more than $1,000,000, The Road to Glory. They threw their biggest male star, Warner Baxter, into one of the leads. They went out and hired at great expense Fredric March. They borrowed Lionel Barrymore. The picture had a splendid story. It was directed with rare skill. Moreover, Miss Lang gave a sympathetic and moving performance.

But it didn't prove to be The Road to Glory for beautiful June. It made money, of course. Any picture with March and Baxter in it would. But the movie public, which makes up its own mind about stars, didn't take the ballyhooed young actress to its heart.

There is nothing in all this which reflects on the ability of Miss Lang. Some of the most distinguished actors and actresses of the stage and air have been sacrificed on the Hollywood altar of ballyhoo, along with a host of promising young people.

Remember poor ballyhoo-blighted Anna Sten and the three Lils—Lil Dagover, Lillian Harvey, and Lili Damita—and Evelyn Laye and Maidy Christians and Anita Page and Fifi d'Orsay and Alice White and Pat Paterson and Charlotte Henry and Ketti Gallian and Kathleen Burke and Tala Birell and the great Tallulah?

Men? The list includes romantic actors like Carl Brisson and Jan Kiepura, world-famous comics like Ed Wynn and Amos 'n' Andy, and among others Jack Pearl, Harry Richman, Frank Fay, Lanny Ross, and Buster Crabbe.

It is still on the knees of the movie-gallery gods what is finally to happen to more recent ballyhooed "discoveries" like Lily Pons and Gladys Swarthout and James Melton; to Paulette Goddard, the most ballyhoo-handicapped child who ever strove for fame; Peter Lorre and Fernand Gravet and Simone Simon.

Some of these artists gave excellent performances on the screen. If they had been allowed, as Deanna Durbin was, to slip unheralded into the movie scene—which, of course, was not possible with the more famous of them—they might have won screen stardom.

Some of them may yet do so. June Lang, handled skillfully by the great Zanuck, should go far. Indeed, there are already several artists who—after being freed from the burden of build-up—have hit the comeback trail. Grace Moore is the classic example among the women; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., among the men.

THERE have been more recent examples. Merle Oberon, fresh from that glittering performance in The Private Life of Henry VIII, was imported from Elstree with great huzzas and placed in the hands of Hollywood make-up "artists," who destroyed her distinguished beauty with their grotesquerie. The huzzas died away. Oberon was through. Then the discerning Mr. Goldwyn washed her face, put her in These Three, and—without any ridiculous build-up—gave her a chance to become the great favorite she is today.

Nino Martini was brought with bands playing to the town from which only a few short years before he had been allowed to vanish. One of those local-singer-who-made-good themes was dusted off, a little pathos was lugged in, and Martini was well launched on his second failure. But he had a two-picture contract this time, and he also made The Gay Desperado, which I happen to know his producers offered to the public with heavy hearts. The picture was a very pleasant surprise not only to Martini but also to Jesse Lasky, who made it.

Two of the best leading women in pictures today, Jean Arthur and Sylvia Sidney, came to Hollywood on the crest of Broadway publicity booms, only to slink back to the Big Stem, unwanted and unsung. Later, both came back pianissimo and registered immediate hits.

Francis Lederer, advertised as the world's greatest heartthrob, was exploited in a little Eskimo number where the throbbers could see neither his face nor figure. He played other parts, most of them silly, with little better success. His studio loaned him out. Then he made My American Wife, and made good.

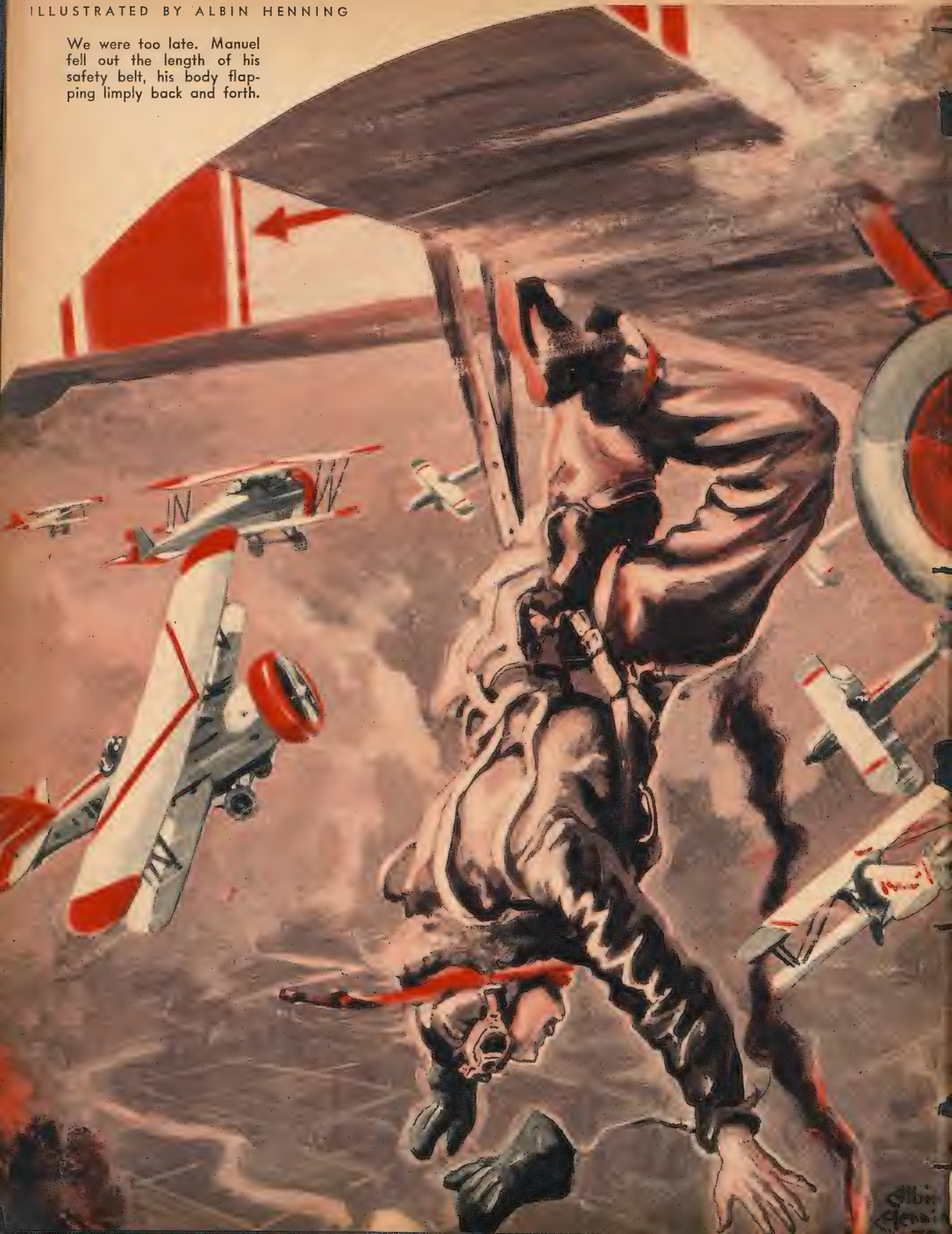
Charles Boyer has gone from flops to tops after laying the ballyhoo ghost. Madeleine Carroll succumbed to what was probably the stupidest picture ever to leave the West Coast studios, The World Moves On. She was forced to escape to England until the paying customers over here forgot about it. Then, without toots, she came back and conquered.

So it is possible, Miss Lang, to come back even after a disastrous ballyhoo. But you mustn't be impatient if there is a little delay.

THE END

What price publicity, when fans turn thumbs down?—An arresting look at a movie-making enigma

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING



We were too late. Manuel fell out the length of his safety belt, his body flapping limply back and forth.

I FLY IN THE SPANISH WAR

BY CAPTAIN ORRIN DWIGHT BELL

as told to

FREDERICK C. PAINTON

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

New thrills in the flaming chronicle of an American's grim lesson in horror

CAPTAIN BELL confesses that he went to Spain under soldier-of-fortune illusions as well as because a Loyalist agent in New York had promised him, verbally, $1,500 a month and a $1,000 bonus for each Insurgent plane shot down. He sailed late in 1936 with " Tiny " Koch and " Tex " Allison. From the Spanish Ambassador in Paris they got a safe-conduct pass but no contract. In Barcelona the captain fell in love with Noka, a Russian beauty who was said to be a spy.

Presently, on the Granada-Malaga front, he downed two enemy planes and was wounded; but the authorities continued to stall about contracts and bonuses, and meager pay came in casual handouts. The newly formed squadron was broken up. He and " Trusty " Ricketson were sent north to the quiet Huesca front. Then, in February, word came that the Loyalists were to make a big assault near Madrid, and their American pilots found themselves reunited at the capital. One of them was Harold " Whitey " Dahl.

Captain Bell enjoyed his time in Madrid—Noka was there—and got thrills out of his breath-taking Russian P plane. He was soon to fly and fight it in one of the hottest forlorn-hope dogfights on record.

PART TWO—HOW FRANCO CAUGHT " WHITEY " DAHL

I CAME out of a sound sleep with Manuel shaking my shoulder. " What eet ees, *camarada*, the bus she come queeck! "

It was still dark, bitter cold. He shivered even more than I as I got dressed. I tried to cheer him up.

" Hey, Manuel," I grinned, " you damned son of a theesa and thatta, don't shiver that crate of yours into my tail this morning."

" No, *camarada*," he said. " Eet ees not I am afraid, no. But thees cold—eet goes into my veree soul. Ah, Mexico City—she ees so warm."

" We'll go up to the sun; it will be warm there. And remember, try to keep them off my tail and I'll try to do the same for you."

He nodded absently. " They are wrong—all those black flyers. . . . O. D., lend me your new goggles—mine hurt my eyes."

Going out in the bus, I broke down and loaned them to him. I had bought them myself because the truck drivers grabbed most of the government issue, and those we got were not lined and hurt the flesh around the eye sockets. We had no breakfast, of course, nor wanted any. I was in the mess hall, drinking a *café con Americano* because the cognac warmed me inside.

I had the jitters again, a warning, I suppose, that something was going to break loose. So far it had been a nice war, nobody hurt much on our side, and all the boys together in the evening.

Whitey Dahl stuck his head in the door. " Come on," he said, " snap out of it—we're going upstairs."

" Keep your shirt on," I said.

" Nuts. Let's get going."

" Nuts to you. I'll finish this cigarette."

He gave me an odd, quick look. All this must have been nerves, because actually we were fair friends. When he went to another front I escorted his wife, Edith Rogers Dahl, around Valencia, and I'm pleased to hear she saved his life when Franco was going to stand him against a wall.

Finally my shakes stopped a little and I went out to the crate. Vicente, my mech, said in Spanish, " She is ready to do miracles, *Señor Teniente*. I, Vicente, so say."

We took off in a climbing turn, Tiny Koch and myself behind and above as rear protection, assigned there, I suppose, because of our World War experience. Offhand it looked like a routine patrol, and when the sun blazed brightly I shouted into my slip stream and gloried in the sharp thin air of 12,000 feet.

I saw the enemy planes—Fiats and twenty of them—flying at 8,000 feet. They made no move to come up or prepare for attack. I lifted my head and put a thumb in front of my eye so as to see into the sun. Certainly enough I saw specks up there—more Insurgent planes. Lots of them. I knew then that the Fiats below were decoys to lure us into a dive, and when we were into them, the gang above would drop on our necks with fistfuls of bullets. It was an old World War trick, but I couldn't stop it succeeding. Our squadron leader waggled his wings, fell off on his right wing. We all followed, nosed down and, full out, dived on to the Fiats.

Tiny and I had the job of breaking the leading wedge. Tiny was leading, and almost subconsciously I saw him whip on to his man in a stalled Immelmann, and the Fiat burst into flames. I went for their Number Two. The poor guy turned away, but he never had a chance. I pointed that crate of mine as you point your finger.

The Fiat pilot was right in the bead. I tripped the triggers. The converging fire of four guns slammed him as if he had been hit by a truck. He went straight down and I was behind him. The pilot's head turned slightly, sun glint on the goggles. Then, in a most agonizing movement, he put his hands up behind his head as if he would ward off the bullets that knocked at his back.

He left me there and his Fiat went down in a tight spin and never came out of it. For a moment I was shocked. Reality penetrated the veils of illusion. This was no game. I saw this man die. I saw his helmet turn from black to strawberry red. I saw him fall against his instrument panel.

The realization made me sit there motionless, and while I idled, thirty-six Heinkel Fighters came down out of the sun with a roar like doomsday, and flashed around us like skittering silver fish, filling the air with a thousand javelins of tracer fire.

Just why I wasn't cold meat I'll never know. I turned in a vertical and came on a sight that wiped the other from my mind. I saw Manuel Gomez going down with two Heinkels raining a cross fire on his cockpit.

I went in on the right-hand Heinkel, and Tex, I think it was, dived on the tail of the other. But we were too late. Manuel's ship turned upside down and he fell out the length of his safety belt, and although the crate righted itself, he remained outside, his body flapping limply back and forth on the safety belt. I was crying—

I guess yelling, “God, they got Manuel!” and piling the bullets into the Heinkel, and he was going down, fighting his controls, and I was blasting his motor apart. He was still fighting his controls when I nosed up, but a black streamer like a woman's hair in the wind was coming from his motor. Fire!

I was probably insane with anger then—shouting, cursing, and saying silly things. I tried to pick a target out of the wheeling circle of diving, zooming ships. But I never did. Something struck me a sharp blow in the head. That's all I knew then.

“You went into a tight spin,” Koch told me later, “nosed straight down, and two Heinkels were potshooting at you from both sides. I came down a bit, but a Heinkel jumped me, so I said to myself, ‘There goes Bell, poor devil,’ and went to bat with him. The last I saw of you, you were still spinning at a thousand feet, so I figured you were gone since you didn't bail out.”

Madrid: Why there were standing orders to stop bombers.

Well, the devil looks after his own, I guess. Less than 500 feet up I regained consciousness. I thought I was blind in one eye because I couldn't see out of it. I pushed up my goggles to make sure. Automatically I came out of the spin and leveled off about 100 feet up. My head ached as if a hammer were hitting it, and when I wiped up there, my hand was all bloody, and blood kept running down on my coat. But I found I could see out of the eye if I wiped the blood away.

For maybe a minute I rode along, trying to pull myself together. A fistful of bullets that popped by my head helped considerably. I looked over the cockpit edge. It seemed that all Franco's army were firing their rifles as fast as they could pull the bolt, and a machine gun in a trench emplacement was tearing off a half belt.

Insurgent territory! And I was flying deeper into it with the passing seconds.

I made a tight bank and headed back—and then I lost my head. The pain of the wound, the shooting, the sudden recovery from bewilderment, all contrived to make a case of frothing insanity. I thought about Manuel, and I nosed the crate down and cut loose with the machine guns. I flew back over the same ground; and no one had ducked for cover because I hadn't shot them up on the way in. So now, despite my red wing tips and tail (standard coloring for government aircraft), I had plenty of targets, and I gave them fifty or more short sharp bursts. The gun on the starboard wing jammed, but the other three threw bullets until I reached no man's land. The soldiers scattered and fell like ninepins—not human beings to me, but toy soldiers such as you knock over with rubber cannon balls on the playroom floor.

TO show how groggy I was, I climbed for altitude after reaching our side of the barbed wire and ran right into the dogfight, which had fought down from 12,000 to 4,000 feet. Or rather the dogfight ran into me, because I wasn't looking for it. The scrap had fought down to that altitude and was about ready to break off by mutual consent; that is to say, pilots were running short on ammo, gas, and enthusiasm. As a matter of fact the Insurgent planes were pulling out to reform and go home when I blundered into the situation.

I didn't realize this at the moment. All I knew was that suddenly out of nowhere, in front of me and coming up with his guns flashing, was a black-wing-tipped Heinkel, and I cut in my guns as instinctively as you wink your eyelid. I shot my way right through him. I never knew then what happened to him. He simply wasn't there any more. I kept on going, and another that tried to crawl my back was outdistanced because I was all out at 280, heading for home.

Rick and Tiny must have seen how I wobbled, because I found out later they fell in behind me to protect my tail to the field. Myself, I don't know how I reached it. Every so often the world would do a spin and I'd clamp down on the stick and say, “Hang on, guy, just a minute now.”

The blood still ran from my head and was weakening me every second. Once or twice I wobbled down and finally gritted my will to last just a little longer. When the field was reached I didn't think I could come in. Neither did any one else, because the whole squadron veered and stayed back out of the way and gave me a clear shot to crack up by myself.

I saw the ground coming up and reached for the throttle. I cut it, pulled back on the stick. The wheels hit—and I passed out cold. The next thing I knew I was in the infirmary and the medical officer was working on me. The bullet had scooped out a gutter of flesh along my right temple. As usual, the M. O. washed it with iodine—the universal Spanish remedy for wounds.

LATER Tiny came in with the news: Tex had got a mushroom bullet through his leg that left a tiny place where it went in and a hole as big as a meat platter where it came out. Whitey Dahl had been shot down, but bailed out and was seen to land safely. Stolke was killed. Two of the Spanish youngsters copped it.

“We shot down fourteen of them,” Tiny said. “Your three have been confirmed.”

It was the first I knew that the Heinkel which got in my way at the end had cracked up. He told me then that we'd lost five ships and four men—Gomez making the fourth.

“But we fought them to a finish, O. D., and they hauled air.”

That night I did a lot of thinking. I kept seeing Gomez' grave, vivid face; I kept seeing that Heinkel pilot throw up his hands to the back of his neck as bullets—my bullets—tore him to pieces. I rubbed the scalp wound I had; what a difference a quarter of an inch would have made right there! I kept thinking of that wild strafing I'd given the Insurgent lines. Killer! That was me—killer.

I was glad they put me on the wounded list for a week. I didn't feel like fighting any more just then. The soldier-of-fortune idea was tarnished with blood, and I didn't like the reality I saw.

At the end of the week I went to the hospital to see Tex. He was in bad shape and worried me.

“Do you know what that so-and-so did?” he groaned. “He took a piece of gauze, soaked it in iodine, and passed it through the bullet hole and drew it back and forth like a shoeblack polishing your shoes. Then he sewed it up.”

“Sewed it up?” I repeated. “Sewed up both holes? How does the wound drain?”

“It don't. Look.”

His leg was as big as an elephant's and about as black. While I was there the medico came in and looked at the leg.

“Ah, Señor Jeem, she not so good today, eh?”

Tex's answer was unprintable.

“I theenk, Señor Jeem, we take her off—about here, eh?” The medico drew his forefinger across Tex's leg just above the knee.

Tex gave a yell. “O. D., get me some pants and some crutches! These butchers ain't going to whittle on me.”

I saw him on the train to Barcelona, whence he went to the American Hospital in Neuilly, where they saved his leg. But he, too, was gone for good, Tex and his phantom white mouse José. And Gomez was dead. Out of the four who had sailed on the Normandie, two were left. This might be a second-class war, but you died just as thoroughly as if it were a first-class one.

There were other incidents during that week besides Gomez' funeral. One of the young Spaniards, Luis Muñoz, shot down an Insurgent plane and the Franco pilot bailed out. Muñoz shot up the poor devil's parachute. The man landed fast and quite dead. In the World War the machine-gunning of an observer dropping by chute was not considered cricket, although I understand such target shooting is official orders in modern tactics. In any case, this shooting of a helpless man was seen from the Insurgent lines. Toward the end of the week one of our chaps made a forced landing behind Franco's lines.

The next day a Heinkel four-bomber slid over our field at Huete and tumbled out a box hanging from a chute. The box landed near the airdrome. It was opened, and there was our pilot, his arms and legs torn off, his head twisted from his body. Behind a hangar I was good and sick.

One by one these episodes smashed the stupid pictures of my mind. And while I was still bewildered, Noka disappeared! Vanished between two days. One evening she was there, her eyes brimming with laughter; the next she was gone.

Not of her own volition, I knew, because we had an engagement that was important. I made inquiries at her hotel. I asked her friends. Finally I asked government officials. No one knew anything.

One louse among the officials put his tongue against the roof of his mouth and made it vibrate like the stutter of a machine gun. That was all.

I never saw her again, and it was small consolation then to hope and wish she had escaped safely to the frontier.

I was glad then to go back to patrol duty. While I was flying I could avoid unpleasant thoughts.

Shortly after I went back to duty, Loyalist infantry made a raid and brought in some prisoners. These babbled about the red devil with horns who had flown so quietly among them and blasted his way out with bullets. The devil was I, of course, because bloody goggles pushed up do look like horns. Out of this talk the squadron leader got an idea. I poured mercurochrome on some bandages and flew without a helmet. With me leading, we took off for a ground strafe, half the squadron on the carpet with me, the other half on the ceiling to protect us upstairs.

I mention this only because the Heinkels were looking for revenge and hopped down on us, to be squeezed between two halves of our squadron. And this enabled me to shoot down my sixth plane. In the scramble of fifty Heinkels and Fiats, the crate with the black wing tips slid in behind me. I made a stalled Immelmann and came down on him. I don't think I fired eight shots. It was as simple as that.

DOUBTLESS many of you are asking yourselves why it seemed so easy to knock off the Insurgent pilots, particularly for the Americans. I'm not certain I can answer the point properly, but I'll try. In the first place, our snub-nosed P planes were swifter, more maneuverable, so they gave us a decided advantage. Secondly, the Americans seemed to think—how shall I put it?—think more swiftly on their feet. They had more initiative; they saw openings and seized them before the opponent realized what was up. In my case and Tiny's, we had had World War experience on Camels, and 'Napolis had United States navy training in combat tactics.

I know that on this particular day we shot down thirteen Heinkels and Fiats as against losing only two of our young Spanish lads, with several others slightly wounded. Despite their lack of actual combat experience, the Spanish lads more than held their own, due to the superior speed of the ships.

And then again, we may have been having a great run of luck. We were not always so fortunate. Let me tell you about another patrol, my last on the Madrid front.

The Spaniards are great ones for *mañana*, and quite frequently they get so far toward a patrol as to warm up the engine, and then somebody says "*Mañana*," and they put it off because the skipper had a date with his girl. But he is tough when he's roiled. About two weeks after my skull wound had healed, the Insurgents came over on a night raid. We were all routed out of bed, and even the skipper was found—at the place where he was—and hurried out. We took the planes off and circled toward Guadalajara, under orders to proceed to an emergency field in case our landing lights didn't gleam after the raid. The Insurgents came, fifteen or so of them, and dumped their tail gates. However, the field was not touched, and we were able to come in.

The powers that be, disturbed at their various night pleasures, were sore, and immediately concocted a counterraid, one to be made on a cold February dawn. So we had no sleep, and at quarter to seven, just as the sun came up, we rendezvoused with twelve Farman bombers over Madrid at 8,000 and started south by west for Toledo. Just beyond Toledo was the Insurgents' biggest drome.

Half asleep, we stalled over the slower crates, anxious to get the job over with and get home.

I was thinking about mail, and how I needed a drink, and a dozen other things beside the war, when I saw a cloud of locusts to the south. I was badly startled. I wouldn't believe what I saw. However, a speed of 280 miles an hour doesn't leave you long in doubt. There were twenty-four big Heinkel four-bombers beating toward us, and swarming over and below and around them were at least sixty Heinkel and Fiat pursuit ships. We were a total of thirty-six! The bombing squadron skipper signaled a fast fade to the right so as to dump the bomb loads on the insurgent trenches.

MY squadron C. O. signaled a ninety-degree turn, and we wheeled in unison. Smart guy, I told myself; sixty of those fast ones outnumber us pursuit ships three to one. But the politicians in Madrid were complaining about Insurgent bombing raids and there were standing orders to stop their bombers at all costs.

This side of University City we turned and dived for them!

I still think it was insane, but in a situation like that you play follow-the-leader. My only thought then was to protect my Number Two man and keep out of the way of hot lead. What else could you do? For instance, I got on the tail of one Heinkel and stitched my initials in his fuselage. In doing so I came under a cross fire from two Fiats who shot away enough of my tail surfaces to make the P ship soggy.

A hundred planes stunting and diving—it was all you could do to avoid collision. There were more planes than I had ever seen in the air at one time in my life. Every time I zoomed I expected to meet somebody coming down, and when I went down I ran into tracer streams coming up. Tiny saved me twice and knocked off one of the Fiats.

And meantime I'd hear a whee-e-e-e-e-e-e! and see a crate with red wing tips diving in flames. Or another of our ships wound up in a tight spin and the pilot too dead to jump. I got on one Insurgent pilot's tail and had to fade off fast when another Heinkel came hell-bent for me. I remember thinking that if this kept up, none of us would get back alive. I was chased all over the sky. Yet, despite the fact that I had 200 or more bullet holes in my wings, neither the motor nor I was touched. Finally, a tough-flying Insurgent pilot and I began to go around like a ferris wheel. I emptied a half belt into him and he still thumbed his nose at me as he flashed past in a power dive after I'd flattened out. Then he zoomed up, hanging on his prop and trying to shoot me out of my seat.

Then I had an incredible piece of luck.

Fading away from this Insurgent, I went clear up, in my old trick of a half renversement with a half roll at the top. Coming right side up, I nearly hit a ship going in my direction but traveling faster because my stunting had slowed me up.

It was a Heinkel four-bomber and every gun was blasting at me.

An up-to-date bomber with no "blind spot" in its gunfire! How did Captain Bell escape with his life? Read his story's conclusion next week, and learn also how his soldier-of-fortune contract panned out, and why, though promoted to captain, he came home from Spain.

Why JAPAN has the

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

IT will likely never be decided who suffers the more from adolescence, the one who is living through it or those who must live with it. The adolescent, fuming in the chemical change of nascent physical maturity, is tortured by strange ecstasies and delighted by somber doubts. He cannot predict his next action, but however disastrous it may be (to bric-a-brac or family code) he will defend it without respect for logic, libel, or love.

Adolescence is an age of exaggerated secrets, of consuming envies, of terrifying suspicions, of gaudy ambitions; and I think that that is the whole trouble with Japan. Nippon is the adolescent in the family of nations; but unfortunately it is an orphan family, or at least a household of brothers and sisters none of whom are yet mentally matured. Consequently Japan, being as contrary and obnoxious and puzzling as any fourteen-year-old, is accorded the treatment usually meted out by those who have already worn out the first pair of long pants or brassière.

Of the moral, judicial, or juridical aspects of Japan's case with the world I offer no opinions or notions. My concern here is with the evidence—strictly made in Japan—in support of the contention that we (basso profundo, please) adults have a Harold Teen in our midst.

Strongest evidence of Japan's adolescent neurosis is its haunting suspicion—a distrust so universal that Japan holds its own people suspect. The chief manifestation is a spy mania of proportions not equaled in any Occidental country even in World War days. Espionage and counterespionage and counter-counterespionage is Japan's forte, its phobia, and its great folly.

It is not jealousy of military or naval secrets that produces the typical Japanese jitters alone. The secretiveness is pathologically generalized. There is no more informative annual than the Japanese yearbook published by Nichi-Nichi, one of the world's great newspapers by any journalistic standard. As beautiful as it is statistical, the yearbook is probably Japan's greatest advertiser of the nation's arts and industries. It presents not too highly colored statistical reviews of Japanese commerce, foreign and domestic, agricultural and industrial. Yet, for all the fact that Nichi-Nichi is as spy-conscious as any American naval lieutenant in Hawaii, publication of its 1938 annual was tentatively forbidden by the Tokyo police. Fortunately the ban has been lifted, but the shadow of official doubt still hangs over the yearbook in the official opinion that it is "disadvantageous to Japan to publish for the world lists of Tokyo factories, the number of workingmen employed and descriptions of production."

The typically Japanese paradox in the situation is that the identical statistical information is compiled by the Japanese Imperial Department of Finance and supplied to the United States Department of Commerce and its foreign equivalents.

If Japan has ever originated unique and efficient industrial machinery or processes, that fact has escaped my somewhat painstaking research. Most Japanese looms are better than most American looms, but because the Japanese have copied, with minor adaptations, the most modern European weaving machinery, principally Dutch. The looms are an exception. Most of the boasted Japanese "improvements" to Occidental mechanical equipment—upon which all of Japan's industrialism is based—are awkward variations the inventors either avoided or abandoned in perfecting the machine.

National pride demanded that Japan be no longer dependent upon Europe and the United States for motorcars. A "Japanese" automobile was dictated. The result was the Datsun, an underpowered topheavy Austin which requires shifting into second gear when turning a corner if the driver cares to keep the vehicle right side up. But the Japanese pretend to be as jealous of the Datsun's trade secrets, which nobody on earth would want to steal, as the British Navy is of a new breech-lock mechanism.

In a Japanese newspaper plant, I was shown, with ill-concealed condescension, an American-made press standing idle; it had been supplanted by a made-in-Japan press I was not permitted to inspect. Judging from the blurred impression and foggy half tone of the newspapers produced by the plant, the improvements embodied in that Japanese press would awe nobody except a Japanese. Patriotism, however, was satisfied.

Obviously I was being treated as a potential "cultural spy," against which nonexistent menace the Japanese police powers bid the public be ever on guard. To detect and confound military and naval spies is the business of the Japanese military and naval intelligence units, the civilian populace is told, but it is every man's duty, every schoolboy's duty, to watch for the skulking "cultural spy" who, artfully disguised as a gaping tourist, forever seeks the clues to Japan's industrial and cultural supremacy.

That presumably is the Japanese woman's duty, too; but, alas, Japanese newspapers are continually in edi-

Official Japan's spy mania is not limited to military secrets.

JITTERS

A returned traveler gives you a vivid, surprising survey of what spy-phobia has done to a nation—and its visitors

BY WALTER KARIG

torial convulsions over the seduction of some daughter of Amaterasu by a wily foreigner. Thus the Yokohama Jiji Shimpo of a few months back related with humiliation and contempt the arrest of a waitress in the apartment of " a trade representative of a certain power." The girl disappeared into that limbo awaiting all Japanese arrested for sedition or the suspicion thereof, but the Jiji Shimpo assured its readers that " the misguided woman's family has the sympathy of the police."

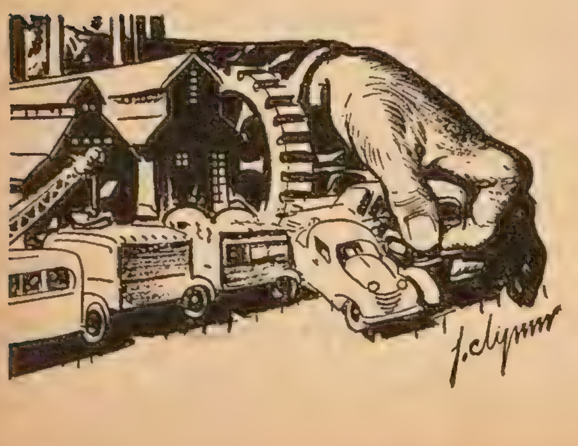
Presumably the girl was suspected of whispering the secrets of sukiyaki cooking into the alert ear of her inamorato. The charge against her was not immorality, an unlikely accusation in Nippon, but consorting with " a certain foreign power's " commercial attaché.

The Japan Advertiser, English-language daily of Tokyo, recently printed as matter-of-fact news the misfortunes of Joseph Charles Dix, a British resident of Yokohama, employee of an English oil company. Business took him to Manchukuo. From Fusan, Korea, he sent a wire to a Yokohama address which was studied by a score of Japanese police before the addressee received it. When he stepped off the ferry at Shimonoseki, embraced a woman, and led her aside in earnest conversation, both were arrested and held incommunicado—Japan having no bill of rights.

THEY were imprisoned and grilled. Dix was formally charged with sending telegrams in code and " talking secretly to a British woman " in a state-owned railroad station. Eventually they were released, but not until the Japanese counterespionage forces had unwillingly proved to themselves that the " code " consisted of conjugal pet words and the woman was Mrs. Dix, come to greet her husband after long absence on a dangerous journey.

These examples are random cullings from newspapers casually read. Obviously only a small percentage of the cases are reported in the newspapers, and there are many which the victims would be as willing to suppress as the police. For instance, an American consular officer traveling in Japan left his hotel room to do some sight-seeing, but, discovering he had forgotten his cigarettes, returned by a back stairs and discovered four Japanese men going through his baggage. They explained that they were hotel employees, that the chambermaid had reported a leak in the ceiling, that they were investigating any possible damage to the honored guest's belongings! The adventure was more amusing than annoying.

The Japanese radio " ham " does not exist, because short-wave sets are forbidden. A Danish merchant in Yokohama looked out of his window and saw the street full of uniformed policemen. His American-born wife called out to him that the back yard was full of them. He phoned his office, and had no more than related these facts when his telephone was cut off and his home invaded, and he and his wife were carted off to prison. They did not know what they were suspected of, but Danish and American consular officers were told that the couple had a short-wave sending apparatus in violation of the law; the machine had been confiscated, so there was no doubt about it. Since the wife had relinquished her citizenship, the United States consulate was powerless, a point swiftly made clear by the police.



Eventually the couple were permitted to return to a ransacked home, still denying ownership of a short-wave radio. The apparatus confiscated from the house was, as I remember it, an electric vibrator, " made in Japan."

It was their word against that of the police, in the end. They said a commonplace mechanical toilet accessory had been confiscated; the police said they had seized and destroyed a short-wave set. My own suspicion is that if a short-wave set had actually been discovered the culprits would not have been freed.

Such activities are not directed against foreigners alone. Last summer an exhibition of modern Japanese art was held in the Ueno Park Museum. Japan's most noted artists were persuaded to hang their choicest new works. Among the exhibitors was Soichi Yoshida, one of the world's great masters of the colored wood block, a charming man fluent in English. Yoshida loaned an oil painting, a landscape of trees and distant water. The picture was removed by the police on the grounds that it had apparently been painted in a fortified zone. They pointed to the likeness of an ancient pre-Commodore Perry bronze cannon in the foreground.

This year finds twenty-two " thought surveillance stations " operating in Japan's major cities to guard the Japanese against harboring " dangerous thoughts." This delicate task is in the hands of " thought guidance officials," whose duties are to " take appropriate measures " in making persons suspected of harboring dangerous thoughts change their minds! The process seems to be " protective surveillance " of all suspects. A business man, his fancies loosed by a pot of hot sake, mentions to a tea-house acquaintance that he would buy a bill of goods but his taxes are due. That night he does not appear at home for dinner. He is in a " thought surveillance station " being scolded for sabotaging the empire by intimating he must retrench in business because of the taxes it is his privilege to pay.

Thus Japan jitters.

ALL the misadventures cited have happened within the twelvemonth past, since I spent an enjoyable five-week vacation in Japan. I wandered from Kamakura to Nikko to Miyanoshita, circled Fujisan, tramped the streets of Tokyo, Yokohama, and Kobe, without being arrested. I traveled by tram, ricksha, railroad and hired automobile, and on foot. I took hundreds of photographs. No one ever molested me.

But—I went about with circumspection. Consular officers and business acquaintances had dinned into me a course of conduct which first made me scoff but was finally followed to the letter. My camera was always openly carried and never used without permission, either officially granted or implied by the fact that others, and Japanese, were snapshotting the identical scene. If I left a hotel, I always let it be known where I was going, and for what purpose. My baggage was always left unlocked in my rooms. I returned bow for bow, smile for smile, walked slowly, and in general made it as easy as possible for anybody who might be assigned to watch and report me.

Japan jitters, but it is official Japan; and the almost hysterical counterespionage activities of the government work more heavily against Japan's own subjects than upon the foreigner. I feel as sorry for the phrenetic little officials as for the victims of their zeal.

THE END

Microscopes over nightsticks . . . The remarkable story of how Uncle Sam is giving America a new kind of sleuth

BY COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IT was in a little North Carolina town that an excited man sought the sheriff. "I've been held up and robbed!" he cried. "They got several hundred dollars! I tried to fight them off, but they shot at me!"

Under ordinary conditions the sheriff of a small community would have taken a description of the robbers, promised to do what he could toward their capture—and hoped for the best. But this was not an ordinary sheriff. He went to the scene of the crime equipped to pursue a course of scientific investigation—equipped according to the best traditions of J. Edgar Hoover's special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

So he looked over the ground and over the truck which the victim had been driving. Finally he commanded:

"Tell the truth! There was no hold-up. You say a bullet that was fired at you made this hole through a stanchion of the truck. There was no bullet; the hole shows no typical serrations or fractures. Your 'bullet' was nothing but a big nail that you drove through the stanchion. So what's the true story?"

The truth was that the little man had faked a hold-up in order to conceal his assets from his creditors. It was not the confession, however, which was important, but the causes which led to it.

The sheriff in this case was not an accidentally astute officer. He was the product of a movement which, begun quietly two and a half years ago, now is spreading into a vast system which promises to revolutionize law enforcement throughout America.

Already strategically spotted throughout more than 77,000,000 of our population are sergeants and lieutenants and chiefs of police of the new "supertrained" school. There are instructors, heads of schools in law-enforcement organizations, co-operative systems of instruction which spread from state to state, passing on information. The North Carolina sheriff, for instance, was a "pupil of the second line." His knowledge had come to him from another officer who had learned his lessons at the fountainhead and, in his enthusiasm, was passing it on. That fountainhead is officially known as the National Police Academy, maintained in the United States Department of Justice in Washington under the direction of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Perhaps you never have heard its name. Nevertheless, if you read the newspapers its work has come before you. It has created news in the promotion of officers, in the establishment of local law-enforcement schools. It has brought about the solution of cases which otherwise might have remained mysteries, and reopened cases which had been regarded as closed. Beyond this, however, the Academy is silencing opposition among those police old-timers who used to regard scientific sleuthing as "college-boy stuff." For instance, there was the case of Patrolman Savory, who worked for the Petersburg, Virginia, Police Department.

Patrolman Savory got an appointment to the National Police Academy in Washington. He studied and attended class diligently. He dug into fingerprint identification; he pored over problems in the Technical Laboratory. He studied the mystery of "Oscar," the wax dummy of the F. B. I.; students must determine, through the running down of some two hundred clues, whether Oscar committed suicide or was murdered. He went on staged raiding parties. Then he went home, to find that his training had so increased his efficiency that within thirty days he was promoted to sergeant. A short time later he was appointed Chief of Police for Henrico County, in which Richmond is located, to say nothing of becoming an instructor at the Virginia Central Police Recruit School held this year at the University of Richmond.

That sort of recognition is making the old-school cop revise his maxim that there is more law in a nightstick than in all the books ever written.

It was in the spring of 1935 that Attorney General Homer Cummings and J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, went into a huddle. The success of the G-men had drawn attention sharply to the need of a co-operative machine for fighting crime throughout America. Therefore the job was to attempt to make the average police force potentially as efficient as the G-men. No authority or desire existed for the compulsory remaking of local law-enforcement methods. It might, however, be accomplished by invitation. Thus the National Police Academy came into being.

The inception was not difficult. For years it had been the custom of the Federal Bureau of Investigation to train its newly appointed special agents thoroughly before sending them to field duty, no matter what previous experience they might have had. Thus even novices entered their work as experts. Something of the same set-up could be used for the Police Academy.

Mr. Hoover began a canvass of law-enforcement agencies, asking that they nominate their most worthy men as students—men against whom there never had been the slightest suspicion of malfeasance or nonfeasance in office, men equal in character and natural aptitude to the G-men themselves. To such candidates the resources of the entire Federal Bureau of Investigation would be thrown wide open. There would be no student expense other than transportation and living costs. The best investigative brains of America would be summoned to Washington to do the teaching.

Thus the school was begun, a twelve-weeks course, with hardly more than a score of students. Today, less than three years later, the idea has spread to a potentiality of more than 68,000 officers scattered throughout forty-seven states and a territory, and it is no longer polite for a policeman or sheriff to refer to an officer who works with a microscope as a "college boy" or a "storybook Sherlock." There have been too many results of the F. B. I. training such as that displayed by Officer Leo J. Mulcahy of the Connecticut State Police.

Officer Mulcahy had been among the first to attend the Academy, and he had carried with him the memory of a murder case, a gang murder committed a year before. The body of a dead man had been found by the state police, with his heels tied under his shoulder blades and around his neck. This is a popular type of gang insurance; if the victim regains consciousness, his struggles will automatically strangle him.

Two suspects had been indicted, and released for lack of evidence. If those men could be made to talk, the state police felt sure the case would be broken. But a man regarded as an important witness had aided them by testifying that they could not possibly have committed the crime.

Such was the status of the case as Officer Mulcahy underwent his twelve weeks' training in the National Police Academy. He delved into the latest methods of developing "latent" or accidental fingerprints. He learned the requirements of expert photography. He put in his hours in the Technical Laboratory, studying tests for poisons, tests of stains. He saw microscopes match a single hair found at the scene of a crime with one from the head of a suspect. He saw meager bits of wool, caught on a window ledge as a robber escaped, become the evidence that sent the guilty man to prison. He learned how to run down an extortioner through the paper he used; how to plan and execute raids; how to shoot from a speeding automobile—and all the time Officer Mulcahy remembered that unsolved murder case back in Connecticut.

"He saw microscopes match a single hair with one from the head of a suspect."

He heard the biggest men in American law enforcement relate their experiences in breaking difficult cases. He learned the tricks of successful interviewing from world-famous psychiatrists and psychologists. He gained angles on criminal law and admissibility of evidence from such men as Felix Frankfurter and John Jay McKelvey, the first editor of the Harvard Law Review. From doctors and hospital heads came teachings on criminal motivation and juvenile delinquency. Heads of the International Association of Chiefs of Police taught him the requirements of a police executive; fire wardens gave of their experience to aid in ferreting out the arsonist. On and on it went, a ceaseless hard-driving program which even included lessons in jujitsu. And all the while Officer Mulcahy was thinking that if this twelve weeks of intensive study could solve such a case as that one back in Connecticut, then indeed the National Police Academy was something worth shouting for.

Officer Mulcahy was graduated, to find himself a member of the voluntarily organized National Police Academy Alumni Association—as proud a body as ever came from any alma mater. When he returned to his duties in Connecticut, by the use of a moulage casting of a tire tread and the assembling of fragments of glass and other tiny bits of evidence, he quickly solved a hit-and-run mystery and brought the offender to justice. Then he turned his attention to the enigma of the strangled gangster.

The case was cold. Officer Mulcahy began to rewarm it. He started at the beginning, working now, however, according to G-man methods. He traced the rope which had strangled the man to the factory, then to a New England wholesaler, and thence through the retailer to the final purchaser. He sought out the car of the two suspects and, by means of a microscope, discovered some tiny spots. By chemical tests he determined these spots to be human blood, and blood of the same type as the victim's. Now, with almost irrefutable evidence, he clamped down on the key witness.

"This time tell me the truth," he demanded. The witness broke. He admitted that he had perjured himself when he had alibied for the suspects. Indictments were issued. The Connecticut State Police marked "closed" a case which hitherto had been a mystery.

The other members of those early Academy classes have been just as busy as Officer Mulcahy. Today there are fully twenty-five chiefs of police, scattered from New York to California, who are G-man trained. Most of them have been promoted since their graduation from the Academy. There is an equal number of chiefs of detectives and other heads of departments. Practically every man who has attended the various schools either has been promoted or has gone to a better job in another community.

THE police of Columbus, Ohio, are learning G-man methods under an Academy graduate. The same is true in Colorado Springs, Colorado, in San Antonio, Texas, in Detroit, in Jacksonville, Florida, in Jackson, Mississippi, in Baltimore, Maryland, and in many other cities. The State Police of Arkansas train under an Academy man; so do those of Louisiana and several other states, including Connecticut, where the officer in charge is a former trooper, now Lieutenant, if you please, Leo J. Mulcahy.

It is estimated that every graduate carries his teachings onward to at least a hundred others, and there have been numerous examples where these pupils have, in turn, become instructors.

The day of the old-time "flatfoot" is fading out.

THE END

FOR VALOR IN CITIZENSHIP!

Liberty has always regarded the campaign against crime as actual civil war and the citizens who dare to do their duty defying the underworld as heroes in that war.

Liberty is working for legislation looking to Congressional recognition of such heroes, but pending success in this effort has itself announced an annual award for Valor in Citizenship—a gold medal to be presented to the man or woman judged most worthy of this honor by a committee consisting of United States Attorney General Homer S. Cummings, District Attorney-elect Thomas E. Dewey of New York, and George E. Q. Johnson, who as United States District Attorney was responsible for sending Al Capone to prison.

TIME IS SHORT!

Send in *your* nominations of the man or woman *you* think is entitled to this award! Mail your nomination to Medal of Valor Committee, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

FOR a real old-fashioned Christmas, give me the Pennsylvania Dutch. Christmas is still a magic time of year in the old Dutch towns of Montgomery County, Bucks County, and Berks, Lancaster, and Lebanon. There, on Christmas Eve, the Wild Huntsman still rides the roads, and all the animals in barn and field have the power of talking together at the stroke of midnight.

Nice. Thoroughly childish and superstitious. That's the way Christmas should be.

J. George Frederick, authority on Dutch Pennsylvania lore and custom, assures me these ancient Christmas beliefs are still intact today, particularly throughout the more remote rural districts. "Santa Claus," he said, "is still called Belsnickel, and is pictured, as of old, with a bearskin round his shoulders. . . . Christmas Eve singers, going from house to house, will never cross the threshold without first rattling the windows and doors to frighten away evil spirits. . . . A great night for love-making is Christmas Eve in the Dutch Pennsylvania country. Walking home from midnight church, the young people take dark lanes and byways—thus avoiding the spirit-haunted roads where the Wild Huntsman rides."

President of the Gourmet Society and of the Writers Club, author of culinary books, novels, and books on advertising, etc., president of the Business Bourse (commercial research and publishing), Justus George Frederick has long made a study of old Christmas traditions. . . . "Any one born on Christmas Eve or Christmas Day," he told me, "is supposed to be blessed with a supernatural talent for seeing and hearing things outside the ken of ordinary mortals."

They call Santa "Belsnickel."

☆ Among your own relatives and friends, how many were born on Christmas Day or Christmas Eve? Is there anything peculiar about them? I have two close friends who were born on Christmas, and that seems to be about the average. My two do not appear to be extraordinary in any way, outside the fact that they are always somewhat subdued in their behavior at Christmas time. But that's quite natural. They tell me they always felt cheated, as children, because they never could distinguish their birthday presents from their Christmas presents. . . . Gladys Swarthout was born on Christmas. So was the celebrated composer, Tschaikovsky. So was Isaac Newton, the apple-and-gravity man. Kit Carson, pioneer Indian fighter, is the only monumental personality I can find who dates from Christmas Eve.

☆ *Last-minute gift suggestions:* A monogrammed silver handle for the gearshift of That Man's car ($5). . . . Silver door key engraved with his initials ($3.95). . . . Leather cigarette case holding six metal golf tees as well as twenty cigarettes ($2.50). . . . Smart new handbags for That Woman are the easy-to-enter "Golden Gate" and the roomy "Portmanteau" ($2.98 each). . . . Black suede evening gloves with gold piping and lacing ($3.50). . . . Or a silk scarf in the stylishly bright new regimental stripes (also $3.50). . . . Good gifts for hostesses are the three-tier candy box of polished brass ($3); and the six-piece set of clear crystal tomato-juice glasses shaped like tomatoes, with six crystal sippers ($1.75); and the nine-jar combination of assorted cocktail relishes ($1.25). . . . Dolls of all nations, in national costume (from $1). . . . For the boy, an electric skipper's lantern ($1.95). . . . Metal tab shaped like an animal (wide choice of animals) on which to hang auto key ($1.25). . . . Ching-chong, the Chinese checker game ($1).

☆ Took tea a few days ago with a granddaughter of the great Charles Dickens—Enid Dickens Hawksley—now visiting this country. She told me a genuine Dickens Christmas story. From Switzerland her famous grandfather once received, as a Christmas present, a Swiss chalet all packed in boxes with the parts carefully marked so that they could be joined together again. The entire Dickens family was put to work, that Christmas Day, trying to set grandpa's chalet up in his garden, but they couldn't make the pieces fit. The result was a *lovely* family fuss that lasted until New Year's.

Enid has been out in Hollywood with *her* granddaughter, Jennifer Downing. Golden-haired Jennifer, they say, may be our next Shirley Temple.

☆ Good Christmas books for youngsters: High Water, by Phil Stong, with pictures by Kurt Wiese (Dodd, Mead, & Co.; $2). . . . A Child's Story of the World from the Earliest Days to Our Own Time, by Donald Culross Peattie; illustrated by Naomi Averill (Simon & Schuster; $2.50). . . . Polly Parrot, by Dorothy Winchell (Albert Whitman & Co.; $1). . . . The Curious Lobster, by Richard W. Hatch, with pictures by Marion Freeman Wakeman (Harcourt, Brace & Co.; $2).

☆ Finest of Christmas shows, I think, are the planetarium programs offered during Christmas week at New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Los Angeles, reproducing the starry sky exactly as it was seen from Jerusalem on the night of the birth of Christ.

☆ Colorful salad to serve with a cold turkey supper: Made with diced beets, chopped walnuts, and cauliflower, in a special dressing. . . . Combine 1 cup oil-and-vinegar mixture very slowly with 1 tablespoon prepared mustard, stirring continuously. Have ready 2 cups diced beets and 2 cups cooked cauliflower broken into flowerets, both ice-cold. Toss very lightly in the mustard dressing. Add ½ cup chopped walnuts. Pile in center of a shallow bowl; surround with generous ring of shredded lettuce.

On the side serve fingers of hot buttered toast sprinkled with paprika.

THIS FOOTBALL SKULLDUGGERY

Are college players paid? . . . Here is straightforward, sensational evidence from one who "crashed" an Eastern team

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

I AM a freshman at a large Eastern university. My school is in the same city with another great university, but mine is the school without tradition. Some years ago the trustees and officers of the school decided that what was needed was tradition, but the new kind—the football kind. So they brought to our Eastern city a man whose name has been synonymous with football for years. They placed him in complete control.

The old group of athletic authorities were let out. A short note in local papers carried this information. The wire services throughout the country, however, told of the appointment of our new coach. They reviewed his record through the years. They told of the plays he had invented and the system that he taught.

This publicity showed an immediate return. Classes that had been half empty were filled when the new term began. Trustees contributed funds. Bondholders interested in the new stadium, built before the new coach was hired, relaxed a little in their demands for interest and were willing to wait.

The school became familiar to many people who had never before heard its name.

And now, four years later, I am a freshman here.

Let me describe myself. I'm five eleven, weighing 170 pounds. I'm rangy and run a hundred yards in a little over ten seconds. I love athletics. However, I want to be a doctor. Therefore I had little time for organized sport in my high-school days. I studied so as to facilitate my entrance to college. For many years I thought that I would go to the other college of this city. It was my father's school and my grandfather's. But the school that I am attending has a good medical school. Therefore I chose it.

I registered this fall, was assigned to classes. I discovered that because I had worked hard in high school this year would be fairly easy.

I was going to have time for sport. Of course I thought of football. I had been throwing and catching footballs for years. I had played on corner lots as a kid and in pick-up games later. The reputation of our famous coach had something to do with it too. I hoped I might be able ultimately to play under him.

I had made a number of friends. I told them that I was going out for the football team. This was, of course, the freshman team. They looked at me peculiarly. "Don't you," one of them said, "know that the whole football freshman team was picked a year ago? Don't you know that they were sent, in most instances, to prep schools, that they were brought together as a unit three months ago, worked together all summer, and are raising hell with the varsity squad right now?"

I didn't know it, and I didn't believe it, either.

Other students told me stories of regular students who had tried to crash the team. They mentioned one halfback, this year starring at another college, who had made the squad. When he went into a game for the first time, he had been given the "works."

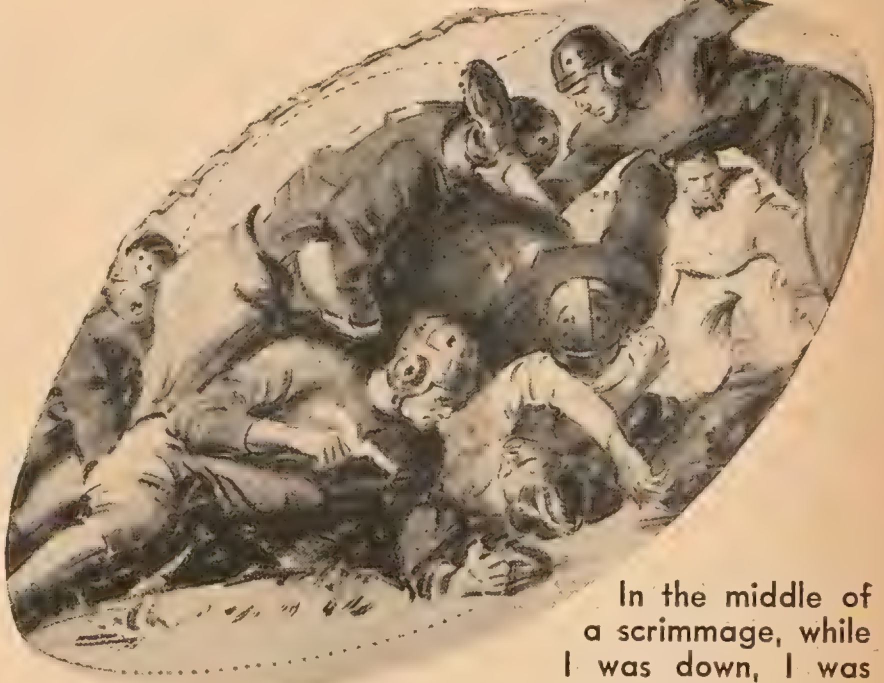
His blockers hadn't blocked, his interferers hadn't interfered. Holes had appeared in the line big enough to let three and four men through every time his signal was called. This same line, as a varsity unit, by the way, had achieved fame for its defensive work.

I don't know if I was naïf or if I thought I was just being kidded. I went out for the freshman team as soon as I discovered where the boys practiced.

I went to the freshman coach, introduced myself, told him I had played as a back and as an end. He was pleasant. He explained that the team was already chosen. He pointed out that the squad was composed of all state and city prep- and high-school players. "You're liable," he said, "to take a pretty bad beating. These boys don't pull their punches."

I said I was willing to try. He gave me an outfit and I was sent to join a group of ends.

The backs were receiving kicks and then throwing passes. Ends raced out for the passes. I did all right.



In the middle of a scrimmage, while I was down, I was punched in the face.

After a while we were lined up and went down the field after kicks. Four times in a row I got down first, put my hands on the receiver. There was no tackling, of course.

One of the other ends came up to me. "Cut it out!" he said. "What are you trying to do?" I laughed it off.

There was three hours of practice. When it was over the coach called me. "Come around tomorrow," he said.

One of the backs who had thrown me a pass got in step with me. As we walked toward the dorms he talked. "You're letting yourself in for something," he said. "The boys don't like strangers crashing in. We've been together for three months now, and we're a pretty close-knit bunch. A lot of us come from the same section of the state and have known each other for a long time. We protect each other."

I listened and wondered what it was all about. It didn't take long to find out. "You're a college kid," he said. "We aren't. You're going through school; then, I suppose, to some sort of a professional school or into some business. Football is a side line with you. It's our living.

"Most of us had a lot of offers from different schools. We weighed them one against the other. We're getting rooms, board, books, tuition, and spending money. Some are getting more, some less.

"There are a lot of reasons for this. In the first place, the Boss [I learned later this meant the famous head coach] knows he can't get a team out of the school. Not the kind that rates nationally. Then, we don't make trouble. We go to practice, play football, and mind our own business. That's what the Boss likes.

"I'm just wising you up. You have to remember that there is only a certain amount of money available for the freshman squad. If a guy gets on it, another one goes off. We don't like to take chances. We stick together.

"If you don't make the team, or the squad, it doesn't mean much to you. If one of us misses, he's licked. He may get an offer from another school, but that chance is slight. He's already lost out in one place, and he'd probably lose out in another, the scouts figure. Then where'd the guy be? No place!"

"What do you mean," I asked, "when you say they give outsiders the 'works'?"

"When you're in a scramble all kinds of things can happen," he answered. "A leg or arm can be pulled. You can get kicked. You can be punched. It's all accidental, of course, but it nearly always happens to outsiders."

I left him, with thanks, and went up to my room and waited for my roommate. He's a junior. When he came in, I told him the whole story.

"You're a sucker," he said, "to even go out for the team. You're lucky that one of the players thought enough of you to tip you to what you had coming. Usually they don't. There's a kid in my class who limps badly today because he thought he was a football player. It's not worth the chance."

He went on like this for fifteen minutes. "Sure," he said, "we go to football games and cheer. Why not? What we're cheering is the school, not the guys who play for it. They're tough hard-boiled guys who are getting paid to represent us. They're not college heroes, though. 'The best team money can buy,' is the way people talk about us. Forget the Dick Merriwell books, kid. Football's a business."

I should have quit then. I didn't. I stuck.

I was out for practice the next day. And the day after that the Boss made his first appearance on our field. He ordered us all to line up at one end of the field. Then he told us we were going to race to the other end. I finished first. We were lined up again. I was first again.

The Boss called me over. He wanted to know my name, my position, and my school. I explained I hadn't played high-school football.

He called over one of the regular backs. He ordered the back to throw passes to me. I caught them. After a while the Boss told the back that he could go on with his usual practice. He didn't say anything to me.

After practice, the freshman coach called me aside. "You looked pretty good today," he said. "The Boss liked your speed and the way you handle passes. Is there anything I can do at school to help you?"

I said there was nothing much. My hours were all right and I had no complaints.

"Start eating at the Athletic House," he said. "We have an extra room up there, if you want it."

I explained that my dormitory rent was paid for the term.

"That's all right," he said. "We can get it back."

But, if the coach was on my side, the squad, I found out the next day, wasn't. In the middle of a scrimmage, while I was down, I was punched in the face. I got a look at the guy who had done it. The next time he tried it, I beat him to the punch.

The coach saw it. He didn't say a word.

When practice was over, as we walked toward the clubhouse, I approached the boy with whom I had exchanged punches. "It's O. K. with me," I said to him, "if you want to forget it. Those things happen."

"Listen, you," he said. "That was no accident. I don't like you showing off before the Boss. I don't like anything about you. I've got a good mind to sock you now."

I should have mentioned this earlier, but I won the 175-pound division in our sectional Golden Gloves tourney last year.

"O. K.," I said. "Start punching. If you don't, I will."

He threw a punch. We were in our football clothes, but I could get around far and fast enough.

The rest of the squad, coaches, and assistant coaches watched. I beat him.

It lasted about five minutes, and then the coach stopped us. "Shake hands," he said, "and forget it." We shook hands. He didn't say anything and neither did I.

The same back who had walked home with me the first day walked home with me that afternoon. "You handle yourself pretty well," he said.

I told him about the Golden Gloves. Then I asked him if he thought I would stay on the squad.

"Feller," he said, "if you weren't going to stay on the squad you wouldn't have had to fight today."

That's how I learned I was a football player.

In the first game I was a substitute. The next games I started. I am, I learn, a good end.

But there is in the air a feeling of suspicion. I made my team, and I'm not sure I like it. I have twenty-one men to watch out for, not eleven.

But I'm going to stick. I intend to go out for the varsity squad next year, although I hear that has already been chosen. Even if it has, I see no reason for not learning all the lessons they offer at my school. Even those you learn on a football field.

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆

Edited by Parks Johnson and Wallace Butterworth

1—He vanquished Bombardier Wells and Joe Beckett, but met his Waterloo at Jersey City in '21 at the hands of a gent who now purveys hamburgers at $1.35 each. The subject of this week's early photo (*to the right, please*) is of the same nationality as the who in Question No. 20. Recognize the features?

2—Did the late Jean Harlow sing in the picture Reckless?

3—Who inquired, What is so rare as a day in June?

4—To smoke a pound of tobacco, how many standard-sized cigarettes should be purchased?

5—Tony Manero, Helen Hicks, and Lawson Little are famous for what?

6—What relation was Ruth to Naomi, wife of Elimelech?

7—Moth balls are made of which coal-tar product?

8—Can an unmarried person be guilty of adultery?

9—The U. S. government grades of Prime, Choice, Good, and Medium refer to what?

10—Which of Great Britain's Prime Ministers published Endymion as his last novel?

11—How can all living graduates of West Point become Bachelors of Science?

12—In which U. S. city are magazines most read?

13—Circus arenas are usually covered with what?

14—Is there a pound of hair on the average person's head?

15—Which are the rodomontade characters in Faërie Queene and The Merry Wives of Windsor?

16—Is there an extra charge for written punctuation marks in telegrams between U. S. points?

17—Does a red cloth madden a bull?

18—What large African running bird, the feathers of which are valuable, does not hide its head in the sand?

19—Gruyère cheese is made where?

20—Who, once the rage of musical pictures, is rarely heard of "right now"?

(*Answers will be found on page 26*)

LIKE TWENTY QUESTIONS? Then listen to Parks Johnson and Wallace Butterworth, who edit Liberty's Twenty Questions and ask questions on the Vox Pop program every Tuesday over the NBC Red Network at 9 P. M. Also 8.30 P. M., Pacific Standard Time, on Monday evenings.

Murder. . It's Good Clean Fun

Or so it seems in a jovial film in which it's just kicked around . . . And here comes Mr. Joe DiMaggio in the movies!

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ TRUE CONFESSION

THE PLAYERS: Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, John Barrymore, Porter Hall, Edgar Kennedy, Richard Carle, John T. Murray, William Collier, Sr., Fritz Feld, Una Merkel, Tommy Duggan. Screen play by Claude Binyon from a play by Louis Verneuil and Georges Berr. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 85 minutes.

AN amusing farce in the giddy, irresponsible spirit so popular in Hollywood right now. Since the mad comedy mood settled upon filmland, nothing is sacred. Here you find murder kicked around in a clean spirit of fun, sacred womanhood laughed over, the august courts of justice mocked. Still, we are not one to cavil at this attitude. Hollywood has long needed a sense of humor. And who knows where humor stops?

Helen Bartlett is an aspiring young writer who simply can't tell the truth. No slight little fibs for Helen. In fact, Helen is tried for a murder which she did not commit but to which she confesses in one of her expansive imaginative moments. The trial makes her famous, brings orders for stories, and sweeps success to her young lawyer-husband, who hadn't been able to get a client into his deserted office up to the moment of his wife's "crime."

The farce is directed with pace and humor by Wesley Ruggles. Carole Lombard is delightful, as well as beautiful, as the amiable little fibber. Fred MacMurray is her baffled attorney-husband, and John Barrymore almost steals the comedy as a psychopathic alcoholic given to blowing up and exploding toy balloons in courtrooms.

VITAL STATISTICS: Now that all Hollywood pictures have gone goofy, the whole film colony has been overcome with an urge to be whimsical and amusing. Non sequitur's the thing, ribs and jokes are pointless, it's smart to be silly. . . . Claude Binyon yenned to write while at Missouri U.; drifted into big-city reporting; while working for Variety, wrote the classic crash headline: WALL STREET LAYS AN EGG. Got into movie writing via a small volume of nonsense called A Girl Ought to Work. It led to movie writing of big packages of nonsense at $2,500 a week. . . . John Barrymore got a permanent for this as per script. The pride and joy of the studio hair curlers, Barrymore protested furiously against it, and he had to be practically hog-tied to have it put on. . . . Under Megger Ruggles' urging, Carole Lombard let loose with all fives when she slugged John Murray in the stomach. Carole bruised her pretty knuckles badly, and you ought to see Murray's stomach! Lombard's life with Gable remains in a romantic haze; they're veddy happy together and unhappy apart. . . . This is Fred MacMurray's fourth celluloid duet with Carole Lombard—yet, curiously, nobody ever thinks of them as a team. MacMurray is still his reserved shy self; never seems to gain in confidence; confesses he's afraid of autograph hunters, his leading ladies, strangers, producers, agents, lawyers—is at ease only in the woods or at home with his loving frau. Wears his film-test brogans the first day of a newie; takes peanut-butter sandwiches as a 'tween-scenes pick-me-up—consumes about a gallon a picture and 40 loaves of rye bread on which he likes to spread it. . . . If you want to see Edgar Kennedy do one of his famed burns in real earnest, ask him where his new house is located. His standard answer is: "I get my water and electricity from San Fernando; I have a Burbank phone number with a Roscoe prefix; Van Nuys gave me my building permit, my post-office address is Pacoima; I pay my taxes in Los Angeles. Now you tell me where I live!" . . . Director Ruggles is Chollie Ruggles' brother. He operates with a minimum of flourish; never raises his voice. . . . Cinematographer Teddy Tetzlaff's paw was a racing driver, he was expected to follow in father's tire tracks but got into camera-peeping instead. Lombard won't let herself be snapshot by any one but Tetzie, who gets $1,000 a week for such.

Barred birds—cuckoos! Fibber Lombard with husband Fred MacMurray and psychopathic pal John Barrymore in True Confession.

★ ★½ MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND

THE PLAYERS: Phil Regan, Leo Carrillo, Ann Dvorak, Tamara Geva, Jimmy Gleason, Ted Lewis, Cab Calloway, Kay Thompson, Joe DiMaggio, Gene Autry, Henry Armetta, Luis Alberni, Max Terhune, Smiley Burnette, Louis Prima, Selmer Jackson, Maroni Olsen, Eddie Kane, Nellie V. Nichols. Screen play by Harry Sauber, adapted from a revue by Frank Hummert. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. Produced by Republic. Running time, 78 minutes.

THE musicals continue to emerge in lavish splendor from Hollywood. Most of them have everything but imagination and ingenuity. Manhattan Merry-Go-Round is as good, or maybe a little better, than the average.

The plot? A genial hard-boiled racketeer acquires a recording company—one of those places where phonograph records are manufactured—and he promptly applies high-pressure gangster methods to the business. He forces the handsome platter tenor to use his wiles on a famous hard-to-get opera soprano, thereby breaking up the lad's romance with a pretty office aide.

Leo Carrillo lends his genial dialect to the "man of very few words," the racketeer; Phil Regan is the tenor, Ann Dvorak is his sweetheart, and Tamara Geva is the temperamental opera charmer. Miss Geva shades the rest of the cast as the high-C siren. You will find Gene Autry, current No. 1 cowboy idol, doing his bit at the recording studio, singing something to startle his fans: Round-Up Time in Reno. And Ballplayer Joe DiMaggio strikes out in a bashful bit.

VITAL STATISTICS: Don't confuse this with Merry-Go-Round, recently ground out by Universal @ about $750,000. This un's a quickie product, which means its cast is well paid but quickie-paced. Quickies cost from $50,000 to $300,000, rarely as much as that; aim definitely at small-town theaters and B-picture money. . . . Ted Lewis was born Theodore Leopold Freidman in Circleville, Ohio. He won that battered silk hat in a crap game from an old darkie doorman at Rector's, has spent many times its value for repairs; has it insured; even wears it during phonograph recording. He plays practically every instrument; prefers to whistle. Gets six dozen eggs every week from his Ohio farm, no matter where he is; no other eggs taste as good. . . . Screen-debutting Joe DiMaggio is something of a ballplayer, I understand; took quite a beating being powdered and painted by the studio camera crew; made these scenes in the East during the actual ball season. Actually croons for you, though the Yankee shower-room walls are black and blue with the vocal beating he gives them. Likes movie work; thought the studio was hotter than a ball park; being a bachelor, enjoyed the love-making scenes most of all; took quite a ribbing from his teammates during the ordeal. Got $5,000 for his appearance. . . . Cabell Calloway III, his Royal Highness-di-ho, was born to a colored lawyer father in Rochester. Church choirs got Cab kicking rhythm around that way. . . . Kay Thompson has been training at musical dictatorship since she was four, when she began pianner lessons. . . . They're booming Leo Carrillo for the California governor and before long you'll be hearing Leo booming for it himself. . . . Henry Armetta is known as the Explosion Expert; is so happy at home with his typically large Italian fambly, he's afraid he'll get to lose that worried look that means a fortune to him on screen. Used to be the barber at the Lambs Club, then Will Farnum's valet. . . . Gene Autry gets more fan mail than Robert Taylor.

★ ★½ LOOK OUT FOR LOVE

THE PLAYERS: Anna Neagle, Tullio Carminati, Robert Douglas, Horace Hodges. Grizelda Hervey, Miki Hood, Davina Craig, Joan Kemp-Welch, Leonard Snelling, Arthur Chesney, Henry Wolston. Scenario by Florence Tranter and Monckton Hoffe from a story by Ray Lewis. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. Produced by Gaumont-British. Running time, 70 minutes.

THE versatile Anna Neagle, recently the regal aging queen of Victoria the Great, dons abbreviated jungle garb and pulsates to the beat of African drums at a gay London West End club.

Here the story unfortunately strains at the probabilities. A fiery-tempered little London street girl, singing beside a hurdy-gurdy, is befriended by a worldly young diplomat, who finances her education, makes easy her path to success. And he never lets her know. She, poor girl, loses her heart to one of his worthless aides and he can only look on and watch his plans go awry.

Tullio Carminati is the monocled bespatted Santa Claus—but the film is all Anna Neagle. Too bad the story isn't better.

VITAL STATISTICS: This was made at the famous Pinewood Studios, remodeled from an ancient English estate at Iver, Bucks, a bosky spot outside London. Actors live right on the lot during film-making. There's an atmosphere of baronial halls, stained-glass windows, great stables about Pinewood and none of the modern studio equipment can efface it. Most London actors look on working at Pinewood as a vacation, not a chore, gain weight, health, money. . . . Seventeen years ago Herbert Wilcox tried making pictures at Kew, England, in an odd studio made entirely of glass. Wanted to shoot by natural light, not man-made. The English sun proved his most serious obstacle, and Wilcox solved it by stationing a man on famous Kew Bridge to signal bright weather. If the sun popped out, Wilcox took his long shots; then he had to wait again for his close-ups. If the weather was bad (as it usually was) the film often took three weeks to make, and cost about £2,000. Got surprisingly good results. Today Wilcox, next to Korda, is England's biggest movie spender; has a million-pound budget a year, postmodern equipment. . . . Anna Neagle steps out of Victoria's barrel skirts and into night-life tights in this. She was christened Anna Neagle by Jack Buchanan who put her opposite him in a London filmusical. Hodges is the male Mae Robson of England. He's been trouping for 55 uninterrupted years; he film debutted at 65 in Escape. . . . Tullio Carminati prefers England to Hollywood; ran away from home at 15 to become an actor; has fancy Italian aristocratic blood in his veins. He's played opposite Neagle once before—in The Three Maxims.

SECRET SORROWS OF THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

What kind of life does she lead? Not the places she goes, the things she does, but her mental life. Is she happy, now that she is with the man she loves?

The world has heard through the papers of some of the snubs and sneers from which the royal couple have suffered, but

What Goes on Behind the Scenes?

What of the letters she gets—and reads? What of the torrents of abuse—mostly anonymous—which pour in on this former Baltimore belle every day when the postman whistles? And are they as bitter now as when the divorce and marriage were blinding the public eye?

Adela Rogers St. Johns

starts soon in Liberty a series of articles on this history-making woman that will hold you gripped in interest from the first word to the last!

★ ★ WILD INNOCENCE

THE PLAYERS: Wendy Munro, Brian Abbott, Ethel Saker, Harry Abdy, Joe Valli, Ron Whelan, Sylvia Kellaway, Chut. Screen play adapted by Edmund Seward from a story by Dorothy Cottrell. Directed by Ken G. Hall. Produced by Cinesound Studios, Sydney, Australia. Running time, 65 minutes.*

THE movies go far afield in seeking heroes—but this, take it from Bev Hills, hits the record for 1937. The central figure is a personable kangaroo, the background is the sparse Australian bush. Indeed, the film was made "down under"—at and around Sydney, Australia.

A little stray baby kangaroo—parents wiped out by hunters—wanders up to the door of an isolated house and is adopted. When he grows up, his owners are prompted to give him to a circus. There, alas, the 'roo is badly treated and he breaks for home.

The 'roo is named Chut and he has a personality. The rest of the acting is none too good, the story is elementary, but the film is a novelty. The kiddies, we suspect, will love it.

VITAL STATISTICS: Chut is a big red kangaroo, full-grown and larger than average. His best pal and severest critic Animal Trainer Harry Abdy found him cowering in his dead mother's pouch a few years back. Mother 'Roo had been shot by some Australian bush hunters. Abdy bottle-fed the infant, named it Chut because of his chutchutting baby coo, trained him to do tricks and to box. Today Chut's heavyweight kangaroo boxing champ of the world, is Abdy's breadwinner in vodvil, sleeps in Abdy's room, goes everywhere with him, does everything but cook and keep house for Abdy. Most difficult scenes to make were those which show Chut attacking Harry Abdy. Normally shy and friendly and unbloodthirsty, Chut refused to make a real fight of it until after endless coaxing, cajoling, and chocolate-covered peanuts. Chut finally consented to beat the living terwilliger out of his master Abdy. Actually no kangaroo is a match for a boxer and rarely will it ever attack a man. A good blow from a good fist can fell any kangaroo. Not all kangaroos can box; Chut is a natural-born boxer. . . . The opening scenes, showing the inside of bush life, are absolutely unposed and undirected. Megger Ken Hall just set up his cameras and a 24-hour watch and kept his eye peeled for any examples of Australian night and day life that wandered within camera range.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola.

★★★½—Conquest, Heidi, Mayerling, Stage Door, 100 Men and a Girl, Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything, They Won't Forget, Disney's Academy Award Revue.

★★★—The Hurricane, The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair.

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* Recommended for children.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 24

1—Georges Carpentier, French boxer who was defeated by Jack Dempsey.

2—No; her voice double in the singing scenes was Virginia Verrill.

3—James Russell Lowell (1819-91).

4—About 572, since the average tobacco content of twenty-five cigarettes is one ounce, and about 30 per cent of each cigarette—the butt—is not smoked.

5—Their golf.

6—Daughter-in-law.

7—Naphthalene.

8—No; if single, the person would be guilty of fornication.

9—Government-graded beef, veal, lamb, or mutton. Similar grades of pork are stamped No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, and No. 4.

10—Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield.

11—By applying to the Superintendent of the United States Military Academy, as provided by a recent act of Congress.

12—Miami, Florida. (Among U. S. cities, Greater New York is seventy-sixth on the list recently compiled by Dr. Paul F. Lazarsfeld.)

13—Not sawdust, but wood shavings.

14—No; from five to twelve ounces.

15—Braggadocio and Sir John Falstaff.

16—Not since October 15.

17—No; it is the waving motion of the cloth which excites the bull; the cloth employed by a bullfighter, according to Sydney Franklin, could be of any color.

18—The ostrich (a popular fallacy!).

19—In Switzerland.

20—

Maurice
Chevalier

Listen, Youth!

Listen to your most understanding friend
and valiant champion

ELSIE
ROBINSON

in a new feature in

Liberty

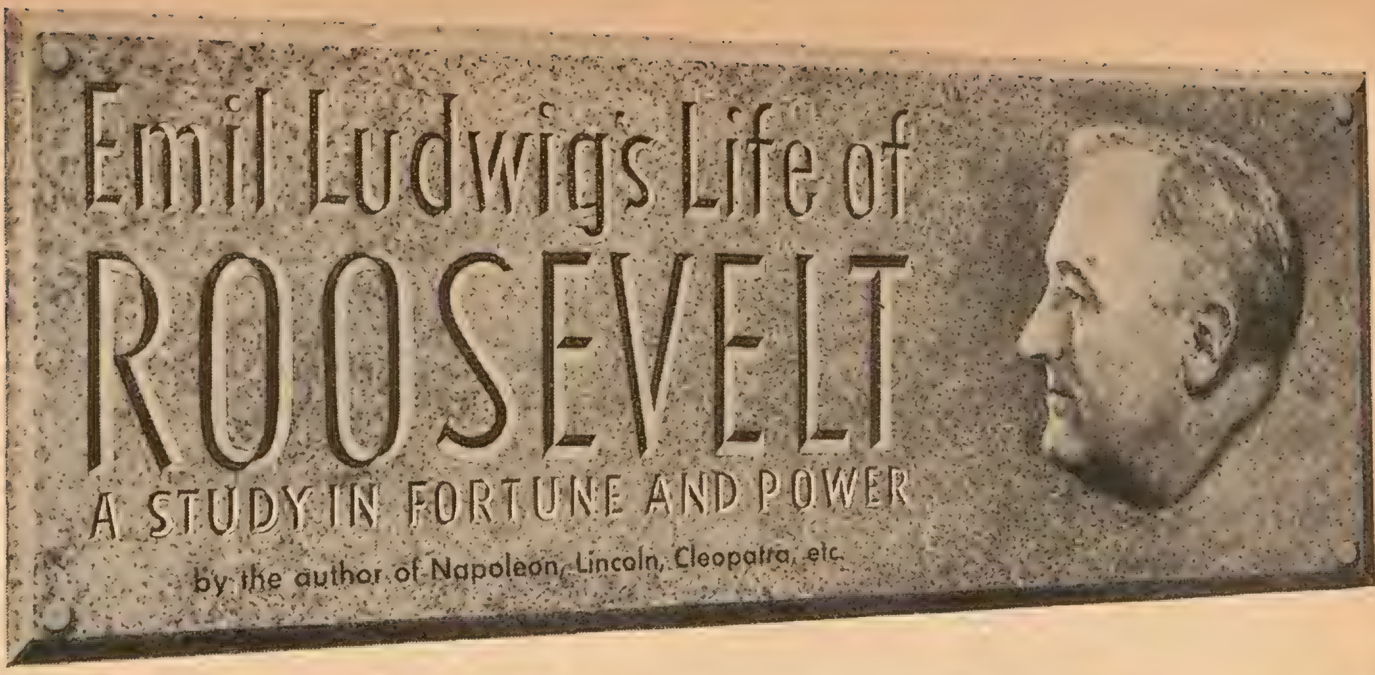
BEGINNING NEXT WEEK!

LISTEN, Youth! The wise counsel and amazing understanding of an Elsie Robinson are all too rare in the world today. That is why few, if any, women now writing command an audience as large as that which regularly listens to this gifted writer. Youth listens because Elsie Robinson understands youth's problems and youth understands Elsie Robinson! No wonder you young people write her thousands of personal letters telling her just what modern youth is all about.

Liberty is proud to present this newest and most intimate series of discussions during which Miss Robinson says your personal opinions will be welcomed. The series will be titled LISTEN, YOUTH!* The first chapter next week is headed SO THEY GET YOUR GOAT. Look for that title next week in

Liberty

*With illustrations drawn
by Elsie Robinson herself


Emil Ludwig's Life of
ROOSEVELT
A STUDY IN FORTUNE AND POWER
by the author of Napoleon, Lincoln, Cleopatra, etc.

Soul Secrets of Roosevelt's Youth

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY PIERRE BRISSAUD

THE second installment of this biography pointed out such significant incidents in Roosevelt's school and college days as his attempt to run away from Groton to the war with Spain and his challenges to "privilege" within his own social class. Mr. Ludwig then considered two of the most profound influences upon his subject's development: his marriage to his distant cousin Eleanor, whose nature was so different from his own, and the swift and dazzling rise of Theodore Roosevelt, with its complex stimulation of the young Franklin's latent ambition.

PART THREE—A CAREER IS BORN

THE first thing the young husband, who very soon was also a father, did was to return to school. This student period at the Columbia Law School first made the twenty-three-year-old Roosevelt into the big-city type, and this was no accident. Here was a man who had grown up on the land, was interested in the land, for whom rivers and woods, fishing and hunting, meant half of life, married to a woman who in her youth had freely given up the land in favor of the problems she found in a world city, and who looked upon a life of nature in the open, which was her husband's element, merely as a means of recuperation.

For the sociable husband the sole attraction here was the contact with men and the consequent political career in the world city. The responsibility which his wife, as a rich woman, felt in the presence of the injustice of poverty did not oppress or burden him; and so it was that she was less often at peace with herself than he, whether on the land or in the city, while he made both comfortable for himself.

Franklin Roosevelt has been carried through life by a lucky temperament; and that he has known how to accept its battles and lessons, its disappointments, and, finally, the highest place of power in the state as its gifts, is a rare blessing of the gods which they withheld from his wife. But the rapid growth of the family shows how strong was the family sense in both; a heritage, perhaps, from their Dutch ancestry which bound the two born Roosevelts. Today there is hardly one rich American woman who would follow this example and within ten years bring six children into the world.

In the immemorial manner of all healthy egotists he sometimes left her alone with his children and for a few weeks took a trip with old schoolmates in a boat along the coast. On these trips he was captain, cook, and fisherman all in one. Sports and gymnastics, which meant so much to him, remained almost alien to her. On their very honeymoon she had watched him go mountain climbing with another woman because she was not equal to it; and the frankness with which she herself tells about it is a measure of the innocence of the incident.

When we observe how nature is never mentioned in her memoirs while as against this it plays a continuous and decisive role in his life, how self-searching she is while he is entirely sociable, how philosophic her life is while he is carried forward by his self-certainty, we obtain a deep glimpse into the two characters; and she reveals much when she writes:

"I think I must have spoiled a good deal of fun for Franklin because of this inability to feel at ease with a gay group."

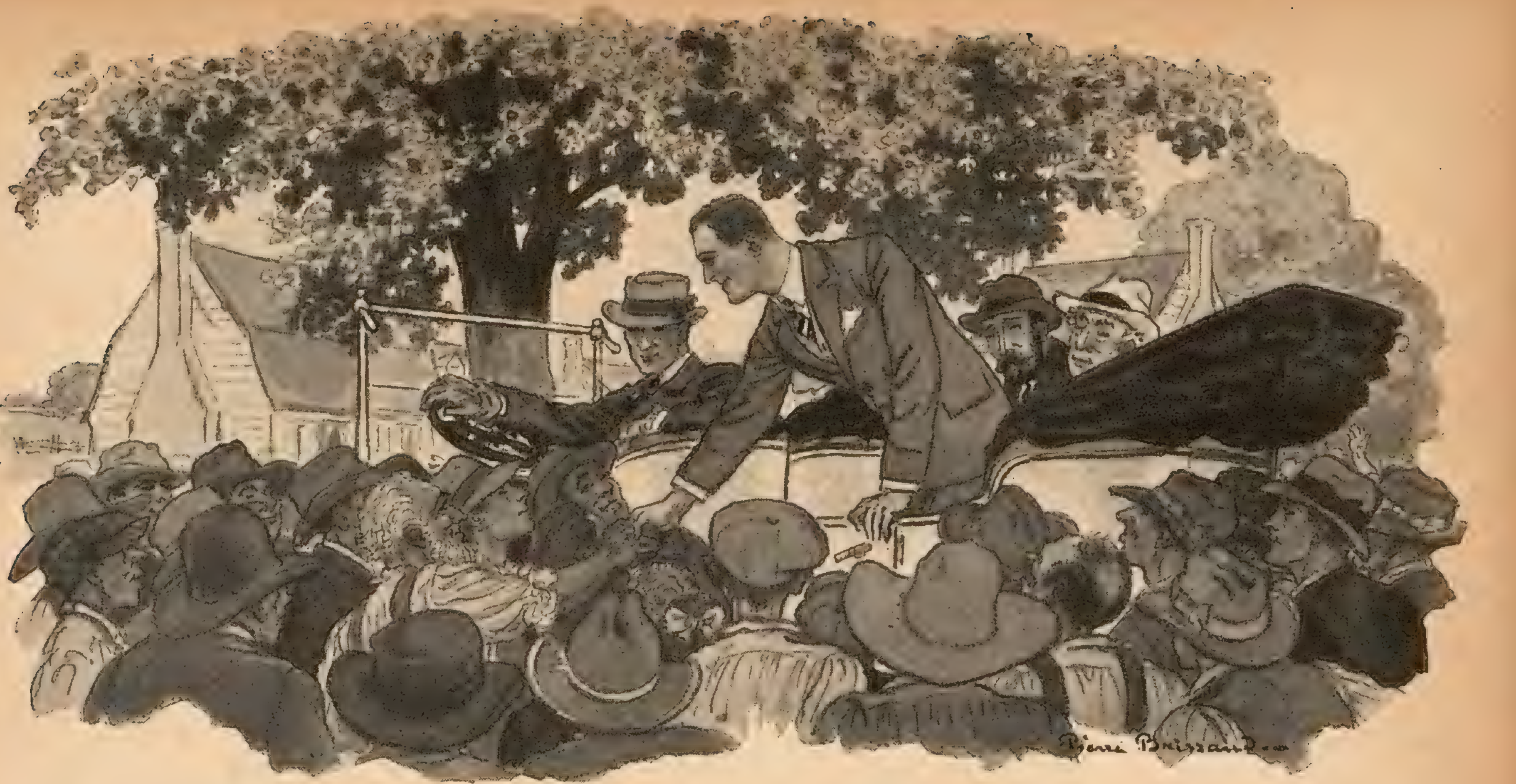
She had at first not the slightest interest in politics; she did not even know the difference between state and federal rights. Yet she knew that she had an ancestor, Livingston by name, among the signers of the Declaration of Independence: the patent of nobility in this people's state, whose democratic foundations were laid deeper and stronger than those of any European state with the exception of the Swiss.

And how could she become enthusiastic about his legal studies when he himself found them a bore and has continued to think of them as such ever since? He did not even obtain his LL. B. from Columbia; but he did obtain the right to practice, and at the age of twenty-five became a member of a law firm and actually earned money in it, if only irregularly. In line with his earliest interests he preferred cases dealing with maritime law and became a sort of specialist in it; further, in his dealings with clients of all conditions, he broadened his knowledge of the life of the classes.

WHY HE TURNED UP HIS NOSE AT THE LEGAL GRINDSTONE

It seems that he was gripped more by the activity itself than by the legal aspect of the case, and by the money he could make out of it least of all; and if his friends of that period insist that he lacked the seriousness which alone leads to success, it may be explained by the fact such a man, devoid of decisive ambition, secure in his position, could easily be diverted from his goal.

An American saga . . . How the young politician learned about life and the ways



He spoke twenty times a day, shook hands with hundreds of farmers.

To remain week after week in Hyde Park, to supervise the farm and the log cutting, to put up a fire station, to romp around with his children as his mother had done with him only ten years before, made him definitely happier than the dull grind of legal documents. Perhaps he makes silent comparisons, reflects what a young father his children have, how old his own father was, and rejoices in his radiant youth.

In all probability his life would have continued in this way, without his ever having missed anything essential. In all probability what seemed desirable to him then was an existence like that of his father who had also prosecuted his business in the city only when he felt like it but who had also found the meaning and happiness of life out here on the banks of the Hudson, among his trees and crops, his blooded cattle, the horses and the boats, with his wife and the son whom he would certainly have liked to provide with a couple of brothers. When a man of such harmonious nature is translated after a number of years into an uncertain and fateful world, we must look for significant motives behind what seems to be accident and the wish of friends.

When they came to the twenty-eight-year-old Roosevelt in his country home to persuade him to become a candidate for a seat in the New York State senate, there was nothing about that offer, as seen from the outside, to tempt him. In more than fifty years only one Democrat had been elected in these parts. Defeat seemed almost certain for one who was only a likable young fellow of excellent family, whose reputation and means would be useful for propaganda purposes. A young aristocrat would get over such a defeat as lightly as if one of his race horses had been beaten, and no one tried to persuade him that he stood a chance of winning. In that troubled time merely to put up a Democratic Roosevelt seemed of importance to his party. Why did he lend himself to it?

"YOU'LL LOSE, FRANK, BUT YOUR NAME WILL HELP THE TICKET"

Naturally he himself refers us to the usual American motive—it was his duty; but behind the much misused word "service" a double motive seems in this case to have lain concealed. He saw before him a game, an adventure which could mean a lot of fun; he saw before him an opportunity to get to know a great many new people. This extraordinary passion, which rules the world's most sociable nation as it does no other, this unquenchable thirst for new persons, incomprehensible to us Europeans, makes a typical American of Roosevelt.

At the same time he could not but think of his model and exemplar; how the older Roosevelt had begun his career in that same Capitol in Albany where he himself was now perhaps to become senator. Just at this time he could see his exemplar, at the end of his second term as Republican President, going down to defeat in the economic distress of the country, his pledge of war against Railroad King Harriman coming to nothing in the confusion of those days. But what sharper spur can there be to a young man than the shipwreck of his prophet, whom he must now seek, with redoubled effort, to surpass?

In the technique of the election campaign he at once imitates his exemplar. When he appears in the local committee rooms in his riding boots, his older colleagues of the party machine ask him politely to wear city clothes; but they are happy in their young new candidate, boast in their papers about his idealistic independence, and in general treat him as the outsider, the lovable dilettante, the man who can accept defeat without shame.

A ROUGH-RIDER CAMPAIGNER IN A HORSELESS CARRIAGE!

He, however, continues to imitate that other Roosevelt who ten years before used to deliver stump speeches on horseback; and he is the first to risk as a campaign vehicle the automobile, still a new thing in 1910, much hated by the farmers. If—so he argued against the advice of his friends—he goes rushing about the country in this "fire-station automobile" he can in the short time before him visit ten times as many voters on the land, and it is definitely the land that matters to these farmers.

And so it proves. It is not the voters who shy away from this thunderous vehicle; it is only their horses. And as a matter of fact it is the very noise and glitter of this rattling, belching car, with its shiny lamps and handles, which makes him popular. When the machine, which is forever breaking down, is being repaired, or the petrol which has been provided in advance is being poured in, the farmers stand around and hear him explain what makes the demon go; and at the same time they swallow down the ideas and promises of the young candidate.

So this young Coriolanus went riding for a couple of weeks through his district on the Hudson accompanied by a skilled comrade who at the end of every speech produced

of the game . . . Liberty proudly continues the greatest biography of the century

an American flag out of nowhere; he spoke twenty times a day, shook hands with hundreds of farmers, and from all of it learned more than his listeners. The worst that could happen was that he might fail, and that it would cost him some money; but he would have derived from it much pleasure and benefit.

His plea was for the common man, against the boss; and in his heart he took up the fight all the more readily since the Republican whom he opposed was a personal enemy of Theodore Roosevelt. Feelings like these may have a decisive effect in a delicate situation, for Franklin Roosevelt is a gentleman in the good old sense of the word, which means that he is crafty but loyal, and he could not have attacked that personally honored opponent, his uncle, with the same fury. On top of this, the farmers were constantly confusing him with the other family and mistaking him for Theodore's son. He heard one of them say: "I don't care if he is a Democrat. I'm going to vote for Teddy!"

But at the same time he becomes seriously aware of the dangers of imitation; for when he unconsciously repeats some of the gestures of his uncle, a friend of his counsels him to be on his guard against doing it. He stops it at once; and the result of this counsel, he told me, was that he rid himself forever of this danger of theatrical, explosive oratorical gestures. Here we may see how the jealousy of the hero-worshiper for his hero may first lead him into temptation and then cure him, for there is nothing more odious to a natural feeling of self-respect than to be forever known as some one's son.

It was a grand time he had, beating his way through wind and rain to the doors of the farmers, pressing their calloused hands, offering them cigars, peering into their houses and stables, and recognizing at every glance what these people loved and what they lacked. Not being a newcomer, a city dweller in country clothes, it was easy for him to perfect the knowledge he had begun to accumulate as a boy; and when, speaking from the back seat of his car, he declared that the power and strength of the Union, the state, and the county had their origin in the local communities, the words, misleading as they were to the listeners, represented his own deep firsthand opinion. For Franklin's nature is such that he believes only what he has seen, but whatever he sees he retains.

"T. R." in Action.

It was a grand time he had cutting loose openly at the men who had made politics their business and their fortune. And in attacking the bosses of the Republican Party he did not avoid silent implication regarding the Democratic bosses too, for to these he had taken a dislike right at his nomination.

Whatever is of the city, whatever is business and routine, is unpleasant to this man of natural impulses; and if later on he learns to make use of city and business and routine in the attainment of his ends, it is only through craftiness and in the desire to triumph in the end.

How much he learned in those weeks he testified twenty years later in a speech: "I went out to tell them what they should have, rather than tell them how much of their desire could possibly be secured, and to suggest practical ways to get action. I didn't know what they wanted, but before the end of the campaign I knew what their look meant. . . . They wanted security. . . . The arguments should be about ways and means. Politics should be tested by considering whether or not they add or detract from the individual security and the right to happiness."

And now the unexpected happens: Fortune reveals his first charge to her favorite son. But the victory which returned this long-lost position to his party, which confounded all prediction, could only be ascribed to his personality, to the open and decent character of the country gentleman.

At twenty-eight Roosevelt won his first election with the same means and emotions, drew to himself, as personality and not as party spokesman, the votes of the same so-called little people, as he did at the age of fifty in the role of candidate for President.

THEN AS NOW HE HAD HIS MAGIC FOR THE "LITTLE PEOPLE"

And in both instances he had a grand time campaigning through the country.

Albany, the little capital of the State of New York, had been familiar to the young state senator since his childhood. There his father had pointed out to him the Capitol, the dam and the waterfall near by. Now, his taste ripened, he must have looked with distinctly less admiration on the gingerbread outlines of this Capitol, which, like the building of the State Department in Washington, originated in the '70s, the worst architectural period. What America has achieved since then by way of her own style may be seen today by turning from the Capitol to the magnificent and simple tower opposite, while between them a third government building, with its flat low Greek-temple front, expresses that which is eternal beauty.

As in many other American state Capitols, the interior of this building is, with its hundred and one useless columns and niches, its lightless corridors, its heavy ceilings, its unused chimneys, its overloaded "million-dollar" stairway—for they repeat with pride, in Albany, that this is what it cost—a demonstration of how helpless America was as long as it imitated Europe.

The chamber in which the state Senate meets is all costly in gold and red, with magnificent leather armchairs and rose-tinted balustrades, with multicolored windowpanes and the coats of arms of England's Upper House in London, so that the representatives of this democracy may, in dreamy moments, feel a little like peers. And, yes, the middle pillars on the "million-dollar" stairway are adorned with a kind of ancient crown.

Into this room, which everywhere strikes a false note, came Senator Franklin Roosevelt. It soon became evident that the young man took his task seriously. In fact, while most senators and assemblymen live in New York, and take a room in a hotel in Albany just for the brief duration of the sessions, the Roosevelts came up with their three children and rented a home near the Capitol.

For with all its tricks and stunts, for all the cigars, torchlights, and flags, the election was to the young senator almost a moral thing. At least it was so in retrospect, when he wrote, twenty years later: "When the injustice was stated with simplicity and security, I secured a majority in the election. . . . Now I was in politics, now I was a politician. This moment of first success is perhaps the most dangerous crisis in the career of any one in politics. Up to this moment his action has been based on theory. Now he must act. . . . I found myself actively engaged with the details of government, and though I had studied these problems in the theoretical form, I found them even more absorbingly interesting because of their concreteness and their human application."

HOW AN ARTLESS BOY, VICTORIOUS, SPRANG A "REVOLUTION"

In this passage we find the four key words of Roosevelt's world: *Injustice, Concrete, Human, Active.* We perceive a man who wants to remove an injustice which he has seen with his own eyes, and who therefore wants to act, and to act humanly. We see how the will to action links itself to the will to help, so that it is impossible to say which of the two impulses came first. We see likewise in the definitive closing sentences the man who enjoys his work, and could never understand it if he did not enjoy it. This, we would say, is a man who will disappoint neither his voters nor himself.

The only ones who were very soon disappointed were his party friends. They had deluded themselves with the belief that in this likable dilettante they had discovered a high-class vote getter who paid his own expenses. Now, after his astounding victory, he revealed himself as an extremely independent member. The party chiefs, ironical, patronizing, had encouraged the scribes to represent him as an artless youngster; now they suddenly drew their brows together, for within a few weeks after his election this youngster began a fight which was nothing short of a revolution.

In 1911 United States senators were still elected not by popular vote but by the vote of the state legislature. In that year the party bosses had put forward as their choice a rich man of dubious reputation, Sheehan, nicknamed "Blue-eyed Billy," much respected in the party councils. As lawyer and later director of large companies he had been in a position to distribute big contracts, and he had contributed heavily to the Democratic campaign funds. Every one was familiar with this combination of wealth and political power, one of America's two great dangers; and in the preceding quarter of a century Tammany Hall had passed through five great corruption scandals and emerged victorious.

WHAT ROUSED HIM AGAINST HIS PARTY'S DICTATOR, THE TIGER

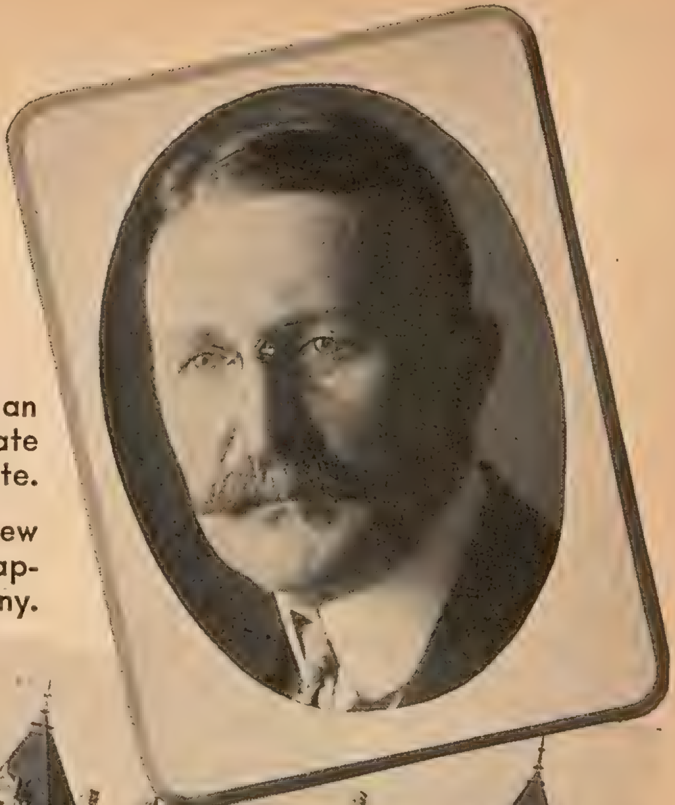
Roosevelt recounted later how, when he heard of the decision of his party's leaders, he went for a long walk through the wintry streets of Albany, called on a friend, and decided there and then to go out on a crusade against the designated representative of his own party. To be elected, the candidate needed 101 votes in both houses of the legislature; that was Roosevelt's calculation. If he could win over one or two dozen friendly senators, the election could be stopped.

What was it that moved an unknown beginner to such a protest against his own party? It was certainly not personal enmity or revenge; the candidate, who was almost twice his age, had never crossed him. No idea that he himself might be elected to the Senate in Washington could have entered his head. We meet once again the motives of the earlier years, except that now they stand forth more clearly; once again character and upbringing reveal themselves as the driving forces.

It was, first, the country revolting against the city; for Sheehan was wholly a big-city man. It was, further, the example of his uncle, who, at the beginning of his career thirty years back, and in this same city of Albany, had fought against the same corruption. It was also the natural repugnance to the secure landowner of unclean business, and the desire to break at any price the connection between wealth and politics. It was the reaction of the independent man of inherited means, the truly free man who was not compelled either by ambition or the lust for money to submit to the will of a leader, the outsider who had never obeyed any one.

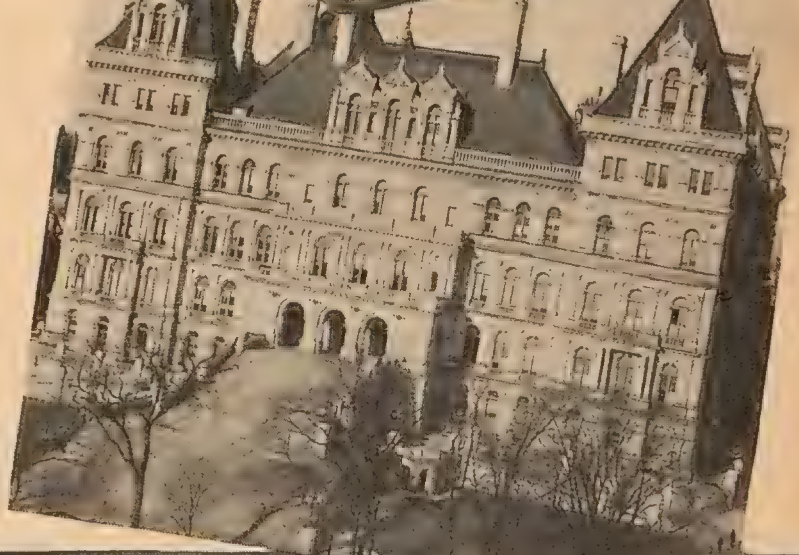
But it was also the fighting game that moved him. He had expected to find it in his new office, and when it presented itself he took it up at once. "There is nothing I love as much as a good fight," he said at that time in an interview. "I never had as much fun in my life as I'm having right now. . . . One pleasant feature is the good-fellowship of my twenty comrades in the insurgent movement." And if this was in part a concession to the popular American habit of emphasizing the gay side of a serious business, it was also, definitely, a manifestation of a natural joy of life; and it was this element that was to give strength to Roosevelt in all his later battles.

There was a tremendous hubbub. "The college kid, the calf still wet behind the ears," was what the papers wrote; the boy was out for publicity. But on the day when everything seemed to be set for the election so many senators were missing that only ninety-one votes could be collected. Eighteen senators had gathered round Roosevelt, the youngest of them all—the oldest was seventy-one, and every one of them had been much longer in the party than



"Billy" Sheehan as a candidate for the Senate.

Below: The New York State Capitol at Albany.



State Senator Roosevelt at the time of his insurgence.

the young insurgent; these stated publicly that they refused to recognize the decision of their leaders, and were voting against Sheehan. To the reproaches of the party leadership the leader of the revolt retorted with simulated seriousness that he had been elected in a fight against bosses, "and it makes no difference to me what party the bosses try to run."

Thus Roosevelt held up the election for ten weeks. For ten weeks, and by every means at its disposal, the party almost literally laid siege to the nineteen men in their stronghold. In their hotels they did not feel safe from spies, so every evening they met in the house of their leader and, under the picture of their party enemy Theodore Roosevelt, carried on the fight against their party comrade Sheehan.

"We have nothing to do," reported Franklin, grinning happily. "We just sit around and swap stories like soldiers at the bivouac." There was also plenty of beer and cheese, and the only ones who suffered were the three children, whom the clouds of tobacco smoke drove up to the third floor.

HIS FIRST LESSON IN WHAT "A SMEAR" MEANS IN POLITICS

Every trick was tried by the party leadership to bring the insurgents to heel. They received threatening letters; inspired statements were sent to the press; these men, it was stated, were being financed secretly by Wall Street; their private lives were given out, discolored and distorted in the style of the lowest sheets; friends came up from New York to warn them that they were ruining their futures. The clerk whom Roosevelt had just appointed to the Forest, Fish, and Game Committee of the Senate was deprived of his office.

Suddenly they began to describe Roosevelt in print as a good-looking boy who could have a career on the stage and flutter the hearts of young girls. Reports running into columns described voluptuous junkets of the conspirators at Roosevelt's expense; photographs pictured them with faces incredibly lined or blacker than the blackest Negroes'. Some of them found their mortgages and loans called. Every one swore at having to stay on in Albany; the protracted session was dragging along with its business at a standstill, with nothing done and nothing decided.

Ten weeks had passed. A meeting between Roosevelt and Sheehan had yielded no results; suggestions of a compromise had not brought a solution nearer. Everything seemed to be hopelessly deadlocked. And then at last the elements themselves stepped in and brought about the much desired change. Just as Roosevelt's father had been enabled by a fire to resolve a protracted crisis and sell his estate, so this crisis also was resolved by a fire which broke out at its very center, in the Capitol. Now the exhausted and frightened representatives of the people, meeting the next morning in one of the courtrooms, decided to get through with the business at any cost, for all of them were anxious to get back to their businesses and their friends. The leadership yielded, a decent man was nominated and elected, the senators scattered to their homes.

Two years later an amendment to the national Constitution provided for the election of United States senators by direct popular vote. It was an old proposal, but the incident at Albany had given it a strong push forward, and had brightened the political prospects of all liberals, and thereby of Woodrow Wilson among the Democrats.

Once more government functions in Albany. Service and fun may go hand in hand, so the young state senator goes to it with a doubled will. At one of the sessions a single vote is missing to put through the fifty-four-hour working week in New York State. One of the senators has gone to bed? Fetch him! Meanwhile how can we hold up the vote? Roosevelt talks. When he can't think of another argument he turns to the birds, which he knows well. Speak to the point, cries the presiding officer. "I am speaking to the point; the birds can teach us a lesson, not to work too much." He is almost at the end of his rope when the sleeping senator puts him in mind of famous sleepers in the legends: the seven sleepers of Ephesus, the Sleeping Beauty— But here the senator is, dragged out of his bed; the shorter working week becomes law.

In a debate on reforestation Roosevelt asked the chairman of the Finance Committee what had happened to a certain sum, to wit, three hundred and eighty-one dollars, which had remained as surplus. It had been used, he was answered, for the repair of a bridge in his own district. He disposed of the appropriation with the words, "I haven't heard that the money is actually needed, and I think it ought to be returned to the State Treasury."

This simple story, revolving round the merest trifle, would have been forgotten had not a member of the opposing party, one of the older Republicans, at once grasped its symbolic significance and risen to the following utterance: "This protest will stand as a monument greater than any that has ever been or will be erected by the illustrious relative of the senator. His remark should be engrossed on parchment and presented to him to have to pass on to his descendants."

The tribute was followed by an uproar, there was applause for the speaker and for Roosevelt, but a voice interjected loudly: "Franklin, you'd better have your head examined!"

In its essentials the story contains the motives of the future President and of the struggle which flared up round his actions. Justice, honesty in state affairs, rejection of everything dubious, a serious regard for the moral foundations of government—then a voice raised in astounded praise of these obvious principles, providing a bitter if unconscious comment on the public habits of America; and after it another voice, louder, which declares the decent administrator to be out of his mind: and all for the sake of three hundred and eighty-one dollars, and yet for the sake of a fundamental ethical principle. It is a story of applause and derision involving nothing—and everything.

The life-course of every man born in the '80s and '90s of the last century must, at a certain point, have been thrown off its track by the World War; and if certain men seem actually to have been put on the right track thereby, it is impossible to ignore the influence which, like a comet affecting the path of neighboring stars, they exert on the life-courses of other men. In this respect too Roosevelt is among the fortunate—it was the war which gave him his opportunity to develop.

At first it was more Wilson than the war. It seems that, with the exception of Jefferson, there is not a single President he has studied with the same devotion and profit as Wilson. From the outset he perceived in him the prophet who—as he expressed it—saw in the power of capital the threat to the individual, just as Jefferson saw it emerge in political power. In this accumulation of money and factories Wilson saw "the despot of the twentieth century," who, unless controlled by the state, would enslave millions of people. Later Roosevelt said that he had it as a legacy from Wilson to carry out the work from which the latter had been turned by the intervention of the war.

WHY A YOUNG ADVENTURER HELPED MAKE A SCHOLAR PRESIDENT

Here too it was the man of visual perception, the man of the eye, who had to see and touch another in order to perceive and understand him. He had heard of this strange idealist just when Wilson had emerged from "the cloisters of Princeton"; the fact that Tammany Hall found him uncomfortably queer could only endear him to Roosevelt. He made a journey to see him, was immediately captivated and, easily kindled as he was, threw himself into the role of election campaigner for him.

The two men were different in every respect. Wilson was twenty-five years older than Franklin; could, like Theodore Roosevelt, have been his father. Everything that the young man had found attractive in his uncle, robust hardihood and the joy of battle, bodily skill, the bronzed skin, was lacking in Wilson. Yet Wilson had almost everything that Theodore Roosevelt, and likewise Franklin, lacked: all-round education, penetrating logic, philosophic and theoretic equipment. The link between Wilson and his new disciple Franklin was actually only the will to a more just distribution of the goods of life. But in Franklin's case this social, or, as we Europeans are not afraid to say, this socialist direction in his state morality was backed by a joyous impulse to action which, in the same form, Wilson lacked. At most what they had in common was a certain obstinacy, which Wilson admitted and which Roosevelt would perhaps admit in later years.

Now, when the job was to make Wilson President, Roosevelt as Democratic senator rose once again in rebellion against his party chiefs, created a New York state committee to work for the nomination of Wilson, gathered two hundred followers, all wearing buttons for Clark—who had been decided on by the state Democratic heads—and stole with them into the big convention hall in Baltimore. Suddenly they began to chant in chorus, "We want Wilson!" It was a lark after Roosevelt's own heart, for what he thoroughly liked then, and still likes today, is to carry out by a mean trick what he earnestly believes to be the right thing.

The vote as between Clark and Wilson stood that day at 556 to 350. By the next day, under the hour-long influence of Roosevelt and his friends on the delegates, it stood at 84 to 990, and Wilson was nominated. Thus his election, which had such immense consequences for Europe, was influenced by Roosevelt.

When the young state senator came to the inauguration in Washington he had, as friend of the President and one of the campaign workers, a claim to a federal post; he seems to have taken no part in the scramble. "I have absolutely no wish to collect customs duties," he said when the Secretary of the Treasury offered to make him Collector of the Port of New York. He likewise declined the post of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

His eye was fixed on another office. Had not his uncle Theodore been Assistant Secretary of the Navy at the same period of his life? And was the water on which the ships floated here in any way different from the water he had loved from a child? When, on the same afternoon, the new Secretary of the Navy offered him the Assistant-Secretaryship, he accepted without hesitation.

The true reason why Wilson, aware that his country was likely to enter the World War, refused to let young Roosevelt prepare its navy will be divulged on the highest authority in next week's installment, which will be devoted to Roosevelt's wartime service both in Washington and oversea and to his 1920 candidacy and campaign for the Vice-Presidency.

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

★ ★ ★ ★ THE KAISER ON TRIAL by George Sylvester Viereck. Greystone Press.

Was the Kaiser guilty? Did he cause the World War? Mr. Viereck says "No," and marshals his reasons in an amazingly fair and tolerant book. A "must" for all students of history.—*Achmed Abdullah.*

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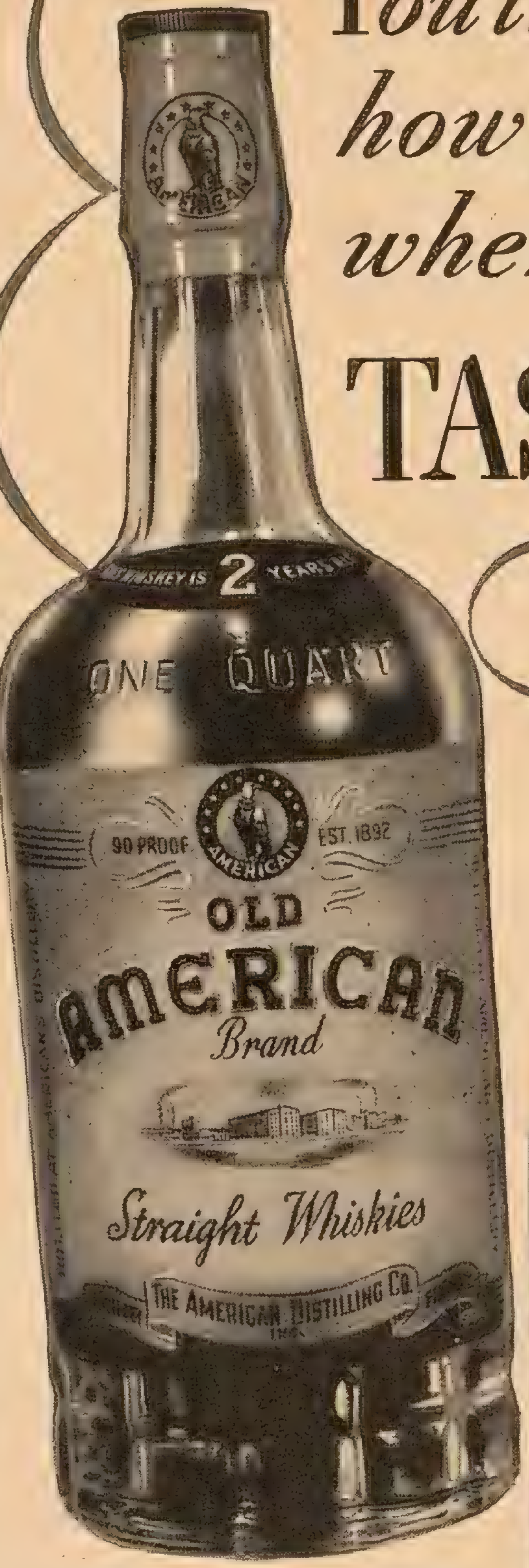

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A stirring tale of two women, love's strange ways, and a man who caught up with his past

BY OSCAR GRAEVE

"IS it too much to ask you to drive me to New London this morning?" Evelyn asked. She'd already had her breakfast and was consulting her tiny diamond wrist watch. She was dressed to conquer and with her clear white complexion and burnished reddish hair looked as if she'd just stepped out of a beauty parlor. Everything that money could do for Evelyn had been done. She was a work of art. But I didn't want to look at her. I just wanted to loll there in the September sunshine with my paper and coffee and cigarette.

And I didn't want to go to New London. I never wanted to go back to New London. Too much had happened to me there. Too much that was tragic and wonderful, ecstatic and heartbreaking. Far better that it be left buried under the dust of six or seven years.

"Why can't Jenkins drive you?" I asked Evelyn.

"He was up all night with an ulcerated tooth. I sent him to Bridgeport to see Dr. Matthews. Of course if it's asking too much of you—"

"All right; I'll drive you," I said reluctantly. I couldn't tell Evelyn why I didn't want to go to New London. It was the sort of thing you couldn't tell anybody—least of all your wife.

"You might be a little more gracious about it," she said.

It was that way between us. The week before we'd celebrated our fifth wedding anniversary. "Why celebrate it?" I'd asked. But Evelyn had insisted. "We've got to keep up appearances," she'd said. "I should think you'd know that. If I ever get that nomination for Congress, I've got to have a clear record so far as my home life is concerned."

So almost all of Fairfield County — all that Evelyn considered important, anyway—had come to the big white house in Eastport, the stately house with its gardens and wide-spreading lawns and stables that had been Evelyn's father's and her grandfather's. And all Fairfield County had drunk our champagne and eaten our lobster salad. I mean Evelyn's champagne, her lobster salad. Personally, I would have been hard put to it to pay for a pint of champagne.

Evelyn wanted to be the first woman to be elected to Congress from Connecticut. And she'd worked tirelessly to further that ambition. Even before I'd met her she'd started. She'd flattered and cajoled and charmed both men and women in politics. And she'd done it astutely and well. Evelyn could charm a rattlesnake if she thought it would help her get what she wanted.

That's why she was going to New London. Women district leaders from all the New England states were having a conference there, and Evelyn was to make a speech at the luncheon which was the main event of the day. Evelyn was a good speaker, too. Her voice was low and husky and never became shrill as some women orators' voices do.

She enraptured her audience. These other dames admired her French hats and nodded their heads in sympathy with her eloquent platitudes. "Isn't Mrs. Van Ness a wonderful speaker!" they'd say. "So sincere!" I'd heard them say it. That was when I still liked to hear Evelyn speak and was proud of her. But I wasn't any more. Now I felt that if I had to hear that speech of hers again I'd lose control and fire a chicken patty at her. For Evelyn's speech was nearly always the same and so were those damned luncheons. Nearly always there were chicken patties on the menu.

Well, that's the way it was with us. That's the way it had become since my own business had gone to hell and I'd been living on Evelyn's bounty. And I guess that's the way it is with a man when that happens. It eats into his soul and turns him sour inside.

Of course, there was the job I could have had two years ago, in the spring of 1935, with the Federal Housing Commission as assistant to Bill Crandall. He was in charge of developments building decent houses for workingmen. I'd have liked that. Bill and I had studied at the Beaux-Arts together. Yes, it would have been fun working with him again, although the salary wasn't much, just enough to get by on. Anyway, it would have been my own money; I'd have been independent once more. But Evelyn raised such a hullabaloo I didn't take it.

"Why, John, you can't accept a job from the present administration," she'd said.

"Why not?" I'd asked.

"What about my career? Why, I'd have to divorce you—" She laughed to let me know she was joking. But she wasn't joking—not altogether. "How far would I get if my husband accepted a job from the opposition party?"

"I'm so sick of living on your money," I'd muttered.

"Something will turn up," she'd said reassuringly.

And she'd put her arms around me and her cheek against mine, and I'd yielded. I was still in love with her then. Two years ago.

So for six months I'd taken the train to New York every day and resumed tramping the streets, calling on old friends. But I hadn't been able to get anything.

"What have you to worry about, John?" asked a former boss of mine who, I knew, had an opening in his firm. "I'd rather give the job to a man who really needs it. Why don't you get some of Evelyn's rich friends to commission you to build their houses or do their old houses over? I hear that even millionaires are out of their storm cellars and starting to spend money again."

"I don't like that way of doing things," I said.

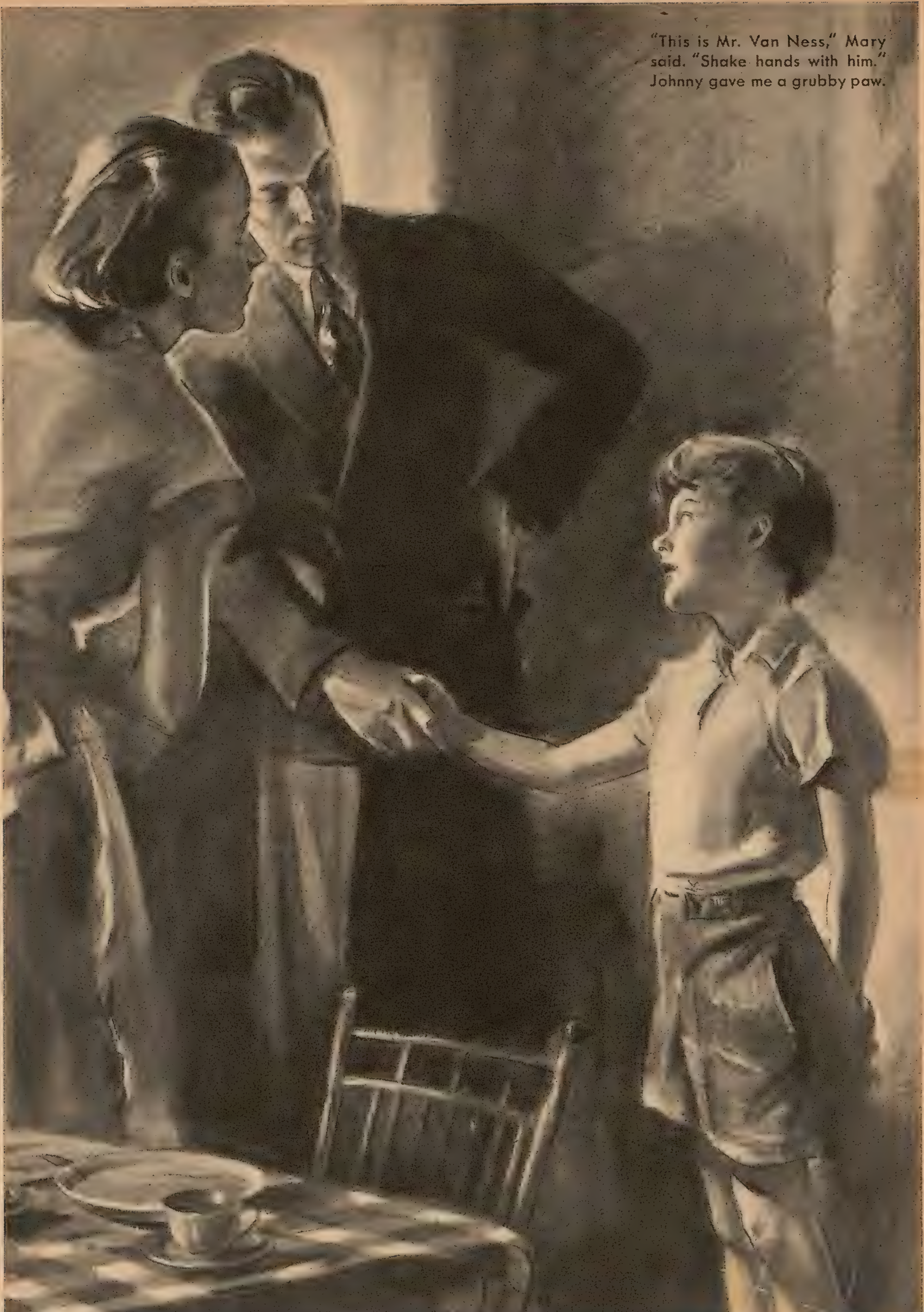
"The trouble with you is, your wife has so much money you've lost your ambition," he said.

Well, maybe that was it! Everybody thought it was a snap to be married to a woman who could support you. But it wasn't such a snap. I'd lie awake nights thinking how I could get away from it, and I'd have silly ideas, school kids' ideas, of going out West and starting all over again or hopping a freighter and working my way somewhere. Longing to escape in any way.

Evelyn broke into my thoughts with: "John, aren't you ever going to finish your breakfast? It's almost ten." And she spoke to me as if I were something you pushed a button for—and I guess I was. "I have to be there at twelve. How long does it take to get to New London?"

"It's just about fifty miles. A good two hours." I knew how far it was and I knew how long it would take. I'd had moments when I'd thought I'd go back to New London. But I never had.

"Two hours!" Evelyn said. "Then—please!—can't we get going?"



"This is Mr. Van Ness," Mary said. "Shake hands with him." Johnny gave me a grubby paw.

"O. K.," I said. Evelyn hated me to say "O. K."

But she did not correct me this time. Instead she said, "Don't take the big car. It looks a little—a little ostentatious."

"The coupé, then?"

"Jenkins took the coupé." She sighed. "We'll have to take that old roadster of yours."

I grinned. "Isn't that going to the other extreme?" I asked. My old roadster was pretty shabby. It was one of the last things I'd bought with my own money.

When I eased the old roadster around the circular driveway, Evelyn was waiting on the broad steps of the pillared veranda. Pulling on her white gloves, she was looking aloof and very much a lady.

I hopped out and opened the door for her and touched my finger to my cap.

"Did you have to wear that hideous old cap?" she said. "I asked you to act as a chauffeur, not to look like one."

"Go on, Evelyn!" I said. "You'd never let a chauffeur of yours wear a cap like this."

"No, I wouldn't," she admitted.

"I'm fond of this cap," I said. "It's an heirloom. It's like the car. I inherited it from the time I could buy what I liked, whether or not it met with your fancy."

"It doesn't seem as if we were going to have a very pleasant ride to New London," Evelyn remarked.

And in a pregnant silence, whatever that is, we started. Out the tall iron gates which looked like the entrance to a cemetery. And sometimes I felt they were. Down the old dirt road and so presently into the wide expanse of the Post Road.

But I couldn't keep nursing my grouch—not on a September morning with the maples flaming scarlet and the fields purple and gold with wild asters and goldenrod. And maybe at times I had been a pretty bitter pill for Evelyn to swallow. Not the success she'd like me to be. Not some one to whom she could point with pride and say, "Look! He's mine." Anyway, I took in a deep breath of that A-1 air and said, "Pretty swell, isn't it?"

"What?" asked Evelyn, astonished.

"All this! This morning! This air!" And waved my hand in a free-and-easy manner. The little old roadster was exhilarated too. It bounced over the shoulder of the road and bounced merrily back again, giving Evelyn a jolt, so that she had to grab her hat with both her hands.

"PLEASE be careful, John!" she cried. "Have you had a drink already this morning? I've told you you've been drinking too much lately."

"Oh, hell!" I said, grouchy again.

"Then you have had a drink?"

"No, I haven't. I wish I had."

"Why do you have to drink so much?"

"Well, it's something to do," I said.

And there we were again, suspicious of each other, hating each other.

It was Evelyn who put forth the tentacle the next time. "I've been thinking about my speech, John," she said placatingly. "Should I bring in anything about fish?"

"Fish!" I exploded, and laughed.

Evelyn looked impatient. "I mean a touch of local color. Isn't New London a great fishing center?"

I was still laughing. "Boatbuilding would be safer," I said. "Gloucester's fish, New London's building boats."

She looked at me. "Do you know New London?"

"I know it pretty well."

"I didn't know you did. You never told me."

"I spent a summer there six, seven years ago. I was remodeling an old house for a Detroit automobile manufacturer whose wife had suddenly gone New England."

"That must have been only a summer or two before we were married. It's funny you never told me."

It would have been funnier if I had told her. "Oh, well, it was a pretty inconsequential summer," I lied to her.

"Have you friends there?" she asked then.

"No, I don't think so," I said. "Everybody I knew that summer has either moved away or forgotten me." And maybe that was true. I didn't think it was quite true. I didn't want it to be. But maybe it was.

"You'll have to wait for me until about three. The meeting's at twelve, the luncheon at one, and then there are the speeches. You don't want to come to the luncheon, do you?" she suggested doubtfully. "I don't believe many men, if any, will be there."

"No, I certainly don't want to come to the luncheon," I said emphatically.

"You'll have three hours to wait. What in the world will you do with yourself?"

"I'll find something to do. I used to like hanging around the water front."

"Well, don't hang around some water-front saloon," she said, and opened her pocketbook. "Here's five dollars. Buy yourself a decent lunch somewhere but don't drink it all up."

I took the five dollars and stuck it into my trousers pocket. I should have been used to taking money from her by now. It was funny that it still made me ashamed. What right had I to feel shame and pride? Shame and pride, like champagne, were luxuries I could no longer afford.

I drove the car to the parking space in back of the hotel which those political ladies used as their headquarters and Evelyn left me at the rear entrance, saying, "Meet me here at three. And be sober. There's a good boy!"

To hell with her! I thought. It would serve her right if I came back stinking.

BUT I had no intention of doing that. I had no intention of it at all. And I walked out of that parking lot and down to the corner. And I stood there a long while, smoking one cigarette after another and wondering whether I should take that well remembered walk down to High Street again, and thinking that, anyway, after seven years it was a pretty useless walk to take. But that little house on top of the hill in High Street would still be there if nothing else was, if nobody else was, and it was like a magnet drawing me. Presently I flicked away the stub of my cigarette and started on my way to High Street, placing one foot in front of the other deliberately, as if each step had to be weighed and considered. But all the time the current was there pulling me on.

When I got up there I was breathless and I thought of the afternoons and evenings I'd run up that steep hill and only been breathless with rapture if anything. But now I was breathless because the climb took my wind and because of too much liquor and too many cigarettes and too much indolence and easy living all around. Easy living on a woman's money. And for a moment I had an impulse to turn around and go down that hill again.

But there was the white picket fence and the little white house and the garden filled with a tangled mass of color—pink and lavender phlox and deep red dahlias and the dizzy blur of golden glow. And there was a woman at one side of the house, hanging wash on the line that billowed out clean and sort of nice in the sunshine and the wind from the sea. And after I'd leaned there on the picket fence for a minute or two I knew that the woman was Mary.

And again I thought maybe it would be better if I turned and went away again without saying a word.

But then Mary finished hanging up the clothes, and she stooped and picked up the empty clothesbasket and started to go to the house, and then she saw me.

She didn't move for a minute, but she dropped one handle of the basket and with her free hand brushed the dark hair back from her eyes that were staring at me. And then she walked toward me. Very slowly. And I saw that she was no longer the slim young girl that I had known, but her face was still beautiful. More so. Her face was a perfect oval. It was a Madonna face, and her lips were red and generous, and her gray eyes were clear, and there was a lovely serenity in her face as if she had found out the answer to many things, and had found the right answer.

She was close to me before she said, "Hello, John," and she dropped her hand on my arm just for a second and smiled. "It is you, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's me," I said. "How are you, Mary?"

"I'm fine," she said; "I'm splendid."

Silly words! Words that ran out of us like an old tune from an automatic piano when you drop a nickel in the slot. And all the while I couldn't take my eyes from her face. And all the while my heart was pounding, except when, now and then, it seemed to stop dead.

"Will you come in?" she asked at last. "I've just finished my work." She looked at the wash and laughed, showing her perfect, rather big white teeth. "Come in and I'll give you a bite of lunch. You haven't had your lunch, have you?"

"No, I haven't. If it isn't too much trouble—"

"Trouble!" she said scornfully. "I'll have a batch of biscuits in no time. Biscuits and honey. Coffee and cold meat. Will that do? I suppose you're used to much grander things now"—and her eyes twinkled at me a little mischievously.

"Nothing can be grander than hot biscuits," I said. "I remember your Aunt Lucy's biscuits. How is she?"

"Aunt Lucy's gone," she said with sorrow but with no parade of grief. "She left me this little house. She left me everything she had. Come on in, John. Wait! I'll run around and open the front door for you."

So I went through the door through which I had gone so often, and into the narrow hall. On one side was the parlor which I remembered so cluttered up with Aunt Lucy's treasures; but now the parlor had been turned into a living room, comfortable and sparse and sweet-smelling.

"Sit down, John," Mary said. "Here! Give me your cap. Do you mind if we eat in the kitchen?"

"It will seem like old times," I said.

For the first time she seemed a little shy with me. "But not like present times, John, I don't suppose. I read about your marriage. I saw a picture of your home in Eastport."

"It isn't my home," I said.

Impulsively she put her hand on my arm. "Are you happy, John?" she asked.

"Well—" I said.

SHE stood looking into my eyes for a moment, her clear eyes searching mine. Then she said, with a sigh, "I hoped you'd be happy."

Then she left me, but in a few minutes called from the kitchen, "All ready, John. Come on in."

That was a cozy kitchen! There were red-and-white checkered curtains at the windows and on their sills flowering plants. There was a red-and-white checked cloth on the table, too. And then I saw the table was set for three, not two.

"Who's that for?" I asked, nodding at the third place.

"That's for my little boy," she said, and glanced at the clock on the shelf over the gleaming stove. "He should be here any minute. He only goes to school half time."

"How old is he?" I asked.

"Six."

My heart stopped beating for a minute, and then I said heavily, "And I didn't even know you were married."

"I'm called Mrs. Lockwood," she said, "no longer Mary Slocomb."

"But your husband—"

"We can talk about it later," she said quickly. "Here's Johnny now."

And crying "Mummy!" a little boy burst through the kitchen door, threw his cap on a chair, and then stopped suddenly when he saw me.

"This is Mr. Van Ness, Johnny," Mary said. "Shake hands with him. He's an old friend of your mother's."

Johnny gave me a squirming smile and a grubby paw.

"And now wash your hands, Johnny," Mary said.

"His name is Johnny too?" I asked in that heavy voice that didn't seem to be my voice.

"Yes," said Mary, and busied herself at the stove. "You two go ahead. I'll have your coffee in a minute, John."

Presently Mary sat down with us. I couldn't say anything. What could I say? And Johnny in his embarrassment was intent upon his food. Over the rim of his glass of milk I caught his eyes fixed upon me, a little hostile.

AFTER the silent meal was over, Mary said, "Now you run out and play, Johnny. But don't go into the street. Please! You know what you promised."

Johnny flew out like a bird released from a cage, and then Mary turned and looked at me.

"You know, John," she said. "You've guessed, haven't you? He's yours."

I dropped my head in my hands. After a while I said, "But, Mary, why—"

"I didn't know until after you'd gone," she said. "Until after I sent you away—"

"But why did you send me away? I never could understand—"

"You didn't want to marry me," she said. "You said you did, but you didn't. Not really. I was just another country girl to you."

"No!" I cried.

"Yes," she said. "And there was all that grand work you were going to do but you didn't have enough money to do it if—if you married me. I didn't want to tie you down."

"But after you knew about—about him—"

"I didn't think you'd care. Or want him. But I cared and I—I wanted him. Aunt Lucy stood by. I went away for a while, and when I came back I was Mrs. Lockwood and my husband had been killed in an accident and I had the baby. Folks were kind. I don't know whether they believed the story or not, but they pretended to believe. Well, I thought of letting you know, John, but by that time you were married, engaged anyway. I read about it. And it seemed such a wonderful marriage for you. And then there was Aunt Lucy to nurse and the baby to look after, and I was going to night school to—to improve myself a little, John, to be more

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Personal Direction: S. Gregory Taylor

like you and so I could teach him things. I had plenty to keep me busy."

"You look—so serene," I said.

"I've been happy," she said, "in a way—I guess it doesn't take much to make me happy. Maybe I'm a fool, but I don't ask for much."

And sitting there beside me she did look serene and proud and very much herself. She looked as if she asked little but gave much, as if she gave all of herself there was to give.

And I could imagine how splendid and sure she was as a mother, comforting, careful, kind and never querulous, and I could see her as a friend and as a neighbor, carrying jelly and flowers to those who were ill, helping those who needed help, helping in all the small but terribly important ways in which help is sometimes so desperately needed.

"The drama of life is under our noses, but *you* have to rush to the movies!"

And I felt like getting down there on my knees to her and asking her help and forgiveness, her help in leading me out of the wilderness in which I had lost myself.

So we said nothing for a while. Then Mary said, "Tell me about yourself. What brought you back to New London? How long are you to be here?"

"My wife—Evelyn" — I stammered—"had to attend a meeting here; a political meeting. I drove her here. I'm to call for her at three." I looked at my watch. It was a little after two.

"Yes, I read about your wife, too," Mary said. "You must be very proud of her. A friend of mine, Mrs. Burrows, heard her speak in Saybrook. She said she was wonderful. So sincere!"

"Yes," I said, and a hundred little devils laughed inside me.

"But about yourself, John? Did you ever build those little houses you were planning so long ago for people with just enough money to own their own homes?"

"No, I never did," I said.

There was a little sorrow in her face. And she said, "I hoped you would. You were so full of it then. I thought if you did things like that it would make everything seem so—oh, I don't know! It would be justification for—for everything. If you were free like that, if you had all her money in back of you to do it—"

"No," I said; "I haven't done anything—not a thing. I've just—"

She put her hand over mine. "Oh, but you can!" she said earnestly. "You will! You're still a young man. All your life is before you."

I rose then. I felt I had to get out. I felt I might break down and make more of a fool of myself than was necessary, say things I didn't want to say, had no right to say. "I have to go, Mary"—and my voice was almost a shout. "Let me go, Mary!"

"Why, John," she said gravely, "of course I'll let you go. I've never tried to hold you, but—"

I didn't want to look at her. "Good-by, Mary," I said. And then, suddenly, I had her in my arms and I was kissing her and I was sobbing, like the fool I was afraid I'd be.

She suffered this storm of mine for a minute. For two minutes. Then very gently she pushed me away from her.

"Yes, John," she said. "Yes, you'd better go."

I was at the rear entrance of the hotel promptly at three. But Evelyn wasn't. It was half past three when she came down the rear stairs. She carried a large bouquet of American Beauties and she looked radiant. "Aren't they lovely, John?" she said. "Wasn't it sweet of them to give them to me? Really, I don't think any speech of mine ever went quite so well."

When we were in the car she said, "What did you do, John? I feel so guilty keeping you waiting so long. What did you do to kill time?"

"Nothing," I said.

She turned to look at me. "You look rather funny. You look almost as if you'd seen a ghost."

"No, Evelyn, I didn't see any ghost," I said."

It was almost six when we arrived home. "Put the car away and come in and we'll have a cocktail," Evelyn said. "I just feel like a cocktail, John, and you can have two, if you want them. You've been such a good boy today."

"No, I'll leave the car here," I said. "I'm going to use it as soon as I've packed."

"Packed! What are you talking about?"

"I'm going upstairs to pack my things, Evelyn—only my own things, nothing you've given me. Then I'm going to start for Washington."

"John, are you crazy?"

"I suppose I am." I said. "It's time I was crazy. I'm almost five years late in going crazy. And I'm two years late in applying for that job in Washington. But Bill Crandall is still there. He'll dig me up some kind of a job. I'll make him do it."

"John, you can't take a job from Bill Crandall. We've been all over that."

"Yes, we've been all over it. But it isn't settled. I'm going to do what I should have done two years ago."

"But, John, if you take a job from the administration I'll—I'll divorce you. I told you that."

"That's the idea," I said. "Part of it, anyway."

"And after you've gone to Washington, what then?"

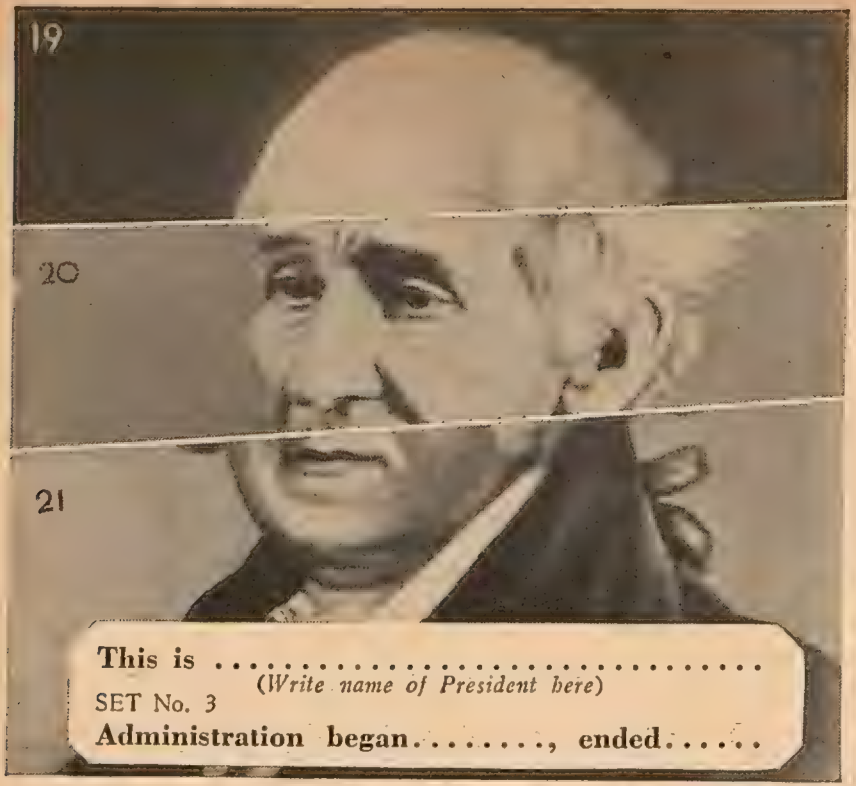
"Back to New London," I said, and I laughed, for I knew that Evelyn must think I had gone completely mad. "Back to New London when I have the right to go. Back to New London on my knees, Evelyn."

"John, you did have something to drink. You're drunk!" Evelyn cried.

"Yes, I'm drunk," I said. "I'm drunk, all right."

And drunk I was! Drunk with new hope. And because at last—at last!—I saw escape before me and a chance to be, God willing, the man I wanted to be.

THE END



This is ....
(*Write name of President here*)
SET No. 3
Administration began........, ended......

THE FOREHEAD is of the son-in-law of Colonel John Dandridge; the eyes and nose are of one who lost the Presidency to a man who had fewer electoral votes; the mouth and chin are of a Declaration of Independence signer.

START AN ENTRY TODAY! YOUR CHANCE IS EXCELLENT

$2,500 GAME OF PRESIDENTS

HERE is the third set of puzzle pictures in Liberty's $2,500 cash prize Game of Presidents. Have you started a winning set of solutions yet? When the awards are announced will your name be among the winners? Your chance to be a winner is still excellent if you get into the game without further delay. Start now, before you turn this page. You may not even need to study the clues—but if you need them you will find these clues of ample aid.

SEND FOR SETS 1 and 2

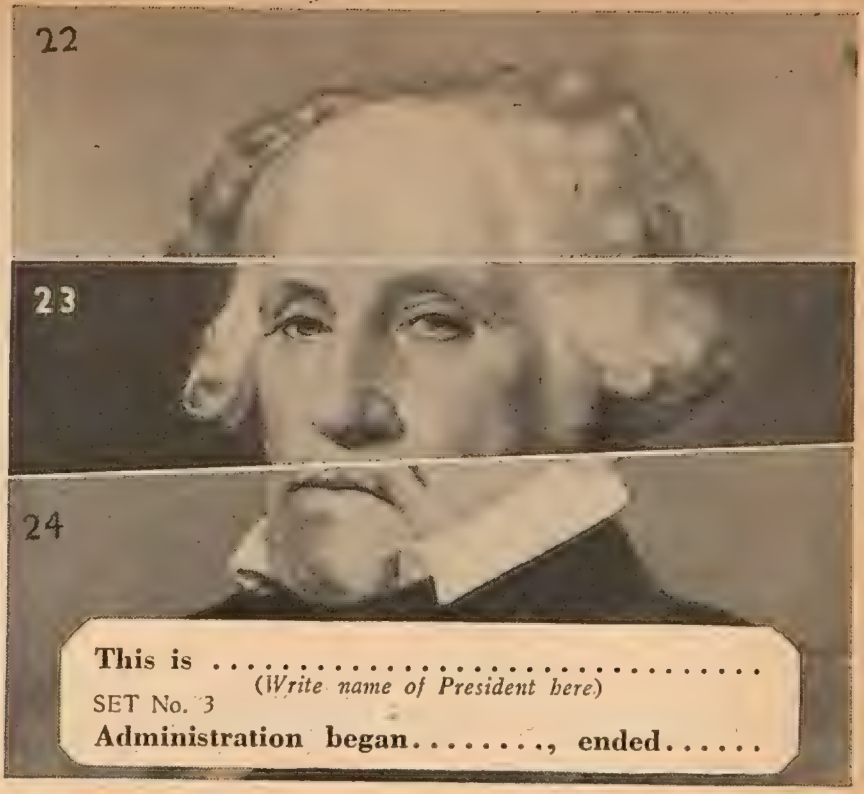
If you did not save the first two sets of composites, you can obtain reprints by writing to the contest address in Rule 6, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling. When you receive these you can put your entry even with those who started from scratch. Remember, your chance to win is excellent!

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	**$500**
SECOND PRIZE	**200**
THIRD PRIZE	**100**
70 PRIZES, each $10	**700**
200 PRIZES, each $5	**1,000**
273 PRIZES—TOTAL	**$2,500**

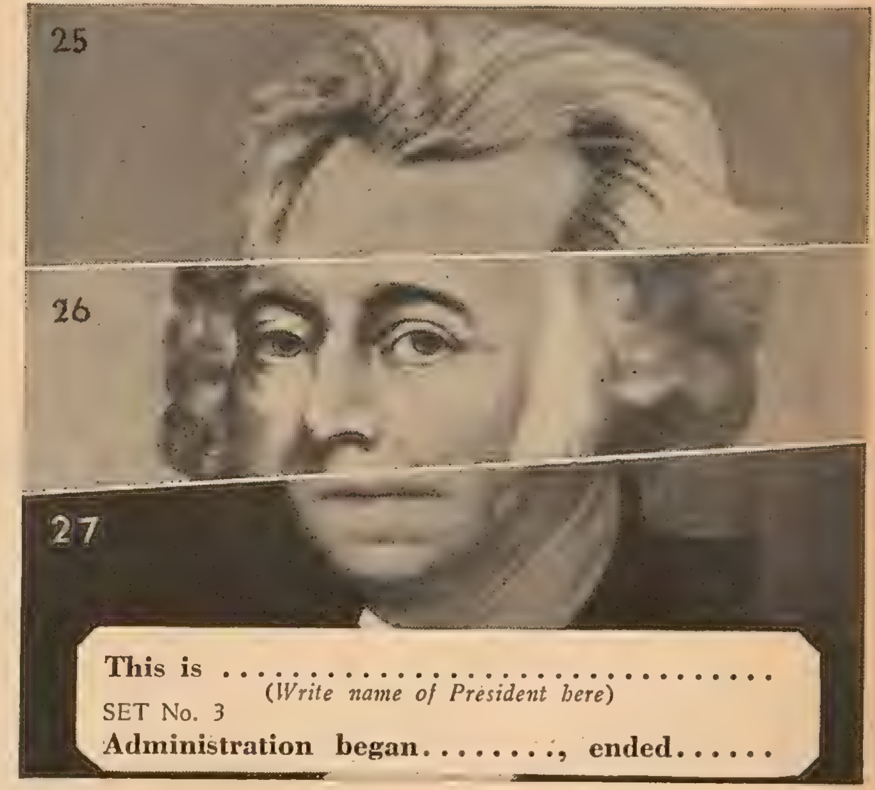
ABOUT THE WHOPPERS CONTEST WINNERS

Judging the recently completed Whoppers Contest is progressing rapidly in view of the unpredictably large number of entries which have all but swamped the judges. Results will be decided and published in a few weeks.



This is ....
(*Write name of President here*)
SET No. 3
Administration began........, ended......

THE FOREHEAD is of a 1755 Harvard graduate; the eyes and nose are of a famous commander in chief; the mouth and chin are of a planner of the Tennessee Constitution.



This is ....
(*Write name of President here*)
SET No. 3
Administration began........, ended......

THE FOREHEAD is of a major general at Pensacola; the eyes and nose are of an early Minister to Holland; the mouth and chin are of a general who served without pay, except for his expenses.

PRESIDENTS CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures of former Presidents of the United States.

2. Each set of pictures when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of former Presidents. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $2,500 in cash prizes according to the schedule on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Thirty pictures will be published in all, one for each former President. Franklin D. Roosevelt's picture is not included in this contest, only former Presidents being used.

5. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the President and the first and last years of his administration.

6. Mail your entry by first-class mail to PRESIDENTS CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.

9. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, February 23, 1938, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

HOLLYWOOD Woman

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

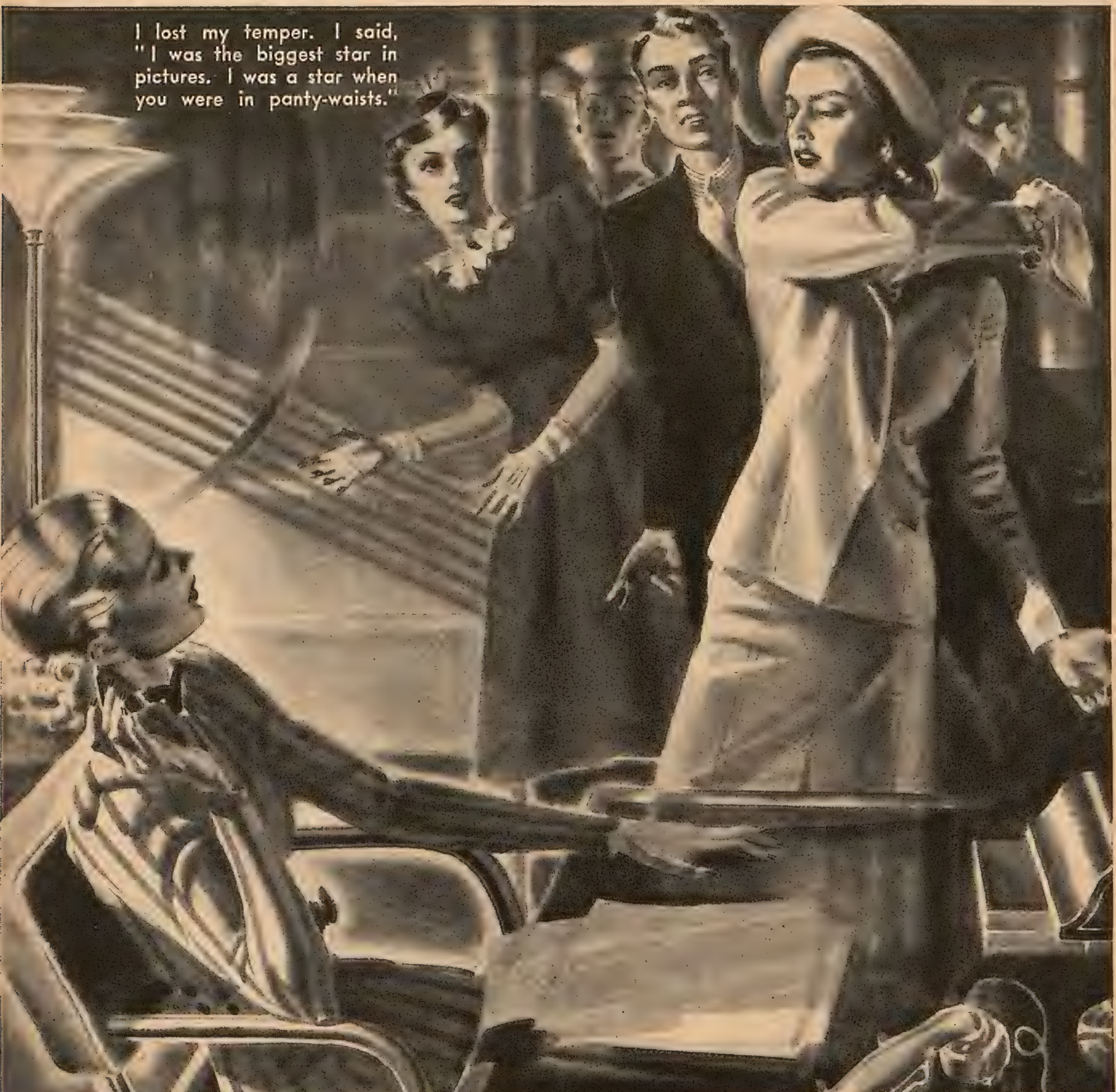
READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

HERA LAVELLE, down-and-out ex-star of the movies, is saved from suicide by Sharon Halliday, a young girl who is a stranger to her. Sharon takes the older woman home to her tiny bungalow and nurses her. Solano, once a famous clown, now poor and half blind, lives next door. He has always been in love with Hera, and tries to arouse her from her apathy by amusing her with his trick dog and talking of old times.

" You can be famous again," he tells her. But Hera doesn't believe him. After the death of Ian Hall, the man she loved and lived with for fifteen years, she walked out of her studio in the middle of a picture, and went broke drinking to drown her grief. She knows it won't be easy to make a comeback at forty-seven with a record like that.

One thing puzzles her. Why has Sharon taken her in? The girl has to look after her small niece, Holly Fane, who is ill with asthma, and after buying food and medicine and paying doctor's bills she has little enough left from her small earnings as an extra to share with a stranger.

Then Hera discovers that Sharon is in love with Donald Lent, son of the producer Sam Lent, and she thinks she understands. For Don Lent is Hera's son; Sam the husband she deserted for a screen career. Sharon's kindness means



I lost my temper. I said, "I was the biggest star in pictures. I was a star when you were in panty-waists."

ILLUSTRATED BY WALT[illegible]EFFRON

that Don has forgiven her, that they both want her in spite of what she has been. But she soon learns that she is wrong. Don hates her, and demands that Sharon choose between his mother and him. The girl, brokenhearted, sends him away.

One day the truth comes out. Sharon tells Hera she is Ian Hall's daughter. She was brought up to hate the woman who stole her father. But after her mother's death she realized her hate was blighting her life. To be happy, she must find Hera, ask forgiveness, atone for her sin. Now she suggests that the three of them—Holly, Hera, and herself—leave Hollywood together.

"No," decided Hera. "We'll stay here. Until we've licked Hollywood—and licked it good!"

Hera goes on with the story:

PART THREE—HAUNTING MEMORIES, VANISHED HOPES

I DIDN'T sleep much that night. I just lay in bed thinking.

People are fools to think. There ought to be a law against it. But it wouldn't do any good, would it? People can't help thinking. That's why they're fools. It's the hardest kind of work and the poorest pay. The more you think about things the worse you feel.

It was like that with me. I started thinking of Ian Hall, and the old days when we were both new to Hollywood and new to love. Love! There's another thing to torture and torment a human being. It's even worse than thinking. And you can't help loving any more than you can help thinking. You're trapped. The minute you're born you're done for.

I didn't try to control my thoughts this night. You can't control them anyway, nor put up "No trespass" signs against them. They'll roam in spite of you. Like husbands. If you fight them, they'll beat you down and drive you crazy. And nothing will help—flight, drugs, booze. Not even old age. I know. I found that out.

This night I let them roam.

I thought of Ian as he was when I first saw him, tall, and lean, and beautiful as a maiden's dream. And the way I went at the sight of him. All soft and limp and gooey. Ga-ga, they call it now. And the first time we played together. He wore the trousers and boots of a Confederate officer, and a loose white silk shirt, open at the throat.

The director was having kittens. The lights weren't right. The set was all wrong. Half the cast was late. We were long past our schedule—and the director was crying for speed.

"Get those lights fixed, and do it right now!" he screamed. "Fix the set now. Hurry! It's costing us a thousand dollars an hour to make this picture. And we're a hundred thousand bucks behind already."

Ian, half sitting, half lying on a prop chair, turned his amused and lazy eyes to me. "We got six years to do this in," he sang. "Tum ditty umpt tum tum."

I thought of Ian, and I thought of Sharon. A little girl in school she must have been then. I fancied her showing a letter from Ian; saw the shy pride in her face; heard some schoolmate's nasal whine: "Well, if he really is your daddy, why don't he ever come home?"

I thought of the first time Ian held me in his arms. It was on the Triangle lot, and we were co-starred for the first time. We were made up for a masquerade party. He was Romeo; I was Juliet. We were dancing. We danced upstage—into the camera.

Our feet stopped dancing, but our bodies swayed to the rhythm of the dance. He looked tenderly down into my face, then moved me so that I looked directly into the camera. No other leading man had ever done that before.

Valiantly facing the world, a fallen star seeks a new tomorrow in a swift, spirited novel of a soul tried by fire

They were all lens hogs, muggers. Not Ian. And he spoke, his voice sort of dreamy:

> "If I profane with my unworthiest hand
> This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
> My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
> To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss."

I'd heard of Shakespeare. I went to school once. But I'd never read him, never before met any one who did. Especially in Hollywood. And here was a man who poured Shakespeare out of his beautiful throat and made a sort of music of it. He must have been a stage actor, I thought, a Broadway actor.

This was in the silent days, when we made up our own lines, more or less. And anything went until we found out America was a land of lip readers.

"Boy," I said. "Are you classy!"

I felt—well, inadequate. And I blushed clean through my make-up.

He bent and kissed me. The kiss was written in the script—but not that way. It went through me, all the way to my knees. And they could hardly stand it. We waltzed out of the camera's eye. Somebody yelled, "Cut!" The music stopped. The camera stopped. The electricians shouted. But we just stood there in each other's arms for a moment, dumb and wide-eyed. Then we laughed and pretended nothing had happened.

I thought of dinners we attended. Long tables with places for thirty or forty. Orchestras hidden behind screens of phony palms. Enough candles burning to set the world on fire. Flunkies in livery standing by to keep your wineglass filled. And Ian reaching under the table to press the tip of my slipper.

I THOUGHT of the special car I'd had made for Ian, an open car we could roll his wheel chair into. I thought of him riding with me to the studio in the early morning, when the smell of the pepper trees was loveliest and most pungent. How he loved to breathe in that smell! How patiently he waited, watching from his wheel chair, while I did my stuff on the lot.

"Was I good, darling?" I'd say when I came back.

I thought of the night we began our life together. It was in Mexico. We were on location. Making a picture in Tia Juana. We'd finished shooting, and night had come, with the stars hanging just out of reach and a pumpkin of a moon riding low. You could smell dust and wild flowers, and cactus in bloom, and distant Mexican cooking. In some cantina you couldn't see an orchestra was playing Cielito Lindo.

We stopped to listen. We sat down on the stones that formed the base of a wayside shrine. The director had put the shrine there. The picture called for it. A crude box with no top on it, nailed on to a giant cactus. In the box, Christ on the cross, a lamp, and a few wreaths of flowers. Prop flowers.

Ian lit a cigarette and smoked it, then flipped it up in the air. We watched it fall like a tiny meteor.

"I'm no good," he said, after a long, long time. "But I'm all yours—if you want me, Hera."

Neither of us spoke or moved for a time. Then he got up and struck a match and cupped it in one hand. He took off the chimney of the shrine lamp and lit the wick. He replaced the chimney. He stretched out his hand. I took it and stood up beside him.

We'd been married countless times on the screen, standing thus, hand in hand, before an actor parson. Sometimes I wore white and had orange blossoms in my hair. Sometimes I wore other than bridal costumes. We were in costume then.

Now it all seems as phony as any of the pictures in which we played. But it seemed real then, romantic, beautiful beyond words. It was a scene from a play we'd written ourselves, in which we'd cast ourselves, which we played fiercely, ruthlessly, heedlessly, joyously. Yet, at the same time, it was real.

"For keeps," he said.

I looked at the dusty wooden face of the Christ, unearthly in the glow of the lamp. And I echoe[illegible]rds: "For keeps."

He stooped and put an arm about me. He didn't kiss me. To us two a kiss meant only a bit of business, the trade-mark of an actor. To kiss then would have been proof that we were acting.

"You're cold," he said. But I wasn't. My teeth were chattering. My knees were wavering. But I was burning with fever. Could he mean that "for keeps"? Wouldn't he tire of me some day? Would I tire of him?

He blew out the lamp, and a little twist of smoke went up into the moonlight. We started walking toward the lights of Tia Juana.

"The moon is your bridesmaid," he said. "And the stars—did you know there are stars caught in your hair, and in your eyes?—the stars are our wedding guests."

I'd had stars in my hair before, and in my eyes, and the sinking sun behind me—as well as the rising moon before me—and I'd walked with him many times before into the dawn of a new tomorrow.

But there was no camera there that night.

It was only a little red wine our lives had spilled out on the dust of Mexico, maybe—but it left a scarlet stain on more lives than ours. There was beauty in it, perhaps. But there was weakness too, and wickedness as well. We'd robbed a man of his wife, and a woman of her husband. We'd deserted our children.

ALL that was twenty years ago, and Ian was dead, and I was old and ugly and broke and ill—and serve me right. And now I must start paying.

The kids we had deserted had grown up and found each other in Hollywood. They loved each other as we had loved. And I had separated them, ruined their lives with an ancient scarlet sin. What could I do?

I could go back to the bridge over the Arroyo Seco and jump off. That might be the sensible thing to do. But it was too heroic, too big a role for me to play. I shivered now at the thought of suicide.

"That bridge," I thought, "has spanned a gap in my life, has led me into a new existence, one I must live until the end. How will I live it? I'll get a job. I'll make my own way. I did it once; I can do it again. And I'll help these kids. I'll make Holly well. I'll make Sharon a great actress. I'll make myself something my son can respect."

How could I do that? In pictures? In a comeback?

I'd walked out of a picture after Ian died. I'd cost the studio hundreds of thousands of dollars. They'd had to start over again, with some one else in my role. I'd broken my contract. I'd made the name Hera Lavelle another name for souse.

A fat chance I had to come back in pictures!

I might get a job in New York, I thought. Playing character parts or bits on the stage. But that was doubtful too. And how would I get to New York? And how could I leave Holly and Sharon now?

"No," I said. "I've got to stay here and fight—and beg. I've got to blackmail and blackjack my way back. I've got to cheat and trick and plead and scratch and claw and bite."

I went to sleep wishing I could get myself drunk again, and stay drunk until I died.

It was bright daylight when I woke. Holly, in her smock, was sitting on the foot of my bed.

"You look fine this morning," I said.

Her laugh tinkled through the room. Her bang fell over her eyes. She thrust out her lower lip and blew upward. She couldn't dislodge that bang, though, not even when she shook her head. She gave up trying.

"Thanks," she said. "So do you. And I am better. Sharon said I was well enough to be let alone today. She left hours ago. She got a call from Warners' for a new picture. We won't have to worry any more now about the rent. . . . Hera Lavelle, do you think I'll ever be a real artist? An artist like Michelangelo or El Greco, I mean?"

I let her talk for a while before I interrupted.

"Holly," I said, "tell me something about Don. What does he do? Is he an actor? Is he good? What pictures has he made? Where does he work?"

"No, Don's no actor, though he wants to be," she said. "He's an assistant director. At Classic. And that's a pretty big job, don't you think?"

"Classic?" I'd never heard of it.

"It's a big independent company. Sam Lent owns it. Don's father. Oh! Sharon said if you felt like getting dressed you could wear her things—anything that'd fit. And she has some very exquisite things, Hera Lavelle. Do let me help you pick them out."

"What time is it?" I asked.

She jumped off the bed, scampered out, and came running back to say it was just half past eight. I picked out a pair of slacks and a sweater, then tried a pair of shoes. They went on without any trouble.

I bathed and dressed and combed my hair. I felt like a two-year-old.

"Shall I get your breakfast?" Holly asked.

"Don't bother," I said. "Just show me where the icebox is; I'll do the rest."

The icebox was in the rear of the pantry. Such a bare pantry! There were fresh figs in it—fruit from the tree in the court. There were two oranges, a half-empty bottle of milk, one egg. Nothing else. Not even ice. There was a little sugar in the pantry, a little ground coffee, a little flour, a little tea, half a loaf of bread. Nothing else.

"I feel strong enough to take a walk today," I said, eating the figs. "Maybe I'll get a job."

"In the movies?"

Excitement made her eyes sparkle.

"Either that," I said, "or scrubbing floors, or waiting on trade back of a counter. Or washing dishes."

"Warner Brothers needs a thousand extras," Holly said. "But of course you couldn't be an extra, Hera Lavelle. You'll be a big star again. Only—only—"

"I'm all washed up," I said.

"Only you'll have to put on different clothes," she said. "And get Solano to lend you his car. The studios are miles away. You run over and see Solano. He's just next door. I'll lay out a costume for you. It'll be such wonderful fun!"

"I don't like to leave you alone." I was just stalling. I was afraid to go look for a job.

"I don't mind it. Sharon sometimes has to leave me alone every day for weeks. I love it. I get my own meals, study my lessons, play with my dolls, draw pictures. Sometimes I play with Solano and his dog."

"You don't go to school?"

"Oh, no. Dr. Hannefether assures me that would be the worst thing I could do. It would be very delirious to my health. Sharon teaches me."

I WENT outdoors after breakfast. And I stayed there a moment looking about me. We were high up on a hilltop. Hollywood lay sprawled out below me. Tall eucalyptus trees grew all about, and star pines, and palm trees with flowering vines twined around them.

I heard music, some one playing a march tune on a mouth organ. I turned toward the sound, and saw Solano sitting under the fig tree. His dog was marching in front of him, hopping on his hind legs—so many hops this way, turn, so many hops back. He had a toy rifle on his shoulder, holding the butt between his crossed forepaws. A group of children were watching, spellbound.

"Why, Solano, that's marvelous!" I cried.

He leaped up like one of his own rubber balls.

"Hera!" he said.

The little dog kept marching, but he looked at Solano as though he were perplexed, cocking his head.

"Ach, so. Halt!" Solano said and kissed my hand.

The dog let the toy musket drop, barked happily, and bounded toward us.

"Hera, you are well again. You are your old self."

"Maybe. I'll find out at the studios. May I borrow your car?"

"Borrow it? I give it to you, Hera. With everything else I have. You are well enough to drive? You will not tire yourself?"

I dressed carefully in the clothes Holly had picked out for me—vivid colorful sports clothes. They fitted me as though they were made for me. But the glass showed me I was still old, still ugly, still a has-been. And it was with no confidence that I started out in Solano's car that morning.

I went to Warner Brothers first, hoping I might see Sharon on the lot. Solano's car was impressive but old. It was a Mercedes with a thousand gadgets in it. I should have been thrilled, driving it out toward Burbank. But the wheel took all my strength, and the traffic frightened me. When I got out at the studio, my knees knocked together as I walked into the reception room.

"I want to see Jefferson Martin," I said.

A surly boy looked up at me from his movie magazine.

"He ain't with us any more."

"No? Where is he?"

"What's it to you, grandma?" he said.

Grandma! For a moment I saw red.

"I'm Hera Lavelle," I said. "And I want to see him."

"Hera Lavelle?" he said. He laughed—a nasty little laugh with sneers caught in it like burrs in the hem of your dress. "Hera Lavelle's been dead five years."

I went to Universal, to Metro, way out in Culver City, to Fox, to Columbia, to RKO, and then to Paramount. I wasn't long in any place. I wasn't welcome any place. I wasn't known. Secretaries of old friends looked at me insolently, suspiciously, curiously.

"Are you registered at the casting office?" one woman asked me.

I lost my temper.

"Casting office!" I said. "To hell with you and your casting office! I'm Hera Lavelle. I was the biggest star in pictures. I was a star when you were still in panty-waists."

"You may register at the casting office," she answered calmly. "That's all I can tell you. Next!"

I wandered out and climbed back into Solano's car, and sat there, trying not to cry, trying to nerve myself for what I had to do.

A policeman sauntered up leisurely.

"Can't park here, ma'am," he said.

"Where are the Classic studios?" I asked him.

He pointed them out. He gave me a funny look.

"Say, ain't you Hera Lavelle?"

I couldn't answer him. I could only stare.

"No, I guess not," he said. "But you look enough like her to be her mother."

I went away from there like the crack of a whip. Another minute and I'd have boohooed. I went around the block and stopped directly in front of the Classic studios, turned off the ignition, and got out.

A man in a gray uniform came running up.

"Can't park there, lady," he said.

But I'd been pushed around enough.

"I can," I said. "I'm Mrs. Sam Lent."

He took off his cap. He blew a whistle. Another man in uniform flat-

"For Christmas, Daddy, I told Santy to give you lots of DOUBLE MINT Gum..... 'cause we both like it."
Hang Double Mint on your tree. Enjoy it after your big holiday meals.
WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
R-264

BOYS! Get FREE Hockey Skates!

SCOOT down the ice . . . check your man . . . whip the puck into the cage for a score! Fun? You bet it is! And you can get skates for it, *absolutely free!*

If you want to watch the professionals play, we'll show you the way to earn money for a ticket. It's easy, and at the same time you earn this money, *you win the free hockey skates!* Here's one deal where you can't lose!

SEND IT NOW

As soon as we receive this coupon, we'll send you a free prize book showing pictures of over 500 swell prizes, just as easy to win as the hockey skates! And we'll show you how to start earning easy profits as well.

Don't miss this chance. Send in the coupon!

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division, L 12-25-37
205 East 42 Street, New York City.
Please tell me how I can become a Liberty Boy Salesman and make money and win free prizes.
NAME ....AGE........
ADDRESS ....
CITY ....STATE ....
Please have your parents show approval by signing here:
....

TRADE

PEACE

MARK

When a cough due to a cold plagues you, give your throat peace with a Smith Brothers Cough Drop. Black or Menthol—5¢.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

footed up. “Take care of Mrs. Lent’s car,” he said. “This way, Mrs. Lent.” In the reception room he placed a chair for me. He told the girl at the switchboard, “Mrs. Lent. To see Mr. Lent.” Presently the girl said, “Mr. Lent will see you, Mrs. Lent.” A very respectful brat came into the anteroom. “This way, Mrs. Lent,” he said.

I followed him through a winding corridor, through an outer office, through a massive door with Sam’s name on it. The boy closed the door. I walked, more or less steadily, to a chair near the desk, and sat down.

Sam had grown fat since I’d seen him last. And he was balder. What little hair he had was gray.

There was a dish of onion soup on his desk. It rested on a silver tray. The tray rested on a racing form, a sheaf of papers, the end of a thick black pencil, and the intricate tangle of three telephone cords.

“Hello, Sara,” Sam said.

He was holding a spoonful of soup in his right hand. His arm seemed frozen in that position.

“Hello, Sam,” I said.

He wasn’t glad to see me, only surprised.

He swallowed the soup in his spoon, dropped the spoon in the bowl, and rang a buzzer. A girl came in and removed the tray. Sam straightened out the mess of papers on his desk.

“Been a long time, Sara,” he said. “What can I do for you?”

“I want a job,” I said.

He shook his head from right to left, from left to right. He was still shaking his head when the girl returned with another tray. She lifted silver covers, filled the room with ravishing odors. A thick steak, blood rare. French-fried potatoes. Fried mushrooms. Asparagus tips. Buttered toast. She opened a thermos bottle and poured fragrant coffee into a glass crammed with cracked ice.

“Will that be all?” she asked.

“Dessert later,” Sam said. He turned to me.

“Eat?” he said.

I never felt so absolutely famished in my life.

“Yes,” I said, “I ate.”

He began eating without another word. The phone rang. Sam picked up the nearest to him. “Six, two, and one?” he said. “Good.” He hung up the phone. He sifted the papers until he found the one he wanted. He picked up the black pencil, scratched out a name, wrote a number.

“Won six hundred on that one,” he said.

“You’re playing the races?”

“Sure. Why not? I got to have something to take my mind off this business. Go crazy, otherwise.”

He picked out another phone, dialed a number. “Graceland,” he said. “Got the third at Thistle?” He waited a moment, pencil poised. “Three, four, and five.” He hung up, made new marks on the paper.

“Lost that time,” he said. “I keep track of every horse I bet on, amount won, amount lost, parlay, or daily doubles. You got to. Right now I’m sixteen hundred and eighty-eight dollars to the good.”

He went back to his steak and potatoes, eating furiously. He swallowed coffee. He phoned again.

“Graceland’s a code word,” he said. “It identifies me to the bookie. The numbers he gives me identify horses on the dope sheets he sends me.”

He spoke into the mouthpiece: “A hundred on Firefly in the fourth at Arlington. A hundred on Jimmy Two at Saratoga. Two hundred on Baby Mine at Thistle.”

The third phone rang. Sam listened a moment.

COMING SOON IN LIBERTY!

One of the most thrilling serials that have appeared in these pages!

The story of a beautiful and dynamic child of nature that all men loved and all women feared!

A story that grips your heart in the opening installment and sweeps you with it to its climax!

BE SURE YOU DON'T MISS

THE UNBREAKABLE MRS. DOLL

☆

Coming Soon in Liberty!

“O. K.,” he said. He hung up, and switched to another phone. He dialed a number.

“Cancel the bet on Baby Mine at Thistle,” he said. “This is Sam Lent. Put the dough on Penny Wise.”

He bent over his sheet of foolscap, making additional marks.

“That race is fixed,” he said. “I don’t bet on sure things. That’s no good. I’d rather lose.”

“I want a job,” I said again.

The nerve of him, sitting there, betting hundreds of dollars on horses, eating like a glutton—and me, down and out, having to ask him for work!

“Not a chance, Sara,” he said. “Sorry.”

I got up and stood over him.

“I’m still your wife,” I said. “Under California law I’m entitled to half of everything you own.”

“Yeah?” he said. “Sit down. Let’s talk it over. What do you want?”

“I want a job—any kind of job. Wardrobewoman. Scrubwoman. Anything. I want a job for Sharon Halliday, Ian Hall’s daughter. She’s the loveliest thing on earth. And she has talent. I want you to give her a screen test and a contract. Seventy-five a week, at least, to start. And I want you to give Don a chance. He’s no assistant director. He’s an actor. He’s my son. You’ve got to give him a break.”

Sam drank some coffee.

“Sharon is the girl Don wants to marry,” I said.

Sam rang a buzzer. The girl came in. Sam wrote something on a piece of paper and gave it to her. “Bring it here,” he said. “Immediately.”

“So we’re man and wife yet?” he said when the girl had gone.

“Yes,” I said. “I never got the divorce.”

“But you wrote me different,” he said.

“I know. But, at the last minute, I didn’t go through with it. Ian’s wife wouldn’t divorce him. Why should I go to the trouble of divorcing you?”

“And that’s all you want? No money?”

“Not a nickel.”

The girl came in with a long envelope. She handed it to Sam and went out. Sam took a paper out of the envelope and handed it to me. It was a photostat of the decree of divorce.

“You fight pretty dirty, Sara,” Sam said. A telephone rang. He picked up the receiver. “Yes?” he said. “Good.” He hung it up.

“Penny Wise romped home at fifty to one,” he said. “Ten thousand dollars. Don’t bet on sure things, Sara. Or what you think is a sure thing. Can I see you out?”

“I’ll tell Don you beat me,” I said. “I’ll tell him you drove me out of your house when he was a baby.”

He walked out with me to the car. He helped me in.

“Good-by, Sara,” he said. “Nice to see you again.”

He left me without another word, striding back to his telephones and his food.

“How do I get to Pasadena from here?” I asked one of the uniformed men. But before he could answer I started the car and beat it. I didn’t want to go to Pasadena. I wanted to go home and climb back into bed, and cry myself to sleep—like any other old woman who finds all hope is gone.

Will Hollywood ever give Hera a second chance? Can she ever help Sharon and Holly, make Don proud of her? In the coming installment, a strange young man brings surprising news to the little bungalow, and Hera is caught in a whirl of excitement. Don’t miss next week’s Liberty!

Passion Before Marriage

Our Sons and Daughters —Have We Been Blind About Them?

The final article of a challenging series on a vital problem of today

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THIS is Liberty’s final report on its investigation into the sexual practices of adolescent boys and girls and not yet married young men and young women. It is not a very reassuring report.

Judged by every standard of sexual conduct which we have been taught to accept, the morals situation among our present-day youngsters can only be described as *bad.*

As you know from the preceding reports, every effort has been made in this investigation to be fair to youth. We have gone out of our way to absolve youngsters of responsibility for the post-depression situation in which they find themselves.

All of which does not alter the plain fact that there is more sexual intercourse outside of marriage among the young people of this decade than in any other period in the history of our country.

Quite as alarming—although less generally recognized—is a vast quantity of sex dalliance and perversion masquerading under the name of petting, which involves not normal intercourse but practices and habits far more dangerous to physical and psychological welfare.

These indulgences involve boys and girls we know. They threaten, if they do not already involve, our own sons and our own daughters.

Every minister of the gospel worthy of the pittance which he receives knows about this situation, but he is helpless to do anything about it—one reason being that if he did, he’d lose his job.

Every alert teacher is aware of most of the facts stated in these reports; but he, too, has a job to hold.

Every doctor *should* know these facts, but a surprising number don’t. The average middle-aged physician knows little of sex physiology and less of sex psychology.

There is, therefore, no use saying “This is a moral situation and should be handled by a priest,” or “This is a pedagogical situation and should be handled by a teacher,” or “This is a pathological situation and should be handled by a doctor.”

These worthies either will not or cannot “take it.” In each instance they will pass the buck right back where it really belongs—to us, the parents who brought this generation of youngsters into a war-shaken world.

She has had a frank talk with both John and Sally.

After all, these *are* our kids.

The most shocking finding of this investigation, therefore, is the average parent’s total unawareness of what is going on.

I could give you at least a hundred examples. I will give one, Mr. H. Terry ———, father of the girl who carried contraceptives in her pocketbook and of the boy who was living with the girl he wanted to marry, in what we may well call . .

CASE HISTORY NO. 5

“Well, son, how’s your sex life?”

I didn’t take H. Terry’s greeting personally. I knew he was referring to my investigation of the sex life of the young. But his frivolous tone boded no good for the objective I hoped to gain by this luncheon conference.

“I’ve been thinking over those stories you told me about all the sex doings you’ve got hep to on your travels, and I want to tell you I think they’re the bunk. You’re just like all the guys that go out looking for trouble; you find it. I get sore at these youngsters myself, but when it comes to this sex stuff, I’ll bet they’re not so bad. Why, hell, we were all young once! What have these young people got in the way of temptations that we didn’t have?”

I named a few. One was that strange offspring of a pious attempt at prohibition, the sexes getting drunk together at all hours of the day and night. Another was the automobile. Still another was the popularity of sex literature of the Viennese and Moscow varieties.

“Who reads that stuff?” blurted H. Terry.

“Helen does, and John.”

“I don’t believe it.”

“There are certain whispering campaigns, too,” I continued. “One is the often repeated statement that it is impossible to stay healthy without sexual intercourse. A girl interrogated in a recent student survey insisted that she ‘could not meet the demands of a stiff college course unless she continued on her reckless way!’”

“I don’t believe it.”

“Another report going the rounds is that continence interferes with the development of personality—in short, that virginity is a social handicap. Some of the other theories are too absurd to bear repetition. All, however, have their influence.”

“I don’t believe it.”

"Well, what *do* you believe? Did you ever hear of a war, of a depression, of a lengthened period of sexual tension, of 'heavy petting'?"

"I don't want to hear about them."

"Suppose we bring the problem close home," I persisted. "Suppose I should tell you that your own daughter carried contraceptives in her handbag, and that your own son was living in 'sin' with the daughter of one of your best friends. What would you say?"

H. Terry laughed until his paunches shook.

"I'd say," he grinned, "that you were a damned liar."

On that one I gave up!

At least, I gave up on H. Terry, and went to call on his wife. Beloved Mary! She knew John and Sally wanted to get married. She knew the code under which so many of their friends saw fit to live. She didn't fool herself with the idea that her children were different from the rest. All she needed from me was confirmation of the fact that she had better do something about it.

I understand that she has had a frank talk with both John and Sally, and has promised them that if they will give up their present physical relationship for the balance of John's last year in college, they shall be married in the summer. How she is going to manage it financially, I don't know. H. Terry will take John into his office. Mary will undoubtedly persuade him to give the boy a living wage. This she will probably supplement out of her own allowance to take care of Sally. She may, after the fashion of the day, bring the young folks home.

Similar provisions will be made, I am sure, for little Helen when she decides upon one of her suitors.

At least one man's family will be steered safely back into the home port!

END OF CASE HISTORY NO. 5

I wish it were as easy to fix up all those others whose difficulties I have witnessed. But there aren't many families like the H. Terry ———s, who can afford to subsidize their children's marriages. Most of us parents are lucky to keep out of the bread line.

The sex breakdown is not an isolated phenomenon. It is part of a general breakdown, which is economic and political. When we of the older generation left school, we knew where we were going. We believed that, given honesty and industry and a fair ability, we should achieve security. We greeted the future with a cheer.

These youngsters are different. They were born, many of them, in the hysteria of war. They were raised, all of them, in the despair of depression. They have never known a normal life; they never hope to have one. Not knowing what to think, many of them have stopped thinking altogether. The result is what is probably the youngest younger generation of all time.

That there are exceptions goes without saying. But it is a fact that even the most mentally alert of modern youngsters are dazed by the deflation of old values.

Out of this lack of thinking and this confusion of thinking has come their "So what?" attitude. "It's not our baby." "Let father do it." "We didn't ask to be born." "What's the use?" "Aw, nuts!" No one can have mixed with present-day youth without having had his ears deafened by this chorus of futility.

"They yearn for success," writes one student of the problem, "but they do not want to earn it. They are disciples of the relief-born doctrine that the world owes them a living."

We are naturally loath to believe that we have bred a generation of thumbers, and we do not need to believe it to realize that some of these things are true—and contribute mightily to the dropping of the moral bars.

In outlining a seven-point plan, therefore, for restoring sexual sanity, we must begin with the economic phase of the situation. We must first restore the marrying age to normal. Short of a speedy and complete business renaissance or a government subsidy, there is only one way to do it: a shortening of working hours, a staggering of workers, a spreading of jobs, a temporary exclusion of married women from industry, and a priority employment rule, applicable to all jobs, favoring young men who are married or are ready to marry.

I do not say that these measures are wholly desirable or, for a long-time policy, wholly practicable; but I do say that, unless business spurts or government guarantees marrying couples a marriage wage, they must be adopted—and that soon.

Meanwhile, either private philanthropy or government largess must provide some wholesome and constructive occupation to keep boys' and girls' minds off their bodies. That the CCC has done much to delay the present sexual revolution is rather generally agreed. That the National Youth Administration, through lack of funds and lack of direction, has conspicuously failed in the same effort is also generally agreed.

Occupation is no cure-all. Exercise, either mental or physical, is a sorry enough substitute for normal sex life. Still, it is a big help. Recognized for what it is, a temporary palliative and not a permanent cure, it should be employed promptly and on a large scale.

Schools and colleges and, especially, vocational institutions should be put on a mass-production basis. This may seem like a large order. But if certain educational and philanthropic foundations would divert their financial energies from cluttering college campuses with phony Gothic vaults and arches, ludicrously superimposed on honest steel building construction, into this business of preventing a moral revolution—and perhaps a political one!—no government aid would be necessary.

The third practical step we must take is to conduct the widest possible educational campaign on the plain facts surrounding premarital unchastity.

Let's first face the facts ourselves. Morality is a word that has lost caste with this new generation. So, alas, has religion. Good old-fashioned fear of results is the only thing that holds back most modern youngsters. If the average girl were fully apprised that the boy friend's "You're perfectly safe" was a lie, if she knew that no contraceptive was 100 per cent perfect, that devices prepared by some supposedly reputable firms were only between 40 and 60 per cent effective, and that those peddled by disreputable druggists and filling-station proprietors were hardly effective at all, premarital sex would slump.

There is even richer ground to cultivate. The government and, belatedly, the medical profession have started an educational campaign against venereal disease. All we have to do is to have the guts to see that our young people read the right periodicals, and believe what they read.

Less has been done to convince young women of the dangers of abortions. It is a crime to allow our daughters to believe that even if they "get caught" they are perfectly safe anyhow. They should know that the danger of septic poison from an abortion is seven times as great as from childbirth.

NEXT to fear of pregnancy, fear of hurting or offending parents seems to be the most influential factor in making young people go straight. The same college investigation that showed 20 per cent refraining from sexual intercourse for the one reason showed 15 per cent refraining for the other. This percentage, by careful parental cultivation, can be immeasurably increased.

Fear that a girl may lose caste in the eyes of the lover to whom she surrenders, or of a later lover whom she wishes to marry, is another factor which keeps girls from going the limit. So long as older people treat the present sex situation as if it did not exist, this factor does not have a fair chance to work. It might become the most influential of all.

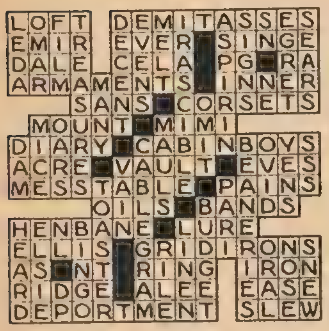
If we realize that nine out of ten of the couples who go the limit, or who do heavy petting, would infinitely prefer marriage, we are halfway toward a meeting of their minds and ours. We may not be able to give them at the moment that normal sex life for which they yearn, but, by appealing to that yearning, we can foster the willingness to wait for it. This is, I believe from my observations, vitally important.

Finally, we must restore our children's confidence in their own ability to secure the finer things of life. We should point out what so few people seem to realize: that the youngsters of the present day, with their faces toward the rebuilding of the world, are the children of a new destiny.

THE END

CROSSWORDS

HORIZONTAL
1 Male parent
5 An African tribesman
11 One's residence
15 Winged
16 Melodic
17 At sea
18 Falcon
20 Teeth
22 Large body of water
23 Expunge
24 Wire measure
25 Animal offspring
26 Abrade
28 Befall
30 Unit of electrical capacity (pl.)
32 Combining form: thrice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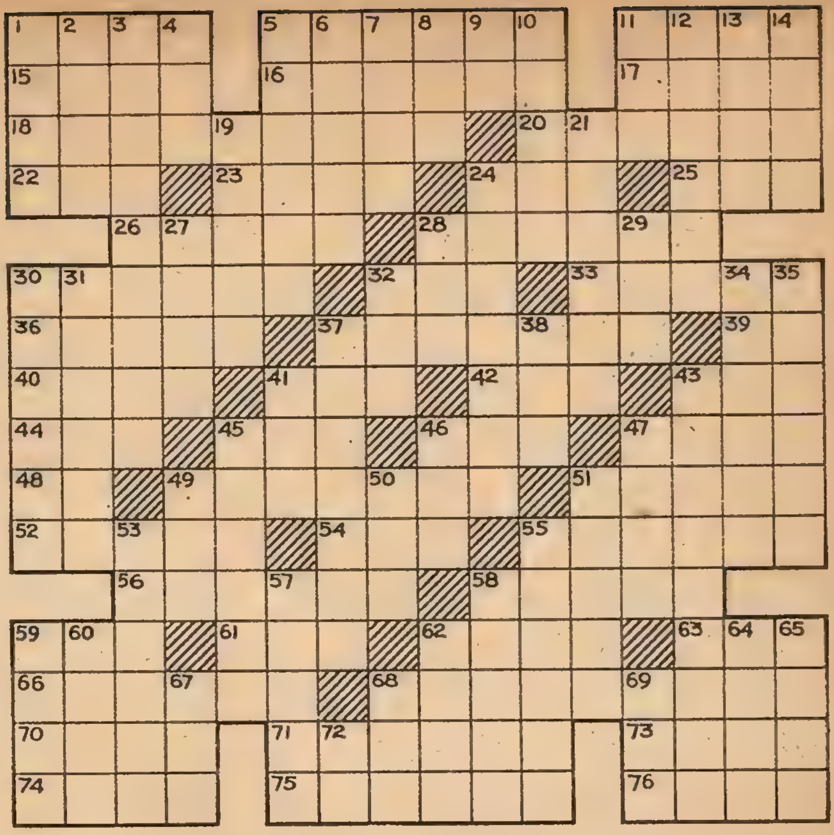
DALE CELA■PG■RA
ARMAMENTS■INNER
SANS■CORSETS
MOUNT■MIMI
DIARY■CABINBOYS
ACRE■VAULT■EVES
MESSTABLE■PAINS
OILS■BANDS
HENBANE■LURE
ELLIS■GRIDIRONS
AS■NT■RING IRON
RIDGE■ALEE EASE
DEPORTMENT SLEW

Answer to last week's puzzle

33 Garment (pl.)
36 Declaim
37 Animate
39 Conjunction (Fr.)
40 Saws wood lengthwise
41 Fragment
42 High, pointed hill
43 Mineral-bearing mass
44 Tree
45 Fruit covering
46 Of small number
47 Otherwise
48 Eldest born of Chaos (Greek myth.)
49 Revolved
51 Trap for fish
52 Go into
54 Metal
55 A singing bird
56 A space
58 Memento
59 To be indebted to
61 A cap
62 Father (Fr.)
63 Duet
66 Mussulman
68 Conveys
70 City in Kansas
71 Gratify
73 Any plane surface
74 That which remains
75 Sojourned
76 Autocrat

VERTICAL
1 Soft food (pl.)
2 Opposite of aweather
3 Division of a chapter
4 Part of to be
5 A unit of weight (pl. var.)
6 Ascend
7 Splendid
8 Enemy
9 Part of to be
10 Forgive
11 Man's nickname
12 American Indians
13 Pond
14 Compass point
19 Arrange in steps
21 Man's name
24 Deserved
27 Gnawing animals
28 Babylonian deity
29 Lair
30 Food for animals
31 Ascended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32 An explosive (abbr.)
34 More succinct
35 Inflexible
37 Error in printing
38 Solemn promise
41 Without
43 Flowering plants
45 Salt of boric acid
46 Boggy land
47 Predatory bird
49 Biblical name
50 It is (abbr.)
51 Forms into a mass
53 Formal essay
55 Salted in brine
57 Beats down
58 Annoy
59 Hebrew measure
60 Was clothed in
62 Beseech
64 Carbamide
65 Ridges of drift (geol.)
67 Tennis term
68 Beverage
69 Well rounded or filled out
72 Naval officer (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"Call for PHILIP MORRIS"
Call for PHILIP MORRIS
Call for PHILIP MORRIS America's finest Cigarette

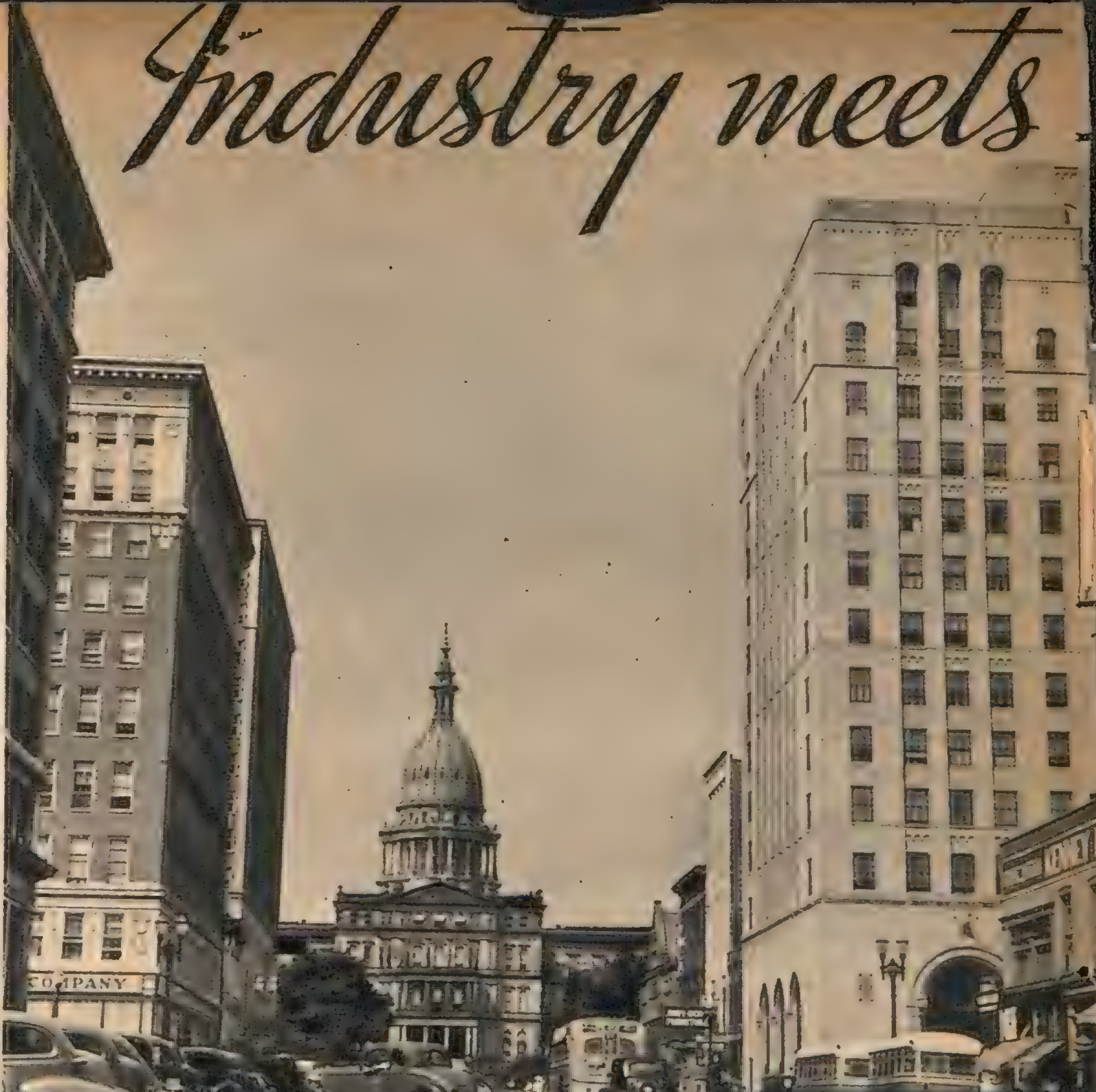
Industry meets

Benjamin Pulver owns nine Sinclair stations in and about Lansing. "I read Liberty—in fact, it's my favorite magazine," says Mr. Pulver.

District Manager Otto C. Benjamin supervises 45 first grade outlets for the Kroger Grocery & Baking Company. He likes Liberty for "its wide-awake, progressive outlook and modern ideas about life."

dward VanDervoort, one of three brothers who run the largest hardware outlet in Central Michigan. He handles Westinghouse Refrigerators, Remington and Winches- er Rifles. "I look first for stories and articles with sports angle," says Mr. VanDervoort.

George E. Knight, Norge Sales & Service, handles Stromberg-Carlson Radios as well as a complete line of Norge Appliances. He says: "I've been a weekly reader of Liberty for six years solid. I like good fiction, but find myself reading a lot of other things."



Looking west along Michigan Ave. at the State Capitol. The Olds Hotel is on the left, and across the way the Bank of Lansing. Many of Lansing's business establishments are located on Washington Street, which intersects Michigan Ave. at this point.

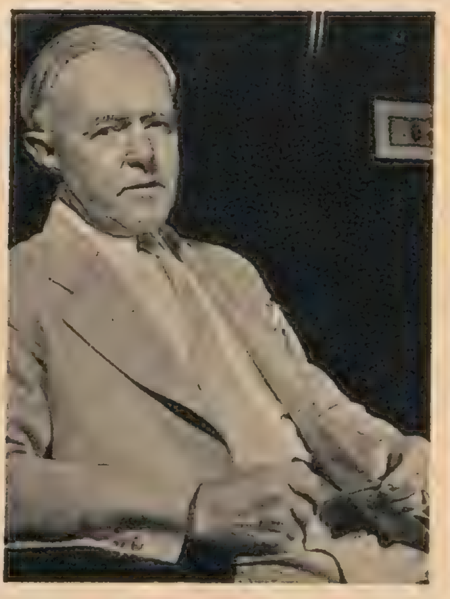
Charles E. Ecker is Presiden of the Ingham County Bar Association and chief executive for R. E. Olds Co. "I am keenly interested in what you are doing to rouse public interest in the crime problem."

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN
FOR LIBERTY BY ROBERT W. LEAVITT

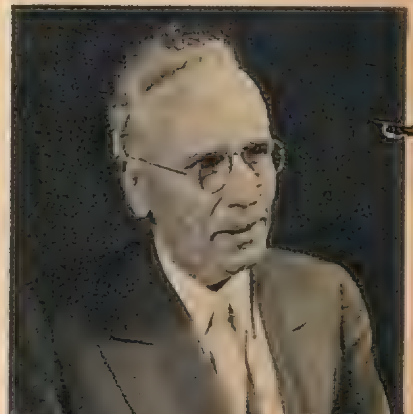
Photographic Illustration Inc.

R. E. Olds and Frank Clark finished the first Oldsmobile in 1897. This year, the great Olds factories turned out 225,679 cars,

As publisher of the 82-year-old State Journal, Paul A. Martin appreciates good reporting and good writing. He reads Liberty regularly, likes the short, terse handling of fiction.



Ray Potter, President of the Lansing National Bank, says: "I like Liberty because it gives me what I want in crisp, concise form. It comes into my home every week."



J. W. Wilford, President the Bank of Lansing, is ide tified with many civic mov ments in Lansing. He is an enthusiastic Liberty reader; says: "Liberty makes the most important topics simple and quick to read."

Government in LANSING

LIFE BEGAN in Lansing just a hundred years ago. The original settlers threw a dam across the River Grand . . . people came . . . buildings rose . . . and business boomed. Ten years later, the Michigan legislature moved from Detroit and Lansing became the state capital.

But although Lansing payrolls list 18,000 workers, although government and legislators meet here, although Michigan State musters 5,000 students, Lansing is not a factory town, a political camp, or a college town. This city of 85,000 is well-balanced and well-rounded. It is another well-known community typical of "worthwhile America."

Visit Lansing, and you'll recognize the importance of these worthwhile communities. And you'll see the local importance of national magazines.

In Lansing Liberty is read by every sixth family, by four out of ten members of the business clubs. It is what people think of a magazine that makes it important. These candid interviews show what some of Lansing's leading citizens think of Liberty.

LANSING
CITY LIMIT

Mrs. Alice Alexander, one-time head of the Corporation Division, Michigan State Department, now practising attorney, rarely misses an issue of Liberty. She likes "the articles on social problems, national affairs, and the editorials."

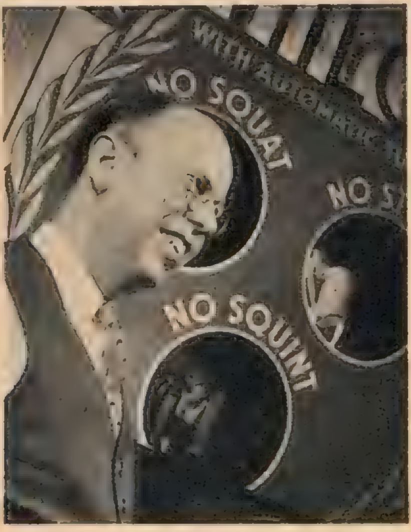
"Goodrich advertising in Liberty makes me feel a home," says Harry R. Graham, manager of Goodrich Silvertown Stores "I read every issue an enjoy every minute of it.

Ransom E. Olds, founder of the Oldsmobile and Reo automobiles, is a regular reader; says: "Liberty, written in terms of the future, not only makes informative and interesting reading, but stimulates one's thinking as well."

Here's a street of neat, well-kept homes typical of Lansing's residential sections.

C. E. Wilkinson is General Manage of Lansing's three big Rexall Dru Stores. "I read Liberty for my ow enjoyment," he says, "but of course keep an eye on the big national dru campaigns appearing in Liberty."

Grover C. Barnhart, Presi-
lent of Lansing Lions Club,
: "A telephone check of
bers shows that 44.7%
Liberty, and that in-
s me." Other clubs
d: Kiwanis, 35.7%;



When Earl J. Budd reads Liberty, he also watches Liberty's advertising pages for the merchandise he handles—Philco and Stromberg-Carlson Radios, A. B. C. Washers, R.C.A. Parts, and Leonard Refrigerators

F. H. McClintock, Cadillac-LaSalle dealer, says: "Liberty's aviation stories are favorites with me."

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

PATSY VAN HEUTEN and Dick Lombard are married when both of them are nineteen. He is a big fellow, handsome and rich, while Patsy is petite and sweet. They are as different in mentality and tastes as they are in physique. Dick revels in violent action and adventures. She likes books.

But their first year of marriage in Nevada is ideally happy. Then Craig Wendell, a popular novelist, visits them. Patsy enjoys his cultured society, and Dick grows jealous. To get his wife away from the writer, the fuming husband virtually compels her to go riding with him in a terrific storm in spite of her reluctance and fear.

Stumbling, the horse throws Patsy, severely injuring her. Dick is abject in his grief and regret, but Patsy feels that they should part. Her love has been deeply wounded. Blaming Craig Wendell for it all, young Dick motors like a demon to New York without a word of farewell, and plunges into a fool's paradise of riotous living.

Two girls like him especially: Lucia Valiant, society girl and golf champ, and Florette Vincennes, a stunning night-club torch singer. But Dick has sworn off marriage now that he has been divorced. And he can't forget Patsy. However, the beautiful Florette becomes his mistress.

Divorce has not made Patsy forget, either. On Dick's twenty-first birthday she sends him a gift of a rare white porcelain horse, despising herself even as she does it. Dick doesn't acknowledge it; but on her birthday he sends her a little toy merry-go-round music box.

Though she has gone into the resort ranch business with Craig in Reno, and he is in love with her, Patsy decides to go to New York. On the eve of going, the newspapers carry a story of an automobile accident in which Florette has been disfigured for life and Dick only slightly hurt.

"You must never leave me, Dick!" Florette shrieks in agony.

"I promise," says Dick.

Word is flashed in headlines that they are to wed.

Too Many Wives

Love left behind . . married to a stranger!—The story of a man's groping heart

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

PART FOUR—THE SECOND MRS. LOMBARD

DICK spent on his second wife's face enough money to send five hundred women to a Fifth Avenue beautician for a year.

He spent it in the spring and summer of 1930 when, strangely enough, he couldn't afford it. For Dick Lombard, Captain Kidd, Jr., was one of the casualties of Wall Street's most fantastic crash. One of the ones about whom the old platitudes were mouthed: "Higher they fly, farther they fall"; "Bigger the balloon, louder the pop"; and so on.

Out of the wreck he saved only his honor and his ranch. And in saving those he felt Fate had been decent to him.

When he realized he was practically wiped out, he quietly sold his seat on the Exchange for less than half what he'd paid for it. He cabled Florette (who was now under the care of a plastic surgeon in France) not to worry over what she read in the papers. And he sublet his expensive East River apartment.

It was while he was dismantling this apartment that he finally came upon the package containing Patsy's little white horse. When he pulled the porcelain animal from its shredded tissue wrappings, he was puzzled. But when he consulted the old date on the wrapper—the day after his birthday, almost a year ago—he guessed who had sent it.

He carried it to his desk, placed it there in the forlorn welter of papers, books, personal belongings that appeared uprooted and uncomfortable in the chaos of moving. But the little white horse looked untouched, remote in the turmoil. Its tiny leaping figure carried Dick's thoughts away from the East River and Wall Street and a hospital in Paris to the desert and valleys and hills of Nevada, to sagebrush and sunsets. Carried them especially to a cabin in the Sierras and a childish brown-eyed girl who had lain in his arms on another birthday morning.

Lord! That seems a long time ago, thought Dick. I hardly remember those two—Romeo and Juliet they called us. . . . I was a fool! he thought.

Enough of this! Dick ran his hand over his crisp yellow hair. It should have been gray after all he'd been through! Feeling very old and scornful of himself for the sentimentality that Patsy's gesture had wakened in him, Dick began to pack.

But he packed the little white horse among some of the last things. Packed it carefully. And in his new—simpler—apartment, he stood the porcelain on his desk. It meant Nevada to him, lost youth.

In the weeks that followed he looked at it only now and then. It became part of his room, his new life. Even as the pathetic scrawls from Florette were. And the heat of New York summer. And the occasional rides with Lucia or visits to her Long Island home, which was like cool paradise compared to East Thirty-sixth Street!

Dick worked like a dog that summer. He allied himself with a firm so old and solid that it had withstood the first earth-shaking shock and was unharmed by the following quakes. He worked between their New York and San Francisco offices. And once, when the longing for Nevada became too great, he drove from San Francisco to his ranch, rented now. But he didn't go near Patsy and her new enterprise; nor did he know that she, on a trip to her mailbox, saw him. . . . What could they say to each other? thought Dick. Besides, this new Patsy who was getting a reputation as a successful business woman would be a stranger to him.

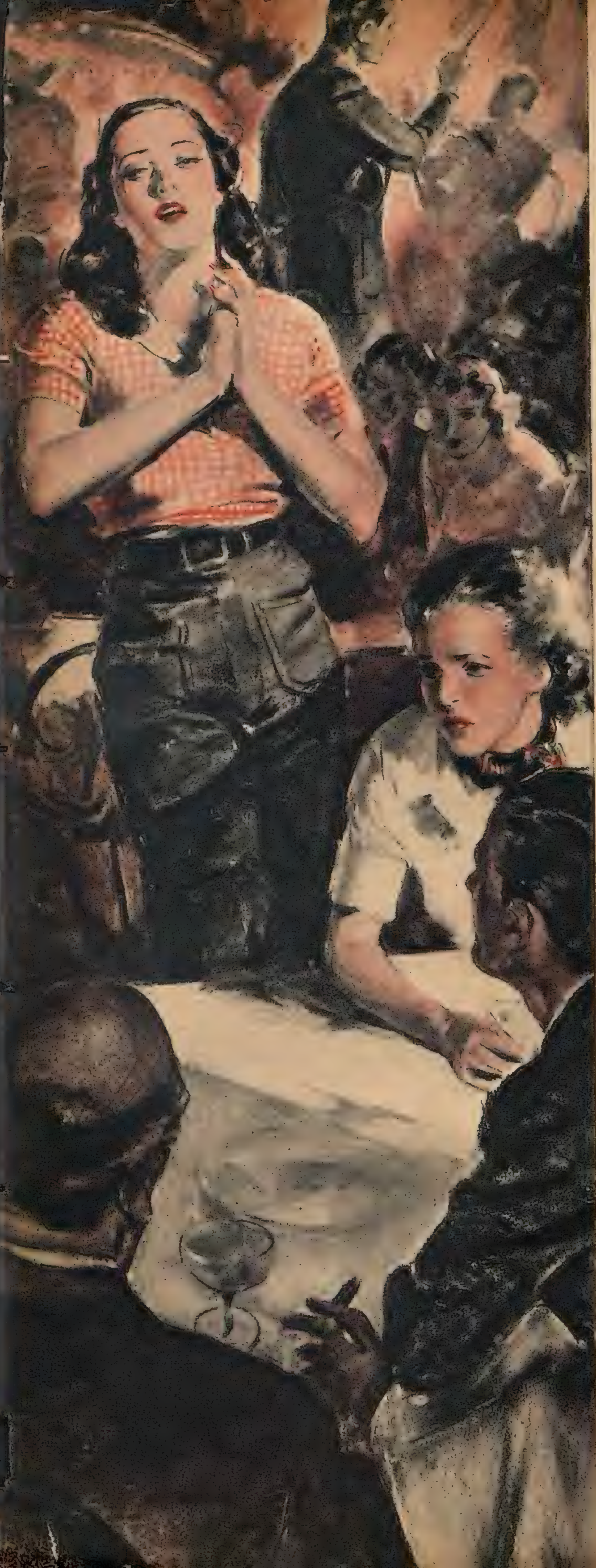
Even as the second Mrs. Richard Lombard would be a stranger to him!

AS the time for Florette's return came nearer, Dick's dread of their meeting mounted to actual fear. He hadn't seen her face unbandaged since the accident—save one or two unspeakable glimpses forced on him by various doctors who wanted the man who was paying the bills to see why they were going to be high.

Florette had written, "I'm not too bad. But meet me alone, please, Dicky. I'm sailing incognito to avoid reporters."

The boat was due to dock at noon.

At ten Dick sat in a speakeasy with Lucia. "I called you, big boy," she was saying, "because I had a hunch



Her husky voice crooned hauntingly Helen Morgan's song," More than you know, more than you know, man of my heart, I love you so—"

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

you might be needing a pal along about now." She looked blonde and cool and sure. A comfort—Lucia! She'd saved his summer!

"I'm not drinking much this morning," he said. "Wouldn't do to meet her with a breath—after what my drinking did to her. . . . Lord!" He looked at Lucia with suddenly haunted eyes.

She took his hand firmly in both her strong white ones.

"I know!" she said. "You know, Dick," her level gray eyes studied him, "you're twice the person you were when I first knew you. How old are you? . . . Twenty-two? Impossible! You seem much older. You've grown up this last year. I wish— Never mind! I'm glad I'm going to Hollywood just now to do some golf shorts. Florette is a lucky girl."

Her words were cold comfort. Yet the knowledge that Lucia was thinking of him, rooting for him, stayed by Dick and cheered him slightly as he walked down the covered French Line pier toward the gala crowds by the customs fence. A pass got him inside.

And then he saw her—slender, smart in black, her copper hair gleaming under a French widow's bonnet and veil.

"Dicky!" She ran toward him but didn't raise the veil. Cameras clicked.

He said quickly, "Everything will be seen to. We can leave at once." His voice sounded unnatural even to him. He piloted her through the crowd, spoke a few words to an official; nodded to a customs officer, and passed with his wife beyond the gates.

NOT until they were in the taxi did Florette raise the veil. She did it tremulously.

He looked—and gasped. "Florette!" Amazement, relief, and resentment rushed over him. She was beautiful! As beautiful as ever. Only one tiny scar remained in the corner of her lovely mouth. "Why didn't you tell me! I've been sick with fear for you—I've—"

"*You?*" she said. "Then maybe you understand what *I've*— No, Dicky, forgive me! I love you! I'm glad to be home! I'm glad you think I'm still beautiful! And I am? I really am?"

"Miraculously so!"

"And you love me, don't you, darling? We'll begin all over again! More so! You've got to love me a lot, Dicky—after all I've been through! . . . No, I wasn't going to talk of that—"

But when they reached the new apartment—which obviously shocked and displeased her—there didn't seem to be much else that she could talk about. They were two strangers to whom some horrible, intimate thing had happened. And the very intimacy of the thing drove them further apart.

Dick felt stifled. The only happy emotion that Florette awoke in him was great gratitude that she wasn't a living monument to his carelessness. He felt as one would feel looking at an exquisite vase that one has broken and successfully mended. The joy in the beauty of the vase was blotted out forever by the memory of the smash and the consciousness of the skillful repair job!

Dick hated himself for this reaction. And he pitied her. Hadn't they been sweethearts once? He took her on his knee. He stroked her gleaming red hair as he had so often in the old days.

The worn-out air of New York summer hung mustily hot in the room. Venetian blinds made gold-striped twilight. There were no flowers in the apartment—save the wilted bunch Florette had carried. Dick hadn't yet learned to think what they mean to a woman. The place was like—Florette thought—an undertaker's parlor. Something had died. And here he and she sat like mourners with nothing save trivialities to say to each other. Finally he took her into the bedroom. But it wasn't happy. He and she both knew—pretended not to.

When they were once more in the living room, Florette couldn't contain herself a moment longer. She suddenly burst into tears.

"What I've been through, Dicky!" she cried. "Those days, those nights! Particularly the nights! My face in a kind of cast all the time—first without eyeholes, then with. That's why I couldn't write you much. In darkness for weeks! And the pain! If I had to live through it again—I don't know. I wonder! Forgive me!" She sat upright. "I'm not going to talk about it any more."

But she did. For days and days and weeks. She couldn't help it. Dick told himself it was natural. He must be patient. It had been his fault in the first place. He must listen each time—

Guests came and guests went in the Thirty-sixth Street apartment that Florette disliked so heartily. "It's so *old*," she complained in her torch-singer voice. "Yes, the high ceilings are nice, and I suppose it's cooler than some; but the *plumbing!* Then, too, there's always a *smell* about an old house—don't you think?"

DICK got as tired of the *smell* of old houses as he did of Florette's operation. And cursed at himself for his meanness.

Lucia, watching him closely, kidnaping him for an occasional early-morning ride (Florette didn't like horses), marveled at his patience.

But most of their friends marveled at Florette.

Newspapers gave her a great play—beginning with a rehash of the accident, Paris bits, then the picture and story of the black-veiled woman on the gangplank.

"Go back to the Green Slipper?" Florette would say. "Oh, yes, of course they're at me all the time. But Dicky doesn't want it—woman's place is in the home and all that sort of thing—"

And so on, far into a great many nights—usually with a great many people listening. Because Florette liked audiences. They'd always been her bread and butter, her reason for being.

Therefore it was no one's fault when Dick, to re-establish his Nevada residence for tax purposes, pulled up stakes and took Florette West for six weeks, that she didn't like it. She didn't like the solitude of Lombardy—the tenants had gone—its simplicity, its aged bathrooms, its slipper-footed Filipino servants. She hated riding. She didn't like the pungent smell of sagebrush and desert dust. Nor the flame and blue and then purple-gray drowning loneliness of the sunsets. Nor did she like the guests who came—except, perhaps, Mr. Neally, who owned half the state and made a play for her, and Judge Torrance, who'd granted over thirty thousand divorces and who thought he understood her.

She didn't like the occasional muted conversation about Patsy Van Heuten, or Patsy Lombard—Dick's ex—next door. But the worst thing of all was the visit of Lucia Valiant in the last week of their stay. It was announced by a telephone call: "Just breezed in at Boeing Airport, sweet! Send Dicky for me, like a lamb—or will a very worn-out female bore you to death as a house guest?"

"Any guest'll be a godsend!" Florette had crooned into the telephone. But after three days of watching Lucia and Dick return glowing from desert rides together, she changed her mind. On the third night she and Dick had a quarrel about it.

And on the fourth morning Florette decided to change her way of living. No longer would she sit home like an idiot, reading dozens of magazines, and wait for calls from the sedate Reno ladies who had known Dick as a boy. She was going to step out, see the other half of Reno before they left—the half that the world knew.

She began by taking from its box a typical costume worn by so many of the "ranch set" of Reno divorce seekers—tight-fitting blue jeans, gay shirt, huge sombrero. She waited until Dick and Lucia left the house.

Florette moaned, standing in the great doorway, watching the two riders vanishing in dust, "What do I want out of life anyway? Is Dick's love for me dead? And is mine for him? . . . Hell! Am I getting so old that I'm suddenly getting *truthful?* Not that!!"

She began to laugh. Then she stopped. She went swiftly to Dick's liquor cabinet, fingered successfully for the hidden key, used it, pulled out a quart of authentic Scotch, took generously what she needed. "To Dick," she toasted, "who's mine and going to stay mine! And to Lucia, who'll never get him!"

Half an hour later she clicked downstairs in buckaroo boots, jeans, blouse, sombrero, sun-tan make-up—Jane Ruby's best. Florette had added a touch to which Jane Ruby wouldn't have subscribed: she had with lipstick accentuated the tiny scar on her beautiful mouth, making it very noticeable for her Reno audience. "You are now," she told her face in the graceful old hall mirror inherited by Dick's mother from a New England grandmother, "the Woman Who Laughs!"

Florette exited from Lombardy with manner. But, as luck would have it, the old station wagon which she had chosen for her jaunt lasted only a few miles. Then, braking too abruptly in order to avoid a new wagon of same-breed-later-date issuing from the Van Heuten KX Ranch road, it died, refusing to revive.

"Anything I can do to help?" A slender brown girl in costume similar to Florette's leaped to the road. The girl had large dark eyes—and in them something of startled recognition.

Florette suddenly guessed this was Dick's first wife. Climbing from the car, she responded vigorously, "Yes—please!" The Scotch was singing within her. She loved situations. And she'd managed to hear quite a lot about this girl. Her curiosity was up. "I'm Mrs. Dick Lombard," she introduced herself.

"I—know," said the other. "I guessed. I was once. Now I'm Patsy Van Heuten again." Patsy was thinking, She's beautiful! If it hadn't been for her—for that scar on her lip—Dick and I might have— She felt suddenly sick, then jeered at herself, Won't you ever grow up! This had to happen! You've been expecting it ever since they came! But who's the blonde who rides with Dick? Aloud she said, "Can I give you a lift?"

Florette was thinking, She's cute. Wonder why the divorce? Aloud she said, "Yes, I was going to town to do a bit of sight-seeing. Just any place in Reno where there won't be any old ladies who once dandled baby Dick on their knees. And where there won't be any women athletes!"

Patsy nodded. So that was it. Same old story. Dick still liked them tough!

She and her passenger climbed into the Van Heuten station wagon behind the hired man Lank's interested back. Lank's ears were stretching themselves, fairly flapping in the wind. The two Mrs. Dick Lombards! Heracious! Wasn't this somethin'!

Patsy was thinking, She doesn't seem happy. Florette was thinking, She doesn't seem happy.

On sudden impulse Patsy said, "If you like, that is, if you haven't any plans, I could show you Reno. My town trip was going to be dull as ditchwater—supplies for my new guest cottages—I'm in business, perhaps you know. But Lank can handle it." And she was thinking, Where can I take her? All the wild places, the gay ones. I wish I knew them better. I mustn't show I'm just a little sissy!

"I'd love it," laughed Florette. This looked promising. In fact to her and her Scotch this expedition looked like an excellent idea.

IT was. It was the beginning of a great many things. Fortunately Craig Wendell met them having noon cocktails in the smartest of the speaks. His arrival relieved Pat—who was finding it harder to talk to Dick's wife than she had impulsively thought it would be. And the appearance of the well known Craig Wendell on the scene stimulated Florette, who—first, last, and always—preferred masculine audiences.

Craig took them to lunch at the Town House with its rough pine-bark walls, its wild-horse paintings, and excellent food. The situation delighted his author's imagination. And Pat's and Florette's so different beauties delighted his aesthetic eye. Grudgingly he had to admit that Dick Lombard, dull brute that he was, knew how to pick women.

He told the girls this in Jacko's, a speakeasy that they later visited. And Patsy laughed a trifle too hysterically—as so many other women at tables about her were doing. Women who were insisting to themselves and the world that life was just a bowl of cherries. All of them trying to forget that two weeks away, or three weeks, or tomorrow, they'd have to face the Reno courthouse and break off forever something that they had taken on "till death us do part."

"It's depressing here," Patsy said suddenly.

"Patsy usually avoids this side of Reno," Craig explained to Florette. "She takes it too seriously for her own good."

"Hmm," murmured Florette, sipping her Bliss cocktail, for which the place was famous. . . . So this man was in love with Patsy! Craig Wendell, prosperous, famous, thirty-eightish, not too hard on the eye.

"In fact," Craig's clipped voice went on, his gray eyes twinkling behind his glasses, "the saying goes in these parts, 'If you really want a divorce, don't go to Patsy Van Heuten's place; she'll talk you out of it!' And that's a fine reputation for a woman in a business depending on the divorce set!"

Patsy protested, "I only talked two out of it, Craig! Eleanor Harris and that writer's wife. And I was so right in both cases. Divorce for them would have been hell on earth!"

"You don't believe in divorce?" asked Florette sharply.

"Say rather," Patsy countered carefully, "I believe in slower marriages. People should grow up before they marry." She was solemnly fishing for the pineapple stick in her glass. And her face was intently expressionless.

"Some people never grow up," Craig put in, and then whirled about to face the man who had slapped him soundly on the back.

"Talking about me again, eh?" shouted the man. "Can I help it if my I. Q. stays aged ten?"

HE was a short fat beaming person, exuding good will, good tailoring, good living. And his easy manner showed that he knew he was welcome anywhere. His glowing face looked as though it had just emerged from a barber's hot towel. And his aroma embraced bay rum, talcum powder, and the sweetness of the gardenia in his buttonhole. His thin hair was sandy, his small dancing eyes—when seen—blue. When he laughed, they were hidden. His face told the world that he might be the proprietor of a successful delicatessen shop. But his clothes, voice, manner said he was something probably a lot more exciting.

"Yes," he shouted, still holding Craig's shoulder in his scarab-ringed hand, "I was dropped on my head at my christening! That's one reason why St. John the Divine isn't completed—mother stopped giving money afterward! Also why my hair never grew abundantly on that spot. . . . Who *are* these gorgeous women, Craig? Why keep me waiting? . . . He's very selfish, an old slyboots, this Wendell. Beware any man who wears octagonal glasses; and abhor any man who writes! . . . I'm a business man myself, marts of trade. Charley Nixon. I put on shows, build night clubs. Own Chubby's Place, here in town. You must see it. Glad to meet you girls!"

He stopped to breathe. Craig, laughing, pulled out a stool for him.

"So *you* are Chubby Nixon!" Florette took his plump hand—and wished she hadn't accentuated her scar. "I've heard plenty about you."

Craig sighed. "Patsy," he groaned, "I foresee this party is going to spread rapidly out of hand. Shall we retreat now before the enemy makes plans?"

Retreat at that moment was the last thing Patsy would contemplate. Before Dick's wife? Never. Besides, the cocky good nature of the intruder appealed to her. "With my shield or on it!" she exclaimed.

NICE girl, this Pat Van Heuten," Florette said, smiling saucily at Craig.

"So this is Patsy Van Heuten—Dick Lombard's ex!" saluted Nixon. "Lord, the man's more of a fool than I—"

"No, he isn't." Patsy interrupted swiftly. "This"—she waved toward Florette—"is the present Mrs. Dick Lombard."

Chubby sat down abruptly, mopped his brow, and called, "Waiter, we'll have four more Blisses at once!" Then he turned to beam all over Florette. "But of course you are Florette Vincennes herself. I mislaid you momentarily. Heard you sing several years ago. My soul still echoes—Wait! Don't wipe off that scar!"

Florette had been attempting a swift public repair job.

"It's appealing," the man called Chubby went on. "Adds just the touch of twisted sadness to your beauty that your voice adds to a song. . . . Ever heard this girl sing?" he asked the others. "Gorgeous! She'll do it later for us—at my place, yes?"

They made the rounds of the gayest speaks. Finally they went to Chubby's Place—with its huge white bar and its troupe of tamed squirrels that periodically were released to scamper among the guests, spreading havoc. By then Florette was ready to sing. Ready for almost anything and didn't care who knew it. This was her element—crowd, noise, drinks, ogling men, note-taking columnists. "Oh, yes," she told the latter, "of course I'll be going back to singing—need something, don't I, to make me forget the hell I've been through?"

"Ladies and gentlemen!" Chubby waved aside his master of ceremonies, to introduce her himself. "The famous, glamorous, gor-geous Florette Vincennes, late of the Green Slipper, New York City—now Reno's own beautiful Mrs. Dick Lombard—has kindly consented to—"

Florette stood in the spotlight that she loved. Home again after a long, long absence! In her jeans and blouse she looked like a slender page boy of King Arthur's court—or perhaps the Blondel who rescued Richard Cœur

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de Lion. Blondel with shining red hair and the face of a fallen angel.

Her husky voice crooned hauntingly Helen Morgan's song, "More than you know, more than you know, man of my heart, I love you so—"

The throb and heartbreak in it brought tears to Patsy's eyes. Dick! thought Patsy. Dick! Does *she* love him that way too?

But after tremendous applause, when Florette broke into the theme song of that Reno season, Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries, Patsy wondered. And when Florette half sang, half recited the questionable piece that they said had been written for her—Speakeasy Girl—Patsy didn't know whether Florette loved Dick or not, but she did know that the redheaded beauty was suddenly very drunk and very, very sorry for herself.

Patsy was sorry for her, too—and for Dick. She thought of the other girl who'd been riding so often with him these last few days. Where did *she* fit into the picture? How all-wrong the picture was anyway! And she whispered to Craig, who had been holding her hand under the table, that they must try to persuade Florette to leave. And she wondered how life would come out for all of them.

DICK wondered, too, when once more he and Florette were established in their New York apartment.

"I can't stand it any longer!" she told him. "I'm going back to the Green Slipper. I've a right to my own life, my career—"

"I don't believe in careers for wives. Being my wife ought to be enough."

"You've said that before!"

"And you've agreed with me. I remember that early-morning discussion in Lucia's apartment—"

"Don't speak of Lucia to me! If it weren't for Lucia, maybe I *would* be content to be just your wife. If I had your love—"

"You have it."

"Yes, on odd Tuesdays!"

"Florette." He held her arms tight at her sides, stared down into her burning green eyes. "Don't do this! We're trying to make a go of our marriage. I'm doing my best. You've already proved that you can't make public appearances safely. You shamed me enough with the performance you staged out in Reno, my home town. The newspapers, the publicity! My friends—"

"All right! But I'd never have done it if you hadn't gone off riding with your precious Lucia, Lucia, Lucia! I think even your ex was sorry for me!"

"I don't care what Pat felt. I can't understand her having gone on a party like that anyway! As for Lucia—Lucia is nothing to me save a good friend."

"Well, that's what she'll continue to be!"

THE quarrel was repeated and repeated as the months dragged on. Finally he gave in about the job.

She went back to the Green Slipper and made a huge success. The publicity about her accident helped her. So did the story about her having visited Chubby's Place in Reno with her "sister-under-the-ring" as the papers called Patsy. Her scar, which she played up, was appealing. So was the added heartthrob in her voice. "She carries the torch better than ever," they said of her. Even Winchell praised her in his column—and spoke slightingly of a certain female highwayman who rode horseback in Central Park with a certain torch-singer's husband.

Dick began to feel unnatural with Lucia. And Lucia began to narrow her eyes and get angry. She hadn't meant it to go this far—or had she?

The afternoon that Lucia's and Dick's pictures on a park bridle path appeared in the paper, Florette was home with a cold, in the dismal Thirty-sixth Street apartment. She'd been feeling sorry for herself all day. First, she had to stay in this damn morgue, looking and feeling her age—something she rarely did; few knew that she was a lot older than Dick. Second, she couldn't sing tonight. Which meant giving a young snip of a rival a chance—a snip who already stood in too thick with the owner of the Green Slipper. And third, climaxing the day, this picture in the paper, brought in by the maid along with another hot toddy and a fresh box of facial tissues.

Florette glared at the picture. The caption was harmless enough: "Lucia Valiant Finds Time Between Tournaments for a Gallop in Central Park. Her Companion Is Richard Lombard." But the look on their faces wasn't harmless.

Florette glared alternately at the picture of Lucia and at the little white horse on Dick's desk across the room from her. She'd often glared at that horse. He wouldn't tell her where he'd got it; but she knew Lucia had given it to him while she was away. Lucia'd probably been living here then. Or Dick at Lucia's. That was more like it! The great Lucia wouldn't live in a hole like this! Good enough for Florette but not for the elegant Lucia Valiant! Lucia, with her apartments and estates and horses and money! Money to buy Dick porcelains—priceless ones—as this thing probably was! . . . Damn horse—she was sick of the sight of it! Sick of anything that had anything to do with horses or Lucia or Dick!

Florette smacked down her empty toddy glass, wrapped her padded robe about her, and crossed the room in sudden furious determination. She seized the little white horse. As she did so she heard Dick open the door.

Dare Florette do injury to Dick's precious gift from Patsy? Have the torch singer and the golden boy come to the end of their tether? If they have, will Dick turn to Lucia—or Patsy? A tremendous upheaval of hearts awaits your sympathy in next week's Liberty.

Christmas for General Yang

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

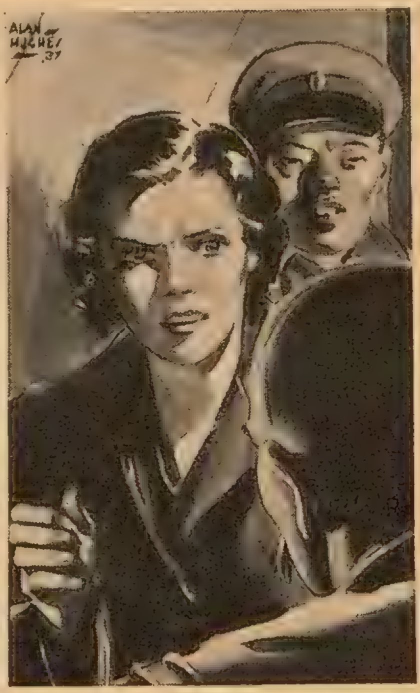
READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

THE door crashed open behind a startled sentinel, and the woman lurched into the room, her face desperate.

"General Yang!" she whispered. She all but fell on the table. "You—you've got to let my husband go! He didn't do it! He didn't! *I* shot Ling Ho!"

General Yang forgot his Christmas dinner of fried shrimp cradled in rice. He stared at her in amazement.

"I know Ling Ho was your lieutenant," she drove on, "but he had no right to torture me! He came while my husband was gone. He put his arms around me. I fought him off as long as I could. In the end, when I managed to break away for a second, I had to—to shoot him."



Years ago—long before the general had achieved the reputation of being the most ruthless killer in China—he had taken a degree in arts at Columbia University, and his English remained impeccable. "So," he said. "And then, madam? What did you do?"

"I ran to find my husband. I was searching up the river hours later, among the junks, when a coolie told me you—you had arrested him." Again she leaned on the table.

"General, you can't execute him for something I did!"

Buttoning his tunic, General Yang slowly rose. He dismissed the sentinel. He studied the woman. Missionaries complicated life with their protests against executions.

"You will forgive my impolite curiosity," he said, "but I do not understand why you are inviting me to kill you instead of your husband. That is what this confession means, of course. I have been told you and your husband are not very happy."

"That's not true!"

"Your houseboys would not lie to me," he assured her. "They told me, Mrs. Conway, that you have been wanting to leave China for months. You are sick of the loneliness. But your husband, with foolish persistence, refused to go. Your quarrels became bitter, and at last you threatened to desert him."

"No! I—I never—"

"Finally," the general gravely continued, "you determined to leave China, alone. The British rescue ship is in the river twenty miles from here, scheduled to sail on Christmas night. You gave your husband a last chance to come along. He refused, believing his work here more important than escape. So this morning you started alone for Yo-tsin and the rescue ship."

"But I came back," she whispered miserably. "I had hoped that by leaving I could frighten Rodney into going with me, but it was no use. I'd gone only a few miles. And when I got back to the mission, I found Ling Ho there. That was when I had to—when I shot him."

A man entered to salute and report in Chinese, "The crowd is waiting, general."

Yang remembered then what he had planned for this Christmas night. Frowning, he began to buckle a holster belt about his waist.

"You have made a very unhappy mistake in coming here tonight, Mrs. Conway," he said. "It is quite true that I caused your husband to be arrested. But it was not for the shooting of Ling Ho. Until you arrived I did not even know that Ling Ho had been killed."

He watched her sway, her face going pallid.

"We took your husband from the mission," he went on, "because I preferred to have no strangers in town to witness what is to happen tonight. I ordered him to go to the rescue ship at Yo-tsin. He proved quite willing, even eager, to join you there. In fact my men found him packing. He had intended to dash after you. At this moment he is on his way there."

"Then—I gave myself up for nothing?" she gasped.

"For nothing except a foolish sense of loyalty."

Then General Yang laughed. He turned to the soldier at the door. In Chinese, spoken so slowly and simply that the American woman could understand every word, he said, "I place Mrs. Conway in your care. See that she is escorted safely to the British ship at Yo-tsin."

Hoarsely she whispered, "Why? Why are you doing this?"

"I have been called the most heartless killer in all China," chuckled General Yang, "but I am afraid, Mrs. Conway, that I am allowing circumstances to make me softhearted. Just before you arrived I was dreaming of Christmas peace as I knew it long ago in America. A season for sentiment. I find myself in a softhearted mood. So—shall we go?"

She was in a daze as she preceded him out of the room. In the moonlight outside she faced a great crowd that had gathered before the general's headquarters. But she hardly saw it. The general himself helped her into a cart. And he bowed in gracious farewell as she was driven away toward distant Yo-tsin and her husband.

Then General Yang turned to the crowd.

THEY were gathered in awed silence around six half-naked coolies whose wrists were bound behind their backs. These were men who had refused to join the general's guerrilla forces—an army he hoped soon to launch against the legions of Japan. There were many others, he suspected, just as unwilling as these to enlist under his command. But by morning, he felt confident, every able-bodied man in the vicinity would eagerly enroll. All that was needed was an object lesson.

So, as he moved forward, the general drew his revolver. He placed its muzzle against the head of the first prisoner. He announced, "These fools prefer this to joining my army."

The sound of the shot was oddly muffled, and the man sank in a dead huddle at the general's feet. He stepped to the next prisoner, raised the weapon to the fellow's temple, and fired again. He moved from man to man without hurry, without passion; and when at last he reholstered the empty revolver, the six lay dead.

He turned away. The stillness about him was one of terror, and that was as he desired it. He started back toward the door of his headquarters. But at that moment he saw, on the moonlit crest of a distant hill, the cart that was taking Mrs. Conway to Yo-tsin.

"Now, why did I let her go?" he mused. "After all, I liked Ling Ho." Then he remembered. And, with his back to the six dead men, he chuckled, "Christmas! I've let it make me softhearted."

THE END

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

One Year Later—An Answer to H. L. Mencken

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Peace, Mr. Mencken, when human nature is changed? (I am referring to your article in last year's Christmas issue of Liberty.) Well, then, Mr. Mencken, let's change human nature! It is being done before our eyes every day we live.

You ask how, Mr. Mencken? Now, surely, you have heard rumors of a group movement called Oxford? The very power of that movement which has become a torchbearer today lies in its faith that human nature *can be changed.* The Oxford Group Movement can justifiably be called a torchbearer. It is shedding light down the pathway to peace, revealing by its rays an amazing array of thousands and thousands of long-sought-for oddities called—what do you think, Mr. Mencken?—*changed human natures.*

The world has within its grasp one last hope—the only basis for peace. It is your changed human nature, Mr. Mencken. I wish I were the artist you are, that I could, with your pen as my brush, picture to you those changed human natures shining in the light of that torch of the Oxford Group Movement as they quietly and faithfully march on toward world peace. They are citizens of our fifty nations of the world whose vision of peace can only be attained as each of them is willing to overcome the greeds, fears, hates, and resentments in themselves which, when magnified and multiplied, become the basis for wars between nations of the world.

If I cannot live at peace and in harmony, first with myself and then with my neighbor, how can we expect a million me's to maintain world peace? The problem of nation and nation, and their lack of ability to understand one another, are only faulty relationships between individuals magnified to world proportions.

These changed human natures we are talking about have faced that fact, Mr. Mencken. They are doing something about it.

They are busy changing others too, who in turn change other natures, until the force of the Oxford Group Movement will burst one day to set the world afire for God and country. (And there is evidence, Mr. Mencken, that *that* day is not far off.) Like the seeds that move and grow, subtly cracking the brown earth's hard shell until suddenly (we say) the field is green—so the consciousness of the power of Jesus Christ in the world today is growing toward a cataclysmic change of thought in the world.

The message of the Oxford Group to the world today, and its answer to crime, social injustice, war, and economics is God control for individuals in organizations, and individuals in places of high authority, and for individuals at world conferences on peace and armament. Let us exchange greed control, government control in industry, and graft control in politics for God control.

In short, Mr. Mencken, we can talk peace, pray for peace, and shout it from the housetops, but only *changed human nature* has the power to do anything about it.

If we get enough corners dusted out and brightened up all over this world, that old bloodthirsty creature War will melt away like Little Black Sambo's tigers into a bright and shining reflection of the torch that lightened the way for the kingdom of God to come to earth. Then Bergson, the grand old French philosopher, will look down upon us, wherever he may be at that time, and bow his head in a prayer of thanksgiving that America heeded his message. In 1936 he sent by one of his pupils the word: " Tell your beloved America that a tired old man on the banks of the Seine sees America on the brink of a great spiritual awakening. Her destiny lies in a spiritual revolution. *It is her only salvation.*"—*Eleanor Burckhardt Allen.*

PORK BUTCHERS HUNG THEIR HEADS IN SHAME

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I note your Headquarters crime stories. How about digging up the Luetger case out in Chicago some forty-five years ago?

Luetger was a sausage manufacturer whose wife disappeared. It was claimed that he had killed her and dumped the body into his mechanical sausage grinder.

It was quite a sensation all over the country.

I was in Baltimore then. All the pork butchers hung their heads in shame. Sales of frankfurters reached the vanishing point. Everybody went on a beef-stew diet.—*Fred Vetter.*

WANTS EDITORIALS ON COVER

TERRE HAUTE, IND.—I suggest that the editorials of Bernarr Macfadden not be covered by a front page but appear on the cover page with a blue letter shaded in red on a white background. What a combination! (Swell advice in our own colors.) So let's all read them and pass them on to others who have not learned the value of Libweekly, the highest value in magazines for only a nickel.—*Garland D. Grizell.*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Who wants your covers changed? I don't. They're all O. K. by me, whether you have a gal in an apple tree, a swell war cartoon, or the Constitution, which you gave once.—*P. K.*

"WE CAN PREVENT CRIME" WINS HIGH PRAISE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I have read with a great deal of interest the pamphlet reprinting the Liberty series, We Can Prevent Crime, and wish to compliment you and Liberty on having published this splendid collection.

Would it be possible for us to obtain from you fifty copies of this pamphlet in order that they may be distributed among the Board of Directors of this association and among our staff?—*T. A. Meryweather, Executive Director, Crime Prevention Association of Philadelphia.*

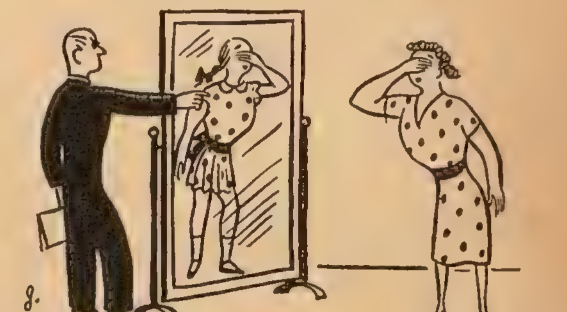
BOSTON, MASS.—I have received from the Hon. Homer Cummings a copy of the excellent booklet We Can Prevent Crime. A request for further copies of this booklet was answered by Gordon Dean, Esq., special executive assistant to Mr. Cummings, that they had no more copies available for distribution and that I should communicate with you.

Every one of the members of our six groups would be interested in receiving a copy of We Can Prevent Crime. These groups number 135. I realize that is a very large number, but I can also not think of any other group of people in this state who would profit more from the receipt of the booklet. How much would 135 copies cost us?

I congratulate you on the publication of the articles and the booklet. In all my reading of such literature, I have seldom seen so concise, scholarly, and readable a presentation.—*Benedict S. Alper of the Massachusetts Child Council, Inc.*

WHAT MILITANT PURITY!

GENEVA, N. Y.—Mrs. Cox, the lady who confused Abdullah and Erskine, rose up in all the outraged wrath of militant purity and took a crack at the Villon and Casanova stories (November 13 Vox Pop). Now, I have no argument with Mrs. Cox, who is undoubtedly a very charming lady, but I do argue with the class of thinker which she obviously represents. These mid-Victorian relics believe that by ignoring anything unpleasant to their moral sense it ceases to exist. Like Caliban, they refuse to look into the mirror and see the world and themselves as they really are.



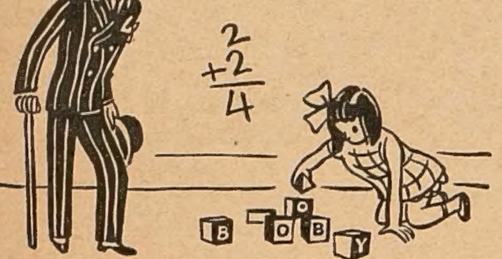
This class has attempted to suppress truth in fiction, art, the theater, philosophy, every walk of life, and has done infinitely more esthetic harm than ethical good.

I suggest that a liberal magazine like Liberty is too healthy a dose for such moral invalids. They should read Mother Goose, the Alger books, and the Uncle Wiggily series.—*Frank Rose.*

IRISHMAN KIDS A BLUE-BELLY FROM BIRKENHEAD

HENRYETTA, OKLA.—I am an American-born Irishman and appreciate good jokes, and I believe the vox pop written in November 6 Liberty in which the "blue-belly" from Birkenhead, Cheshire, England, namely, Limey, asking if a kindergarten kid sets the reading time for Liberty, was the best.

Well, there are a number of things an American kindergarten kid can do that an Englishman graduate from dear old Oxford would not see through before middle age got him.—*Ledru Peeples.*



SPEAK UP, LIBERTY "FIRSTS"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Among my souvenirs is a copy of Liberty's first issue, dated May 10, 1924. Am I alone in my glory, or are there others of your readers who have copies?—*J. W. B.*

CLEAN THOUGHTS OF STENOGS

WAYNESBORO, PA.—In answer to Katherine E. Derryberry's question, "What do stenographers think about all day when they're not busy?" (November 13 Vox Pop) I would like to state that those stenographers' thoughts are undoubtedly a good bit cleaner than those of the people who stand on the side lines and jeer.—*Tap-Tap.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Well, I'm one of those stenographers, and here's my answer (and I believe most other stenographers will agree):

"If we're romantic at all, our foremost thoughts are about the current boy friend, and the most recent date, the forthcoming date, and such foolish nonsense as love."

Oh, yes, and we watch the clock a lot.—*A. M. R.*

NASHVILLE, TENN.—For the enlightenment of yourself and Miss Katherine E. Derryberry, we quote:

"The Progressive Education Association made a three-year survey of the reading tastes of 40,000 Americans. Of this number it was found that the greatest readers are stenographers and clerks."—*One of 'Em.*

WHARTON REPLIES TO CRITICS ON THIRD-TERM POLL

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The third-term article in October 23 Liberty, by Don Wharton, strikes me as very definitely propaganda in favor of a third term for Roosevelt. My reasons are:

1. The question as to whether there might possibly be a change in the situation by 1940 apparently was not asked. Why?

2. The newspapers that concede Mr. Roosevelt's dominance are mentioned as "*supporting*" Roosevelt. Why?

I am no politician with an ax to grind, but merely a reader interested in fairness.—*J. Kopp.*

[The poll is not third-term propaganda any more than it is Vandenberg propaganda. It is a tabulation of the views of 2,500 American newspaper editors who called the turn for Liberty in 1934, 1935, and 1936, and were asked to call it again. Questionnaires were sent to every editor in the country; answers from Republican editors outnumbered those from Democrats by 20 per cent. As for Kopp's bill of particulars:

1. In asking what the present trend indicated we assumed readers as well as editors would recognize "there might possibly be a change in the situation by 1940."

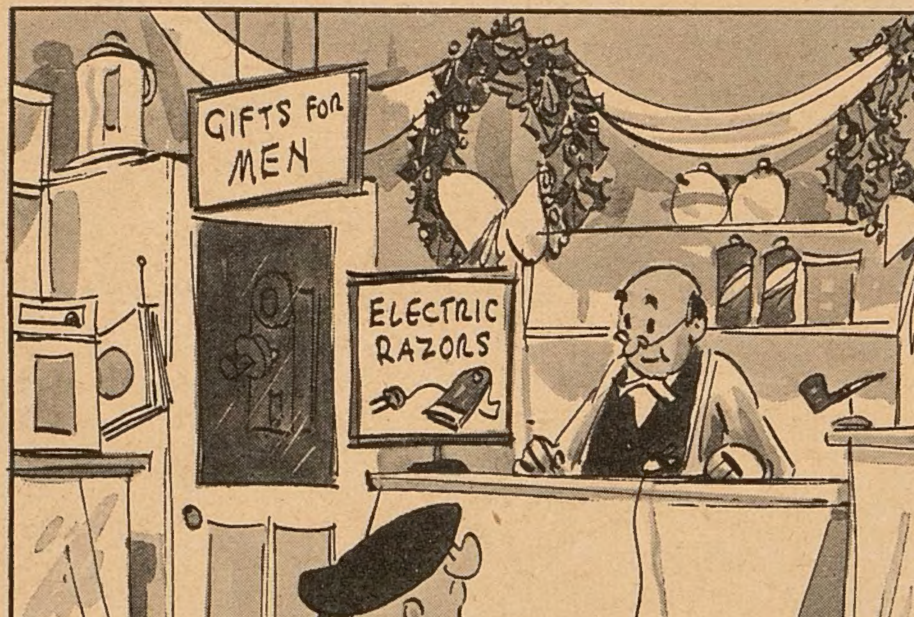
2. "Support" is the wrong word. But it is applied to Vandenberg (R.) as well as to Roosevelt (D.).—*Don Wharton.*]

IN BEHALF OF MR. MOONEY

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In behalf of Mr. Mooney I wish to acknowledge appreciation of your publication of my letter in October 23 Vox Pop.

At the same time I would like to know whether you can send me any copies of that page. There are several people to whom I would like to send copies. I think that I can use any reasonable number of copies that you can spare.—*George T. Davis.*

"HARDTACK"



"This gift will break me, but it'll get rid of that razor strap for good."

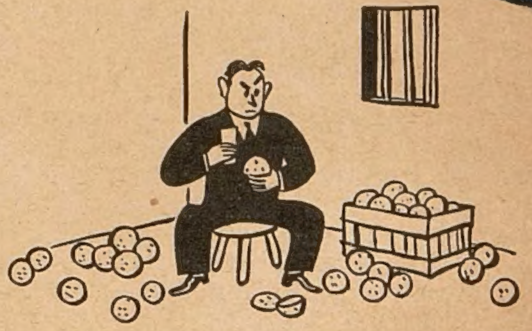
ORANGE JUICE WILL MAKE HIM A USEFUL CITIZEN

NORFOLK, VA.—Liberty is plenty good enough for most of us. I do not expect the editor to write a magazine to order for me for a nickel.

Who is this tarheel called H. D. Hays from Durham, North Carolina (November 13 Vox Pop), who has the "guts" to criticize everything except the color of the editor's eyes?

I really believe he has never been out of the state, and has eaten so much chitlins and "cawn pone" that it has made him irritable.

If Mr. Macfadden will put him on an orange-juice diet for a while and clear his brain and temper, I'm sure he will come out of it again and really become a useful citizen some day.—*A Southern Yankee in Virginia.*



SPURS IN THE U. S. ARMY

NEWARK, N. J.—In November 6 Vox Pop a Mr. James S. Wilson wants to know when spurs with rowels were worn in the United States army, so I wish to inform him that up to the year 1904 all mounted men wore a spur with a brass shank and a steel rowel about the size of a five-cent piece.

I still have mine as relics of Spanish-American War days and the years that followed in Cuba with the Army of Occupation.—*Charles E. Wood.*

HE SAYS HE LIKES THE LITTLE SQUIRT

COLUMBUS, OHIO—I see my friend "Hardtack" is working every week now. For a while there I thought maybe the Supreme Court had said he was too young to work four times a month and cut him down to two times.

I never did care for part-time jobs and I'm glad to see him doing a full stretch again. In fact you can work him overtime and it won't make me sore.

I like the little squirt, as you no doubt gather. I'm just hoping you like him as well.—*Orlando Kelly.*

Her Episcopalian Soul Rebelled

WHAT IS THE MYSTERY OF THE OXFORD GROUP? That there is a mystery, there can no longer be any question. Beginning obscurely, the movement is spreading all over the world. You knew a man who once was sad and now you meet him again and he is a smiling fellow, a glad man but without smugness or obvious unction. He has literally been changed. Yet most of us believe that human nature cannot be changed. In that lies the mystery. Perhaps the fascination of that riddle in human behavior explains the success of SUSAN AND GOD, a current hit on Broadway which satirizes a woman given over to this movement. Not a drama that can be called propaganda for the Group, the play nevertheless attracts crowds. In these days of unrest, people are hungry for peace, for an inner peace that will sustain in the uproar of national and international delirium tremens. To hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, the Oxford Movement seems to be bringing that inner peace—turning sad faces into bright faces, insomniacs into dreamers of good dreams, frustrated lives into useful careers, human nature made over sometimes as if in the twinkling of an eye.

We have published a number of articles about this metamorphosis as wrought in the minds of individuals who have come under the influence of this vigorous new religious movement. Now we present in next week's issue perhaps the most revealing article ever written on the subject. The author is Emily Newell Blair, a writer of fiction and of articles on many subjects; formerly associate editor for Good Housekeeping Magazine; wife of an Assistant Attorney General of the United States and herself a member of the Democratic National Committee. A woman, one would say, with her feet on the ground. Mrs. Blair was tremendously interested in the changes in human lives through the Oxford Group. She had seen some of these changes. "Back of these actions of theirs," she writes, "there must be some force or power not operative in me. Naturally, I wanted to know what it was. . . . Their answer was more difficult to understand, for it involved nothing less than what they called 'a changed life,' and when they explained what it was, my Episcopalian soul rebelled at what I had scornfully known as 'Conversion.'"

So Mrs. Blair, with the competence of a good reporter, started out to find the true inwardness of this apparent miracle. Her article in Liberty next week is called What I Found Out About the Oxford Movement. We invite you to read it with an open mind. Liberty presents this material because of its public interest, its news value. It takes no sides; as always, it is ready to print an honest statement of opposing views. But whether you can approve this movement, which has ignored denominational frontiers and taken into its fold Christian and Jew, Protestant and Catholic, or whether you disapprove of what seems a twentieth-century system of metaphysics, you cannot afford to miss this extraordinary discussion of one of the least known and most significant of present-day social phenomena.

* * *

WE TOLD YOU SOME WEEKS AGO of the great number of letters coming into this office from young people asking for advice. We told you, too, that we were going to do something about it. Next week we fulfill that promise. Elsie Robinson, the hardest-hitting, warmest-hearted woman writing today, who has made the whole world listen to her LISTEN, WORLD! column, now comes to Liberty to conduct an open forum in which the private and intimate problems of modern young people can be frankly discussed. LISTEN, YOUTH!—that is the title of this new forum. It is a place for every young man and woman to state views, ask for help, or give help to others. It is a new feature of this magazine, where not only young people but their fathers and mothers, their fathers-in-law and mothers-in-law, their older brothers and sisters, their boy friends and their girl friends, the whole conglomeration of puzzled humanity, can come and thrash out their problems under the chairmanship of Miss Robinson. This gracious and powerful lady needs no introduction to the millions of Liberty readers. Here she begins a new adventure in which she and Liberty join in partnership with the young people of America to face the truth and shake ourselves free. Don't miss the first open forum for American youth next week. Make yourself part of it and make it part of your life. It is going to be helpful and it is going to be fun.

* * *

MANY MORE EXCITING FEATURES are included in next week's holiday issue. The best short stories of the week will be there, together with many articles of vital and up-to-the-minute interest. That droll gentleman who calls himself F. P. A. puts on the solemn robes of a prophet and in an article predicts what is going to happen in 1938—but, unlike most prophets, he winks slyly around the corner of the crystal ball. Will Irwin has a startling article called DRUGS, DOCTORS, AND THE LAW, and there are generous installments of Emil Ludwig's biography of Roosevelt, HOLLYWOOD WOMAN by Edward Doherty, TOO MANY WIVES by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and the smashing climax to Captain Bell's I FLY IN THE SPANISH WAR. Entertainment, information, and inspiration—you will find them all with you in this new issue.

* * *

AND THIS IS TO WISH YOU a Merry Christmas and a useful and prosperous New Year. We of the editorial staff of Liberty are grateful to the millions of Liberty readers for their loyalty and devotion to this magazine. We are grateful also to the authors and artists who labor with us throughout the year to make a magazine worthy of your affection and loyalty. May we all go on together in the New Year to higher goals and more useful accomplishment.

* * *

Thanks! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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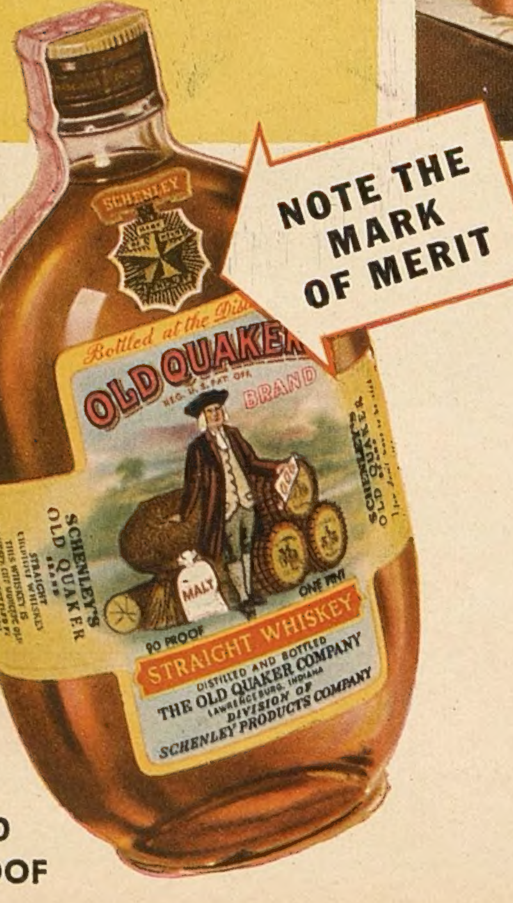
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